November 11, 1964

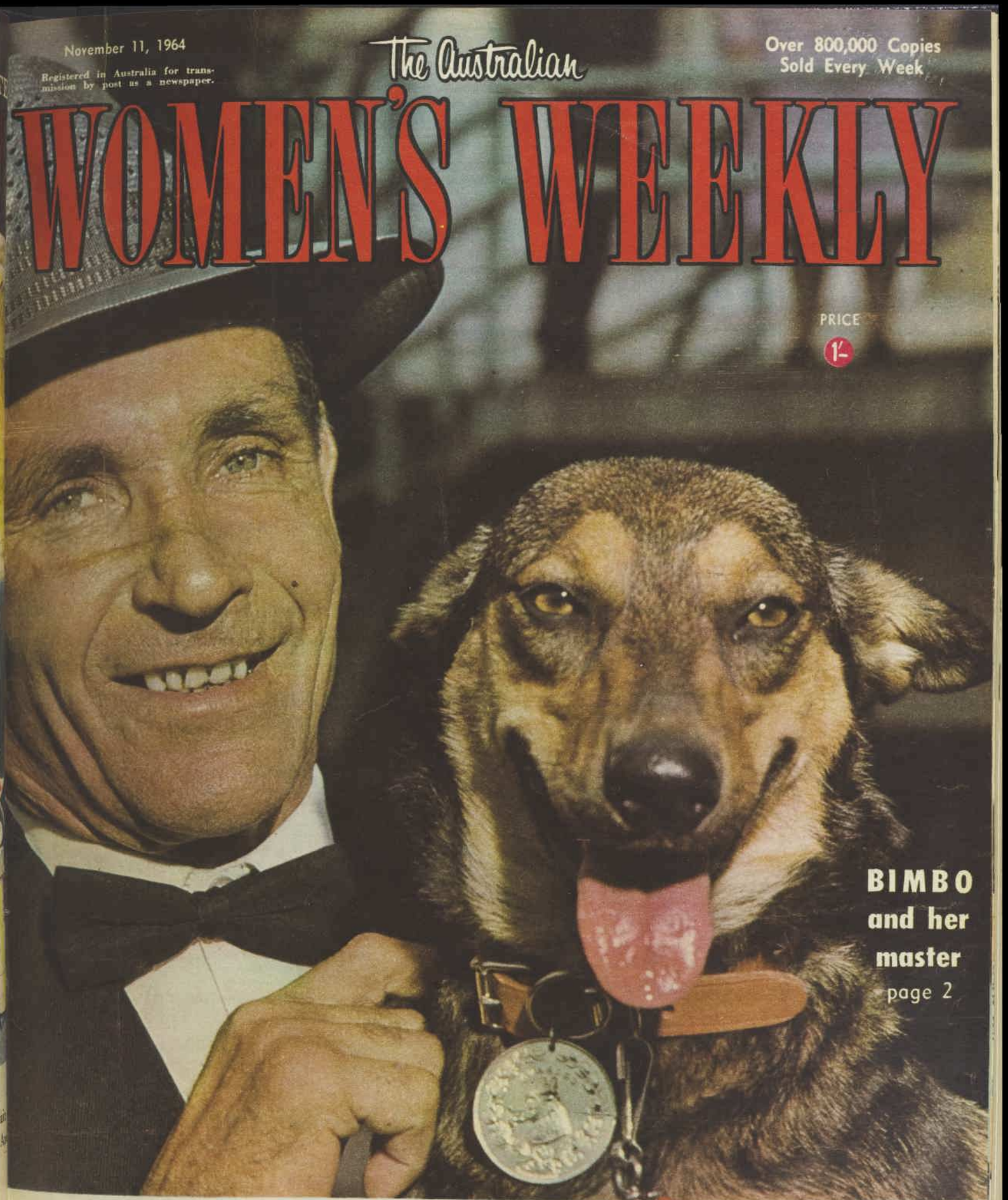
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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 1/-



BIMBO and her master

page 2

For Christmas greetings to your friends abroad

8-page lift-out **BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA**

See wildflower label for posting — page 16.

New suspense serial by Mignon Eberhart

35 WAYS TO COOK STEAK

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Skin care in the 7 sensitive teenage years

A clean, fresh complexion is one of life's most precious gifts to a girl, but it needs special care to keep it that way. Proper treatment in the seven sensitive teenage years not only helps to avoid skin blemishes, but lays the foundation for a lifetime of natural loveliness.

Teenagers for various biological reasons, are bothered with more complexion troubles than adults. Some teenagers' skin faults are made even worse by simple neglect; *they don't wash often enough.*

Cleansing with any good soap will help in these cases, but regular daily cleansing with Rexona Soap does something more towards solving complexion problems.

Rexona Soap will actually nourish the skin because it contains four medicated oils — oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, and Terebinth. These specially blended beauty oils cleanse deep down into the pores to lift ingrained dirt and stale cosmetics. At the same time, they have a gentle nourishing effect.

Remember that proper care of your complexion in the sensitive years can bring a lifetime of natural loveliness.

This is expressed in the radiant glow of a petal-soft skin. Incidentally Rexona Soap is as mild and fragrant as you could possibly wish.

Make sure you guard *your* natural loveliness with cool, jade-green Rexona Soap. It is one of the most important steps towards becoming the woman you want to be.

If you would like a free sample of Rexona Soap, write to *G.P.O. Box 3359 Sydney, N.S.W.*



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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WORTH REPORTING

FOR a Christmas greeting that really expresses a feeling of Australia, it would be difficult to beat the lift-out book in the centre of this issue.

We chose to publish it now, in plenty of time for Christmas mailing overseas.

These eight pages of photographs of Australia were selected to interest overseas friends who are curious about Australia and for travelling kinfolk who miss home.

Our specially designed mailing label for the book is on page 16 of this issue.

Turn to the page and you will see that it is ready to be cut out and used as a mailing label.

The "Beautiful Australia" book fits inside a standard 12in. - long, 1¼in. - diameter cardboard mailing - tube, available at stationery stores for about 5d.

Unsealed, the mailing tube will take "Beautiful Australia" anywhere in the world by sea with just a 5d. stamp.

If you seal it, postage will be 1/1 to the U.S. and 8d. to any Commonwealth country.

November 11 is the closing date for most Christmas surface mail overseas.

For those like us who, at the last moment, race to the post office to catch the air mail, here is a guide to costs:

By second-class air mail, postage is 2/9 per each 2oz. to the U.S., and 3/- for each 2oz. to Britain.

To cook a camel's foot

A RECIPE for cooking a camel, with particular emphasis on the feet, is one of the off-beat insights into the experiences of Australia's early explorers in a new book by William Joy, who has contributed several of our historical series.

"The Explorers" is Mr. Joy's third historical book and deals briefly with the discovery of Australia, before concentrating on the trail-blazers' heroism, triumphs, sufferings, and quarrels.

Much of the book is based on the explorers' diaries and contemporary newspaper accounts.

"The Explorers" is published by Shakespeare Head Press and costs 27/6. The foreword was written by Alec H. Chisholm, Editor-in-Chief of the Australian Encyclopedia, 1958.

OUR COVER

BIMBO, Alsatian-kelpie, with her owner, Sandor Gubonyi, and the silver medal she had just received from the Royal Queensland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. (Picture is by Bob Millar.)

Last August, tawny-eyed Bimbo saved her master's life in a ten-day ordeal near Julia Creek, Queensland.

Sandor Gubonyi, 50, was almost completely paralysed by a tractor accident while fencing alone on a station. During his three-day crawl to his tent and a week there until he was found, Bimbo chased off attacking crows, shielded him from the sun, and licked the ants from his face.

The award was made by the R.Q.S.P.C. vice-president, Mr. Allan Campbell, on the lawn of Princess Alexandra Hospital, Brisbane, where Mr. Gubonyi is still a patient. He still wears a surgical collar, but has regained the use of his arms, although he is not strong enough to lift Bimbo unaided.

"The hospital grounds looked like a pilgrimage to Lourdes," said Marjorie Stapleton, of our Brisbane staff. "There were walking patients on crutches, others with bandaged heads, legs in irons, etc.

"People who love and appreciate animals also attended the ceremony, pressing forward to try to stroke Bimbo. Many were in tears."

Sandor Gubonyi has made a thousand friends in Brisbane, chief among them Mr. and Mrs. Steve Graman, who are looking after Bimbo, and Mr. P. A. Scholl. Many people have sent him money for his heroic dog.

"What does Bimbo want with money?" he asked. "I have given it all away to crippled children, so that the kindness of these kind people was not wasted."

FOOTNOTE: Miss Florence Brown, of Northwood, N.S.W., admires Bimbo so much that she flew to Brisbane to be at the presentation.

She took her next-door neighbor, Susan Feagan, 11. The large Sydney store where Miss Brown works granted her a day's leave for "special business"!

"Susan and I caught the 7.40 a.m. plane to Brisbane and returned on the 5.50 plane," said Miss Brown.

"It was an expensive day's outing, but it was worth it to see that lovely little dog," said Miss Brown. "I kissed her on the nose."

Miss Brown has three pet dogs of her own—Mitzi, Spot, and Patsy—but they don't, she said, get jealous of her devotion to Bimbo.



HAY FEVER?

Then get quick relief with tried and proven



Bethal TABLETS

When your eyes smart and the poor old nose twitches and itches with irritant Hay Fever . . . be sure to have your **Bethal Tablets** handy. Thousands of sufferers have proved Bethal's effectiveness over many years. This effectiveness is soon noticed as **Bethal Tablets** work swiftly through the bloodstream. **Bethal Tablets** are easy to carry and easy to take . . . two tablets bring quick, long-lasting relief. Try them! See your chemist today and dry up Hay Fever sniffles with **Bethal Tablets**, only 2/9, 6/3 and 19/6.



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like this



Can't move without agony?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to deposits of acids from poisonous toxins in the blood. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS, helps cleanse your blood of these poisons that cause ill-health.

If you or yours suffer rheumatism, aching muscles and joints, neuritis, kidney and bladder weakness, sour stomach, headaches or hot flushes, start the MENTHOIDS treatment right away. MENTHOIDS, with helpful diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

For the immediate relief of aches and pains, massage MENTHOID CREME in the trouble spots. Menthoid Creme penetrates deep down to soothe painful areas and give quick, positive relief. Remember! It's MENTHOID CREME to relieve the local pain and MENTHOIDS to treat the cause.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?

Our Home Planning Centre throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home.

See our Home Plan this week.

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FIRE!

Biggest oil blaze in Sydney's history

THE fire at the Mobil Oil storage depot began when oil being loaded into drums at the foot of Pulpit Point on the river at Woolwich, Sydney, caught alight.

The ominous question was: Would the thousands of 44-gallon drums, sent exploding up into the spiralling smoke, touch off a giant explosion of the multi-thousand-gallon tanks of the depot?

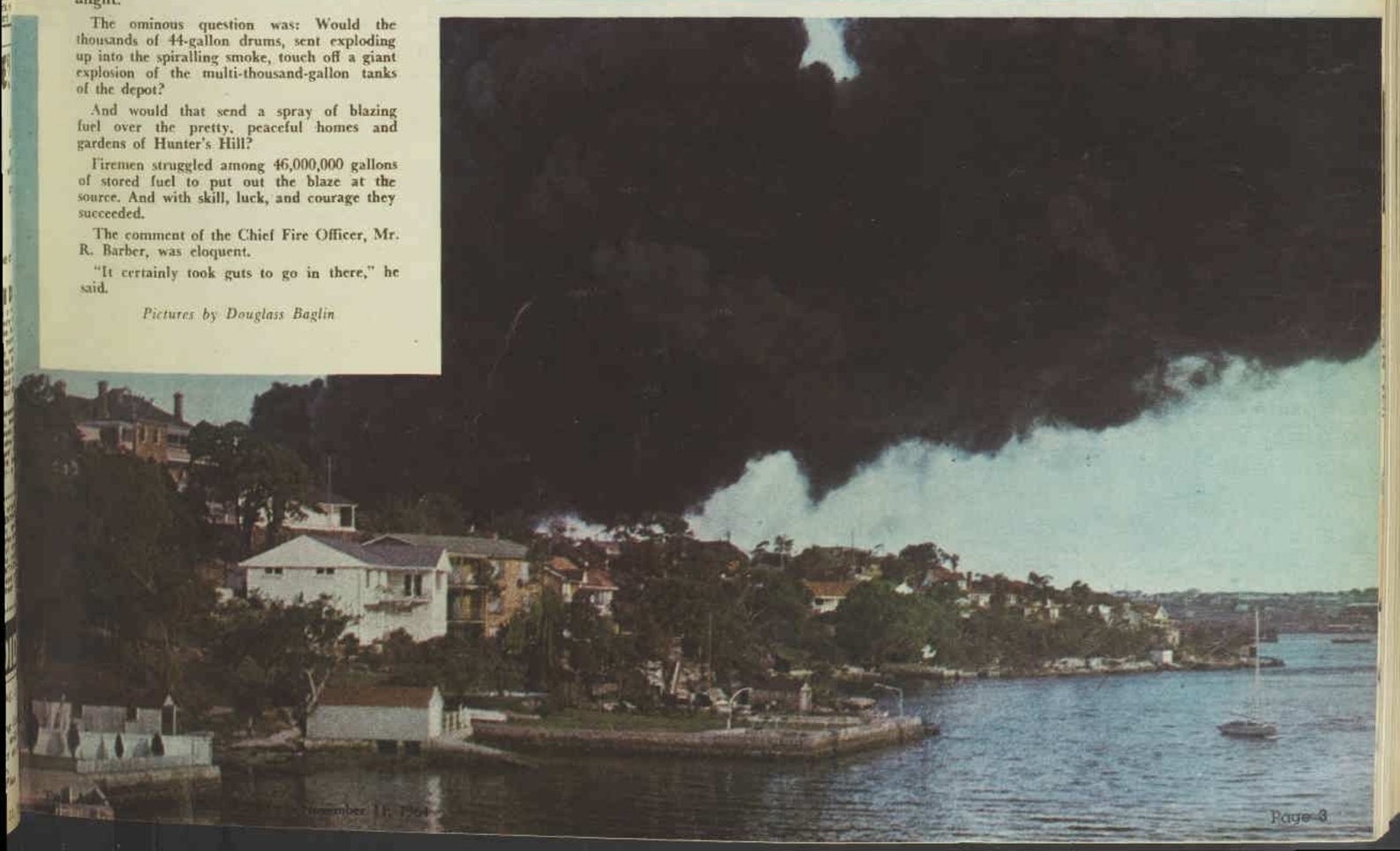
And would that send a spray of blazing fuel over the pretty, peaceful homes and gardens of Hunter's Hill?

Firemen struggled among 46,000,000 gallons of stored fuel to put out the blaze at the source. And with skill, luck, and courage they succeeded.

The comment of the Chief Fire Officer, Mr. R. Barber, was eloquent.

"It certainly took guts to go in there," he said.

Pictures by Douglass Baglin



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NEXT WEEK

❁ *Eight-page liftout . . .*

CHRISTMAS COOKERY

. . . tells you how to prepare everything, including



❁ POULTRY
❁ HAMS
❁ PUNCH
❁ PUDDINGS
❁ CAKES
❁ PIES
❁ *AND . . .*

. . . all the other traditional goodies



★ Look down — and you'll see TV personality Bill Newman and his pet goldfish, Hercules. Bill and Hercules are among those present in—



TV STARS AND THEIR PETS

— it's a four-page feature in color

Plus:

❁ For the gardener — all about plants grown in large outdoor pots, tubs, or garden troughs like this:



And:

- 12 steps to happier living -

A reader's step-by-step plan to a way out of anxiety and tension.

HOW DO YOU MAKE A DOLLAR SIGN?

● ***What sort of dollar sign do you write? Does it look like a dollar sign? Or a violin? Try writing a few signs quickly and you'll be surprised at the result.***

By RITA DUNSTAN

ALL my dollar signs convert to music — treble clefs to be exact — the minute I get up any speed at all.

I found this while I was taking pages of notes on the change-over to decimal currency, as explained by the Senior Finance Officer of the Decimal Currency Board, Mr. Victor Holtsbaum, who was recently in Adelaide.

It made me wonder how my cheques would look and how the bank manager would react to a haunting little melody to the tune of 50 clefs or so.

That set me wondering how other people wrote dollar signs. I made a few phone calls to find out.

Artist-author Bernard Hesling said his scribbled dollar sign looked "like Sabrina crossed out."

Actress Lois Ramsay: "Mine looks like railway tracks with a railway station."

Senator Nancy Buttfield obligingly scribbled a few signs and then, without hesitation, said: "Clearly mine is a 3 crossed out with two strokes."

(Senator Buttfield is listed third on the Liberal Party's vote cards for the December Senate election. This considerably reduces her chances in the election. A "Women for Canberra" committee has been formed in Adelaide to campaign for her return to the Senate.)

"I'm a lyre"

Conductor of the South Australian Orchestra Henri Krips: "I have to think what a dollar sign looks like, so I do it slowly. But if I write it quickly it looks like a banjo."

Author and television commentator Kay Brownbill: "I'm an old-fashioned lyre!"

My bank manager said (rather sternly I thought): "Mine looks like an 'S' with two strokes through it."

It was surprising how many people could not think how the dollar sign was written. Two declared they had never seen it in their lives, so I had to describe it for them.

Three people automatically swung into the £ sign when they attempted to write the S with two strokes through it. Two of these finished up with a figure 8 before conquering the new symbol, and one asked if the dollar sign was a back-to-front "S."

Of course, there's no reason for any concern about all this. Everyone's got ample time to practise making dollars (in writing, at least) before the change-over takes place in 1966.

(The date is tentatively set in February, 1966, and is known as C-day.

The conversion probably won't be completed for 18 months or two years, and cheque books and other financial documents with the dollar sign will be available after the change-over day.

Once we all get used to it, the writing of cheques will be simpler, since we will have to deal only with dollars and cents instead of pounds, shillings, and pence.

When writing a cheque for, say, six dollars and 20 cents (£3/2/-) it will be necessary to write only "Six dollars 20," without the addition of the word "cents."

When writing the figures, the Decimal Currency Board recommends that you use a hyphen instead of a dot before the cents (e.g. $6-20). A dot, if smudged or not clearly written, can look like a one or a seven.

During conversion it will not be necessary, as many think, to carry two purses or even a divided purse.

Mr. Holtsbaum said the Board would like to make this quite clear to all women shoppers.

"All existing notes and coins and all decimal notes and coins will be interchangeable except the 3d. and the bronze coins," he said.

"Housewives and other shoppers will be able to go into a £.s.d. shop or a dollar shop and use either currency.

"They will be able to go into a dollar shop with 3/6 to buy an article marked at, say, 33 cents. Since 3/6 is equal to 35 cents there would be two cents change."

This was all brilliantly clear to me until I started to work out what would happen if you took dollars into an £.s.d shop.

"Couldn't we just convert outright and forget the old values?" I pleaded.

Mr. Holtsbaum explained that we must have a transition period after C-day to give machine companies time to convert existing £.s.d. machines to decimal operation.

I then asked if we could go through the transition period without having to worry about converting prices to dollars and cents.

Yes, said Mr. Holtsbaum, we could, but we would need complete faith in our traders.

A dishonest trader could easily overcharge unless the customer had a good idea of values in dollars and cents.

But dishonest practice was unlikely in shops, where it was expected that both £.s.d. and decimal prices would be marked on goods.

Many people are under the impression that they will not be able to bank £.s.d. after C-day.

This is not so. All currency will be accepted, but any deposits of pennies will have to be in multiples of six.

This is because there is no exact relationship between pennies and cents—except in multiples of six.

For, as a penny is equal to five-sixths of a cent, six pennies equals five cents.

For easy conversion, plans for changing pence into cents avoid fractions of cents thus:

When converting pennies to whole cents, both 1d. and 1½d. become one cent, while 2d., 2½d., and 3d. become two cents.

In other words, 1d. and 2d. convert to the same number of cents as they are in pennies.

But 3d. to 9d. converts to ONE CENT LESS than the number of pennies. That is, 3d. becomes 2 cents, 4d. becomes 3 cents, and so on to 9d., which becomes 8 cents.

The amounts of 10d., 11d., and 1/- convert to TWO CENTS LESS than the number of pennies to become 8 cents, 9 cents, and 10 cents.

Is that clear?

If not, perhaps this little verse sent to the Decimal Currency Board from a forward-looking citizen in Hobart might help.

One and two pass through,
Three to nine, one decline,
Figures two, drop two.

(The "Figures two" in the last line refer to double-digit figures like 10, 11, and 12.)

At the light relief of this little jingle I laughed uproariously and asked Mr. Holtsbaum if there were any more jokes like that on the subject.

Only too anxious to oblige, Mr. Holtsbaum explored his memory, but quickly gave up.

"No," he said. "There really isn't anything to joke about."

Whereupon we soberly settled down again to business.

"Unlikely"

I mentioned that some people had the idea that we would be referring to the new coins as "a platypus," "a lizard," and so on after the animal designs on them.

Mr. Holtsbaum thought this most unlikely.

"After all, no one talks about the present pennies as 'kangaroos,'" he said.

Although newspapers had carried stories on the subject, some people still thought pennies would be valuable after C-day.

To illustrate how impossible this would be, Mr. Holtsbaum reminded that 80 million pennies have been minted for the year 1964 alone.

One woman had asked how a cupro-nickel coin like a 10-cent piece could have full value, since it contained only 25 cent. nickel with 75 per cent. copper.

Mr. Holtsbaum set her mind at rest by explaining that a £1 note was still worth £1 in coin although it did not contain £1 worth of paper.

Between now and C-day an intensive publicity campaign will be conducted to educate the public in the use of dollars and cents.

In the meantime, a word of reassurance to juvenile financiers who might think they will lose out on the change-over.

The Decimal Currency Board has been assured that many sweets and other confections which will be dearer in cents than they were in pennies will be slightly LARGER than before.

For example, a sweet now priced 1d. should, under conversion, cost 1 cent or 1½ pence. In most cases like this the sweet will be increased in size.

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"A life of luxury"

An Australian model, returning home, says it's difficult to keep making top fees of £190 a day, but work in Europe gave her world travel and luxury living.

WHEN Georgia Gold returns home to Melbourne this month from London, she will be forsaking the scene of her big modelling success. But her husband, child-psychologist Dr. Stanley Gold, will be taking up appointments in Melbourne, and they will have with them their son, Nicholas, aged 4.

"I want Nicholas to be brought up as an Australian," said Georgia, who was born in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, and came here with her parents when she was 12.

"I know what it is like not to have a country. When he is growing up I don't want him to feel 'different,' as I did."

Georgia told me she would continue to make fashion her career.

She was a model in Melbourne before she married Dr. Gold six years ago. He is a son of the late Mr. Max Gold and Mrs. Elizabeth Gold, of Toorak, and he and Georgia went to England 5½ years ago, where he did post-graduate study.

Until they get their own home in Melbourne they will stay with Georgia's mother, Mrs. Eva Krus, in East Kew.

Georgia Gold is not only a most sought-after photographic model. She was chosen from 200 leading models at the recent Paris Collections for a TV film based on the life of a top model.

By
ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

"I have only seen the 'rushes' of it," she said. "But I think it will be dubbed in English, and maybe I will see it in Australia."

Her speaking parts in the film were in French.

She has modelled some of the most costly clothes in the world and is taking back a wardrobe that reflects her taste and is the latest in new trends.

"It's absolutely fab," she enthused. "I've been saving up all year to buy the most luxurious clothes. I've always been extravagant, because I love clothes, but this season I have just let myself go."

Her furs, which top this "fab" wardrobe (Chanel suits and Courrege pants right down to simple Sally Tuft and Marion Foale dresses), are all young and very new looking.

A Chinese broadtail coat — a delicious pale honey color — is banded in rich red fox that sweeps from a high collar down the fronts and round the hem.

A Russian otter, which is long-haired and looks like platinum mink, seems equally expensive.

"Much more suitable for young people," commented Georgia, "and for their pockets."

Of most of her clothes she says, "I buy them to match my necklaces."

She has a fantastic collection of necklaces and rings, all in very modern settings, and admits she is "just mad about jewellery."

Turquoises

Her longest and most important necklace is two yards of uncut turquoises in beaten gold settings.

"I wear it as a necklace or as a belt, but I'm still looking for exactly the right dress to go with it," she said.

As Georgia has travelled on photographic assignments she has added to her collection — a mother-of-pearl ring in ultra-modern setting from Jensen, the famous Copenhagen silversmith; a deep topaz from Corfu; a whole turquoise suite from Turkey.

But the necklace she wears most often is a gold watch on a thin gold chain.

"I won it in a Twist contest at Davos in Switzerland with Karim, the young Aga Khan," she said.

"He is a marvellous dancer, and we Twisted all night to win the trophy.

"His prize was a wristwatch. When I met him this year at his new hotel on Sardinia we were both wearing our watches, though neither of them is of great value."

Georgia and her husband are fond of dancing, and she has appeared in a small film about beat music.

"It was great fun," she said, "doing The Shake in front of the cameras."

For dancing, Georgia has what she calls "my uniform." It is half a dozen Pucci dresses in different patterned silk jersey, all exactly alike in line, straight, with a high neck and tight sleeves.

"All with such beautiful buttons. I love them. And the colors are so exciting."

She thinks these simple dresses, pulled in at the waistline with a belt, are prettier, more feminine, and much more sexy than showy dresses with plunging necklines or over-emphasised bosom.

Georgia's nickname among fashion photographers is "The Lady," because she always arrives on the job immaculately dressed.

"But then I am not the beat type," she said, "and as I love clothes and spend lots of money on them I do enjoy wearing them. Why not?

"Also I have learned that people in fashion, whether photographer or fashion editor, like you to turn up looking clean and smart."

Georgia was first photographed in London by David Bailey, the photographer who launched Jean Shrimpton to fame. Bailey also encouraged her to take a screen test.

Big rewards

"There were several feelers put out for me to leave modelling for films, but I wouldn't consider it, as I couldn't leave my husband and home."

Modelling has, however, been rewarding for Georgia, who has earned as much as £150 sterling (nearly £A190) a day.

"You can't keep that up," she said. "But I have travelled all over the world living a life of luxury."

She showed me a photograph taken for a French hair tint. It was as lovely as a painting.

"I was flown to Paris for the shots," she said, "stayed at the George V, and was paid a handsome fee. When retakes were wanted, they thought nothing of flying me back and giving me the same spare-no-expense treatment.

"No film star could ask for more."

Georgia says Australian models are tops everywhere.

"They bring something fresh to fashion photography, not only by their appearance but they see things with a new eye.

"They are hard workers, more genuine in their likes, and their reactions are quick to what is new.

"This is very stimulating in fashion photography."



MELBOURNE model Georgia Gold with her husband, Dr. Stanley Gold, and son, Nicholas, 4, in London. She is 5ft. 8in., has red hair and blue eyes.

A PICTURE THAT COST THE EARTH



PICTURE OF GEORGIA for advertising a French brand of hair-coloring. She was flown from London to Paris for the photographs, was booked in for an overnight stay at "royalty's hotel," the King George V. When the company was not quite satisfied with the pictures, she was flown again to Paris for a repeat, spare-no-expense performance.

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A New Mortein Product



Aerogard...for personal protection against annoying and biting insect pests!

Use new Aerogard, the easy-to-apply insect repellent, and really enjoy outdoor living!

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Powerful Aerogard repels all insect pests —lets you enjoy outdoor living undisturbed. The cool, clean spray of Aerogard is economical and easy to apply. Just spray Aerogard on exposed skin to avoid the discomfort of itchy mosquito bites and painful sandfly lumps. A light spray to clothing is sufficient to repel annoying flies.



On the land . . . AEROGARD protection makes it easier to "get on with the job."



Fishing . . . AEROGARD keeps sandflies, mosquitoes and bushflies at bay.



On the beach . . . AEROGARD is the easy to apply repellent, effective hour after hour.



In the garden . . . AEROGARD keeps away annoying and biting insects, lets you work in peace and comfort.



At sports . . . AEROGARD prevents annoying insects from putting you off your game.



Entertaining outdoors . . . is more fun when everybody is protected from mosquitoes and sandflies by AEROGARD.

Everybody outdoors needs Aerogard for complete protection against annoying and biting insect pests!

Pocket Size, 8/6
Large Economy Size, 11/6
Available at all chemists and stores

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A boy from Melbourne escorted "stunning, witty" Barbara Hutton



BARBARA HUTTON

MALE MODEL AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES



WELL-KNOWN New York escort Brendan Toomey, back home after 14 years.

● **"A single gentleman who can dance and converse well is always in demand anywhere in the world."**

THIS was the modest way Brendan Toomey summed up his life in New York as an escort of beautiful women, personal assistant to a millionaire, and friend to many famous people.

After 14 years abroad, this much sought-after man, who regularly makes the gossip columns, is back in his home town, Melbourne, to visit his 70-year-old mother, Mrs. Eileen Toomey, his sisters, Marie and Eileen, and brothers, Tom, Pat, Brian, and the Rev. Father Kevin Toomey.

At 34, he is quite the most handsome man you could meet, and he has disarming blue eyes which never leave the person to whom he is talking.

He has charm, sophistication, a "Tailor and Cutter" taste in clothes, 5 B.X. physique, and a roll call of acquaintances that includes a king, a maharajah, and many film stars.

Brendan admits he doesn't at all mind being described as a perennial escort.

One of his hobbies is "collecting interesting people," and he hopes to go on "collecting" during his four weeks' vacation here.

Luxury cruise assignment

Last year he spent his vacation cruising with millionaires. He worked for a travel agent as an escort on the maiden voyage of the American liner Constitution.

"It was fun," said Brendan. "I escorted a group of rich people and took care of their baggage, whims, and complaints."

During the cruise he was presented to King Hassan of Morocco, who joined the ship in Casablanca.

"A marvellous fellow, he was," said Brendan.

"One day I was walking the deck when he was playing ping-pong. I complimented him on his game. He sent off one of his slaves to find out who I was and then asked me to join him in a game.

"I enjoy ping-pong, but I was a little afraid of playing it with a king, so I refused a Royal command."

In Melbourne, Brendan is staying with his sister Marie, Mrs. Toomey-Martin, at her flat in Windsor.

"It's sure nice to be home," he said, smoking elegantly and flourishing two gold rings on his little finger. On one arm he wore a gold-chain bracelet and on the other a gold watch. ("It's said to be the thinnest watch in the world.")

He described his good fortune as a succession of lucky breaks.

"I was only 19 when I left Melbourne," he said. He raised the fare by working as a ship's steward.

"I saved enough to fly to Honolulu, where I got my original break. I met the film star Alan Ladd and his wife. She was a well-known agent.

"I went to Los Angeles with Alan and became his protege. I had a small part in two of his films, 'Botany Bay,' a terrible picture, and 'Hell Below Zero.'

"I studied drama in Hollywood, then went to Canada and England for a while."

Because of his good looks he became a successful model, and in 1953 was voted London's top male model.

He returned to New York to be a photographic model, and he still models for television commercials at high fees.

Two years ago he became personal assistant to a millionaire philanthropist, Mr. John S. Newberry.

"I have known him for ten years," said Brendan. "He was the curator of prints and drawings at the Detroit Institute of Arts, and has one of the world's most priceless collections of original drawings.

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT

"He has presented some of his drawings to the Louvre.

"I handle his mail — every day he gets a stack of begging letters — phone calls, engagements, and requests from museums in various parts of the world wanting to borrow his drawings, and I regularly accompany him abroad.

"He is very generous, and lends his drawings for exhibitions throughout the world.

"His collection includes Matisse, Picasso, Degas, and Van Gogh.

"I don't own any drawings as expensive as Mr. Newberry's, but I do have a few I've bought at auctions."

During the interview Brendan flashed a pair of gold cuff-links in the shape of elephants, each elephant studded with 17 rubies.

"They were presented to me by the Maharajah and Maharanee of Cooch Behar," he said.

No bullets for tiger hunt

They were souvenirs of a tiger hunt which Brendan went on in India with ten other friends.

"Our camp, at the foot of the Himalayas, was a series of tents which were lined with damask.

"Riding the elephants was a little bumpy. We saw some tigers, but were not allowed to shoot because we were not expert shots.

"After the five-day hunt the Maharajah presented the men with cuff-links and the women with gold-and-ruby pendants.

"The Maharanee is a beautiful woman — she was a former English model and resembles Rita Hayworth."

Until a few weeks ago Brendan owned two pairs of ruby cuff-links. But one pair was stolen from his sports car with other valuables.

It was the gift of Barbara Hutton.

Brendan was her constant companion for some time. She married her seventh husband, a Vietnamese prince, last April.

Brendan was introduced to Barbara Hutton by her nephew, and was invited to stay at her Japanese-style house at Cuernavaca, outside Mexico City.

Said Brendan, "It is a fabulous house and cost two million dollars. The location is marvellous — surrounding the place is a rice field and in the distance is a snow-capped mountain.

"Guests are supplied with kimonos and sandals, and may sit on the floor and eat with chopsticks if they want to.

"Barbara is a beautiful, stunning woman, and brilliant.

"She chose all the furnishings in the house and is quite a poet — a limited edition of her poetry has been printed. She is witty, too.

"The house is filled with Japanese furniture hundreds of years old. Outdoors there is a swimming-pool and a theatre.

"Barbara often invites artists from Japan to perform in the theatre.

Ideal type of woman

"The servants are all Mexicans, but are dressed in kimonos and bow to the guests."

Brendan says Barbara Hutton is one of the most fascinating women he has met.

The most natural woman he knows is his close friend, film and TV star Shirley Booth. "She's not a bit like Hazel the maid," he said. And one of the most vivacious is another of his actress friends, Ann Sothern.

His idea of a perfect woman is one who is feminine and intelligent. "I don't admire the Hollywood-type starlet who just sits looking blank and pretty," he said.

He likes to be with women who can converse or show an interest in subjects he is talking about, and he likes them to wear as little make-up as possible.

Also simple, elegant clothes, preferably in black or navy.

He clenched his teeth as he listed his pet aversions — teased beehive hairstyles, women smoking in the street, and chipped nail-polish, which he puts down to laziness.



HE MEETS King Hassan of Morocco on board the new American liner Constitution during a millionaires' cruise last year.



HE INTRODUCES his mother, Mrs. Eileen Toomey, of Windsor, Victoria, to Fred Astaire on the set at Paramount Studios.

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HOMESTEAD WEDDING

"There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around . . ."

● It wasn't the station of Banjo Paterson's famous "Man from Snowy River" but a 1000-square-mile cattle property at Musgrave, almost 300 miles north of Cairns and deep in the heart of Cape York Peninsula.



THE word that passed around was news of a wedding — the first homestead wedding most people in those parts could remember.

And the word passed near and far.

It was to be an "all-welcome" wedding and a big event for those in the isolated Cape York country.

The Musgrave homestead, owned by the Shephard family, IS Musgrave.

A collection of rambling tin sheds, a high-built old house erected in 1887 and standing lonely in the vast, scrubby expanse of cattle country, it is airport, telegraph station, and social centre to everyone in the area.

Nobody — from the Governor of Queensland to a wandering swaggie — would dream of passing through Musgrave country without calling in to the homestead for a cup of tea and a chat.

Special day

So when the engagement of 21-year-old Barry, third eldest Shephard son, and Mary Raymond was announced six months ago calendars all over the Peninsula were marked with a big red circle around September 26.

Mary Raymond, too, is from a homestead.

The Raymonds own property at Kimba, about 100 miles from Musgrave.

Mary and Barry met four years ago at the Coen bush races.

On the Friday people began to arrive at the homestead.

Friends — and in this country almost every friend is a relative, too — came in Bush Pilot planes from Cooktown, McIvor River, Cairns, and as far south as Mackay and Rockhampton.

Stretchers

By every sort of vehicle they came, too — Land-Rovers and jeeps from Coen and Mossman and tiny outposts not even marked on maps.

Camps were set up under the spreading, green-fruited mango trees — the only outside shade at Musgrave.

Tents were pitched, billies boiled, and babies bathed.

Out came the stretcher-beds Musgrave keeps for its drovers.

People were sleeping on verandahs or ousting the Shephards from their own bedrooms.

The two-tiered silver-cachoued wedding cake came in a jeep 200 miles from Mareeba.

Mary's sister Nancy, staying at Musgrave, travelled the rough 300-mile road to Cairns for a hairset.

Continued overleaf



OPEN-AIR wedding ceremony is performed by Father Gribble, of the Church of England. Best man Neville Shephard, the bridegroom and bride, and Barbara and Nancy Raymond are seen. Nancy had travelled 300 miles into Cairns for a hairdo.



PREPARING decorations for the wedding, the bridegroom, Barry Shephard, helped his stepfather, Jim Hales, tack up some of the paper streamers which were prettily arranged under the homestead, where the breakfast was held.

SOME OF THE GUESTS at the Musgrave wedding watch Father Eric Gribble perform the ceremony. This is how the wedding looked from a little distance away, the picture being taken from the side steps of the verandah.

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Story by PATRICIA JOHNSON
Pictures by BARRY CULLEN



ABOVE is a picture of the Musgrave homestead, where the Shephard family live.

Friday night was a scratch tea.

Somebody had thoughtfully brought some barramundi, fished from a river on the way down.

The women crowded the kitchen, frying the fish on the big wood stoves and making gallon after gallon of tea in huge teapots.

But nobody lingered over his meal that night — there was work to be done.

Sandwiches had to be cut (for nobody knew just how many people would be arriving next day), savories made, chickens cooked, and eggs and saveloys boiled.

Paper patty-cups were filled with all-sorts and jujubes.

Saturday morning dawned fine and clear—and still the work went on.

Somebody set Mary Raymond's hair in rollers and she dried it in the sun as she helped tack up paper streamers and wreaths of bougainvillea.

Barry Shephard searched for his shoes.

By midday the homestead was crowded with people who hadn't seen each other for a year.

"When you're isolated for more than half the year by flooded roads," said someone, "you make the most of the times together."

The wedding—to be performed by Father Eric Gribble, who had driven 200 miles from Mossman — was to be in the open at five.

At three o'clock a five-ton truck arrived, carrying the entire population of Laura and the liquid refreshments.

"Radiant"

At five past three strong white teeth were prising the tops from beer bottles.

For the men, at least, the celebrations had begun.

Inside, the bridal party disappeared to dress.

Mary Raymond was on time. Not for her the usual bridal excuse of a "traffic hold-up."

She descended the steps of Musgrave homestead, radiant in a crinoline-skirted white lace wedding dress.

Her bridegroom was already waiting in front of the bougainvillea arch where the ceremony was to be.

His young brother Tom and cousin Neville kept him company, all three nervous in good blue suits with sprigs of artificial orange blossom in their lapels.

Mary's sisters Nancy and Barbara, a nurse in Mackay, followed after the bride in organza dresses, pale green and mauve.

The ceremony didn't take long. Then the register was signed on a bamboo table covered with a lace cloth.

While the 230 guests filed inside to the laden trestle tables, Mary and Barry — now Mr. and Mrs. Shephard — boarded a blue station-waggon adorned with bride doll and white satin ribbons.

They decided to get out of the way by taking a 20-minute drive while the guests seated themselves.

The celebrations went on far into the night.

Speeches were made, songs were sung, someone had brought an accordion and a guitar, for there was no record-player.

Camaraderie ran high.

The adults were still exulting in "Remember whens?" as sleepy children, yawns tearing at their mouths, were carried back to camps.

Packing up

Mrs. Mary Hales, the Shephard boys' mother, held the hand of her husband, Jim Hales, and said she knew how proud her first husband would have been.

The husband she came to Musgrave with 33 years ago had died 12 years before, leaving his widow with five children and a rambling cattle station to run single-handed.

Four years ago Mary Shephard became Mrs. Jim Hales.

On Sunday the celebrations still continued, if a little less spiritedly.

There was to be a cricket match — Musgrave v. Coen — but the men were feeling not quite as competitive as they might have been.

In the afternoon the camps began to pack up.

There were long journeys home and a week's hard work ahead.

Barry and Mary planned a camping honeymoon driving hundreds of miles to somewhere on the coast.

It had, everyone agreed, been a weekend to remember — a weekend to talk about during the long, lonely months of the wet season, which would soon arrive.



***BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM:** Mr. and Mrs. Barry Shephard wave to guests before boarding a station-waggon for a short drive on the Musgrave property, while guests were seated for the breakfast. It was the first homestead wedding that most of the guests could remember in the district.*



BUSY night - before work on food for 230 guests. From left: Myra Gall, Mrs. Jessie Piel, Mrs. Mary Hales (the groom's mother), Thelma Gordon, Lesleigh Piel, and Mrs. Anna Shephard.

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Prices slightly higher in some country areas and Nth. Territory.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

MOST "brilliant" interior decoration idea of the year is the set of giant chandeliers — made from huge cartwheels hung with rabbit-traps — which will hang in "Brindley Park" woolshed at Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Edwards' Merriwa property for the Merriwa Bachelors and Spinsters' Dance on November 21.

It sounds as if it will be a wonderful party and lots of the young guests are coming from afar to stay with friends in the district.

Expecting a large number of house-guests are Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Shannon, of "Wyndham," Merriwa, whose daughters, Georgia and Henrietta, have so far invited sixteen friends to stay over the weekend.

"A Hard Day's Night" is the name committee members have unofficially given the semi-formal dance and they have designed appropriate Beatles posters which they'll hang on the walls of the woolshed.

The forty-eight committee members have each invited seven or eight friends to Merriwa for the occasion and among country guests will be Anthony Loneragan, of "Kaludebah," Mudgee, Richard Loneragan, of "The Lagoon," Gulgong, Simon Chapman, of "Narran Estate," Cudgegong, Patrick Magennis, of "Ulundi," Bugaldie, Biddy and Ann Hordern, of "Pitlochry," Merriwa, and Ann's fiance, Tim Scales, of "Inverary," Cassilis. From Sydney will come Martin McCarthy, of Dover Heights, Tina Simmons, of Lindfield, and Kay Tracy, of Killara.

* * *

A WEEK earlier 200 young people have been asked to a dance which Tina Whitney, of "Bindah," Gulgong, Peter Armstrong, of "Wiroolga," Cassilis, and Robert Reynolds, of "Guntawang," Gulgong, will give at Robert's home on November 14. It's to be held in an open courtyard surrounded by the homestead's 100-year-old stables.

* * *

ON a visit from "Talbragar," Coolah, Carolyn White will be waiting to welcome home from hospital her sister, Mrs. David Fairlie-Cuninghame, and her new niece, Annabelle, who was born on October 26. Annabelle is the first child for Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie-Cuninghame, who was the former Sue White.

* * *

TWO dates for the diary . . . The Annual War Widows' Guild Fete at the Paddington Town Hall on November 7 which promises an exciting collection of antiques for sale . . . the Y.W.C.A.'s "Festival of Christmas Decorations" from November 14 to 21 at the Y.W.C.A. Main Hall in Oxford Street.

* * *

A CHARTERED plane will take guests from Sydney to Narrandera on November 14 for the marriage of country girl Tess Dodwell to Don Le Lievre at St. Mel's Church. Tess' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dodwell, will entertain at a reception at their property, "Bundidgery," after which Tess and Don will leave for Sydney to join the Orsova for a honeymoon in Honolulu.



JUST home after four months abroad, Mrs. Lucy Falkiner Burton shared a flat in Grosvenor Square with her sister, Mrs. E. B. H. Nelson (who was on a visit from New Zealand) during her London stay. While there she saw Lady Kearns, Mrs. Strath Playfair's sister, who lives in Grosvenor Square, and Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, and spent a few days in Monmouthshire with Lady Jenour, the former Mrs. Margaret Fielding-Jones.

* * *

ALTHOUGH summer is only just here, Mrs. Philip Rudder is longing for winter already—and with a good reason. Just back from overseas, she has brought with her a glamorous wardrobe of exciting clothes which she is impatient to wear. From the Jean Desses salon in Athens came a jacket dress in black-and-white overcheck, from Hardy Amies in London a glamorous off-white draped jersey evening dress trimmed with mink, and from millimer Sainte-Claire, a copy of Pierre Cardin's "hat of the season" in off-white.

* * *

COULDN'T help thinking what a marvellous pair of earrings could be made from those handsome turquoise-and-diamond cufflinks worn by the Hon. John Siddeley with his dinner suit. He told me the diamond-edged, oval-shaped links were a gift from his wife.

* * *

TWO Sydney people not likely to forget the British Exhibition are Mr. and Mrs. Sergei Malnic — they have 1100 reminders! I admired the aplomb with which Mrs. Malnic took, first, her architect husband's news that he'd bought the entire floor of the British Information Centre pavilion, and then the arrival of the 1100 two-feet-square red and black concrete tiles which are now piled up in, on, and around the Malnic's garden at Wahroonga. They're to be used for a paved driveway and a terrace.



ABOVE: Bridal waltz at their reception for Mr. and Mrs. Ken Crossing, who were married at All Saints' Church, Moree. The bride was formerly Miss Barbara Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Jones, of "Wongabindie," Moree. The reception was held at Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkby's property, "Wilga," Moree.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Graham Ford pictured leaving St. Anne's Church, Strathfield, after their marriage. The bride was the former Miss Lynette Barnes, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Barnes, of Strathfield. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Alderman L. H. Ford, M.L.A., and Mrs. Ford, of Dubbo.

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ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Phillips (left) with Mrs. D. S. Esplin at the luncheon at the Australia Hotel, given by the Australian-American Association in honor of American visitors Mr. and Mrs. Homer Faulkner, who formerly lived in Sydney.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn (centre) with Sir Garfield and Lady Barwick at the Golden Ball of 1964, at the Wentworth Hotel, arranged by the Golden Committee in aid of the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.





TRIO (from left): Mrs. Bruce McWilliam, Mrs. Ian Platt-Hepworth, and Mrs. Denis Rowe were among 120 guests at the afternoon bridge party at the Vaucluse home of the Consul-General for Denmark, Mr. N. C. Stenderup, and Mrs. Stenderup, for the St. John Ambulance Brigade.



OVERSEAS WEDDING: Just married, Mr. and Mrs. David Nicholas pictured at the reception following their marriage in the village church at Bray, Berkshire, England. The bride was formerly Miss Margaret Ahlin, whose mother (formerly the wife of Captain L. Ahlin, Stockholm) married David's father, Mr. Maurice Nicholas. David's mother, Mrs. P. B. Nicholas, flew from Melbourne for the wedding. They will make their home in Geneva.

ABOVE: Just wed, Dr. and Mrs. Anthony Collins with their attendants, Jennifer Black, of Inverell, Roslyn Knyvett, of Leadville, Christine Ridley, of Forbes, and flowergirl Lisa Taylor, of Taree, following their marriage at Shore Chapel. The bride was Miss Ruth Cranna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Cranna, of Castlecrag.

AT RIGHT: Dr. Warwick Coppleson and his bride, the former Miss Joan MacLean, leaving St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness, Scotland, after their marriage. The bride is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. MacLean, of Victoria Drive, Inverness, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Coppleson, of Bellevue Hill.



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Dream house—or nightmare?

EVERYONE has a dream house — a mental picture of the sort of house he can "see" himself living in.

Most people spend a great part of their lives and money getting this house, then decorating and maintaining it.

But though the first impression of the house is a dream, it could be a nightmare to live in because of thoughtless planning.

A book called "New Horizons in Houses" will help you plan every detail of your house from the spice shelves to the angle of the house on the land and the trees in the gardens round it.

Produced by The Australian Women's Weekly for the Australian Gas Association, the book is by Stanley Edge, of the Housing Guidance Council of America, who recently addressed seminars on housing in four Australian capitals.

"New Horizons in Houses" sets out the advantages and disadvantages of six styles of house, gives ideas for zoning the sleeping, working and living areas in various houses, and describes in detail the principles of space connection, and storage-planning in bathroom, kitchen, laundry.

The professions associated with home-building will be interested in the ideas for designing a whole street of houses, ways to relate various houses, and the importance in house design, of balance, texture, color, lighting, and acoustics.

Also dealt with are things to keep in mind when you are engaging an interior decorator, or decorating yourself.

There are rules about carpeting, flooring, lighting, drapery, ceilings, wallpaper, and wall surfaces which will give you many ideas for using the best materials for the best effect.

With the high cost of building today it is important to use all space attractively and usefully. A whole section is devoted to this, with ideas for the hall, bathroom, kitchen, closets, and garage.

Hundreds of diagrams, sketches, and scale drawings illustrate the book.

The landscaping section suggests terrace designs and how to co-ordinate the garden with the house.

Whether you are building or designing a home for yourself or as an investment, this will be an invaluable handbook.

Even if you are not building but buying a ready-built or older house, the book will help you list important things to look for when inspecting a house for sale.

"New Horizons in Houses" will be on sale this month at all newsagents and booksellers, price 10/-.

message to women born before 1940



have you felt these danger symptoms lately? Cramps in the legs? Swelling of the ankles and veins? An odd feeling of heaviness in the legs? Dull pains and aches . . .

THESE EARLY symptoms can mean you are one of the million or more people of all ages who are present or potential victims of varicose veins. This distressing condition embarrasses both men and women. Housewives, shop assistants and nurses are prone to it. Anyone who spends time standing up or lifts heavy weights can get varicose veins. People who have to sit down a lot get them too.

THE SYMPTOMS often subside and then go unnoticed. This is the tragedy of it. These early warning symptoms must not be ignored. At this stage, the condition can deteriorate rapidly, even though you think "it can't happen to me".

IN THE EARLY stages the progress of the condition can be stopped. There is no need to wait fatalistically for the drastic therapy of surgery. This cannot be attempted until the disease has become serious. You need never reach this ugly stage. Tests on actual sufferers have established that varicose disease in the early stages can be stopped and ultimately reversed with Venoruton Tablets.

HOPE FOR chronic sufferers. Even at this late stage, Venoruton Tablets are of the greatest value in checking the development of more serious disturbances. By effectively easing pain and swelling, Venoruton Tablets promote better health and a brighter outlook. Venoruton's active ingredient, Tri-(hydroxyaethyl)-rutosidum is one of the most significant developments in the treatment of varicose veins. It is a method developed and exhaustively tested in the Zyma Laboratories in Switzerland in conjunction with University Clinics. Naturally, the chronic case will need a longer course of treatment.

NEGLECT now is painfully expensive later. Can you afford the time and money it takes for varicose vein surgery? Is it fair to yourself and your family to endure the lifetime of pain and suffering, the embarrassing ugliness, the curtailment of your activities that is all too often the lot of the varicose vein sufferer?

IT AFFECTS the entire family. Could you run your home, look after your family if you were in constant pain, unable to stay on your feet for long? If your husband were affected, think of the effect it could have on family life.

SAFE, no side effects even for expectant mothers. Venoruton is an established treatment. Within a few weeks Venoruton relieves the symptoms and prevents the development of more serious trouble. Venoruton soothes pain, Venoruton reduces swollen legs easily and gently, and promotes all-round improvement in your circulation.

YOUR HEALTH — beyond price. Your health and your family's happiness is beyond price. But a course of Venoruton Tablets is within your means. To start this treatment costs only 14/6 — less than 2/- a day. Treatment should be continued without interruption for four weeks and the longer you continue treatment the more lasting the results. Venoruton is easy to take — just two tablets three times a day. If you have varicose veins, or have noticed the early warning signs — cramps, swollen ankles and veins, or dull aches and pains in the legs — get Venoruton Tablets from your family chemist without delay.

Venoruton
tablets

From the Research Laboratories of Zyma, Switzerland.



VENORUTON IS THE REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF ZYMA, SWITZERLAND. DISTRIBUTOR FOR AUSTRALIA: SERA PTY. LTD.

VEN3236

INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: TWO MINING COMPANIES

By MARY BROKER

● The share market has been affected this week by Mr. Holt's long-awaited tax reforms.

BASICALLY, these laws do not directly affect the market, except for companies which have made a practice of buying up other companies with large accrued losses in order to lighten their own tax burden.

However, the new tax laws have also made the individual investor rather more cautious, as the tax laws relating to private companies and family trusts have been changed considerably.

The sum total of Mr. Holt's action and other events on both the domestic and international scenes has been that the small investor is getting more and more worried about the state of things in general.

This is making for a buyer's market on the Stock Exchange, the supply of shares greatly exceeding demand in most cases.

I do feel, though, that even if the current depression lasts as long as a year, it is only temporary. I have every faith in the long-term future of Australia, and the current trend in the market must present good buying opportunities.

In the short term, metals still seem to be the thing, due both to heightened industrial activity in almost every country, and to the fear of a shortage because of international tension.

And one of the booms is in beach sands, particularly rutile.

This metal is a source of titanium dioxide, which is used mainly for paints and other pigments, and for a coating on electric welding rods.

Benefits ahead

Between 1954 and 1957 prices for rutile rose to £140 a ton, but due to a glut consequently fell to below £20 a ton. Now the boom is going again, and with some producers eliminated after the slump, those who are soundly based stand to benefit greatly.

As far as world supply of rutile is concerned, Australia stands out as a leader, with an estimated capacity of between 200,000 and 215,000 tons a year.

This production is concentrated on the east coast, and probably the oldest and largest company in the industry is Associated Minerals Consolidated Ltd., which was formed in 1946 and has gone from strength to strength.

Present capacity is of the order of 50,000 tons, almost one quarter of the total Australian output.

Moreover, even should the demand for rutile collapse, the company is assured of a reasonable market through its agreement to supply 210,000 tons of rutile to the American Petacl and Chemical Corporation extending until 1973.

Capital is only small at £747,000, and script is made more scarce since the giant Consolidated Gold Fields Group holds more than 50 per cent. of the capital.

Profit for the year to June 30, 1964, rose from £368,000 to £522,000, giving an earning rate of 70%.

At 42/-, 100 5/- shares would cost £212, and with dividend at 30%, your annual income would be £7/10/- per year.

Young company

Wyong Minerals Ltd. is a much younger company, having been formed only five years ago, in 1959.

Here again capital is not large — only £785,000, with more than half being held again by the Consolidated Gold Fields group and a substantial parcel also being held by Commonwealth Mining Investments, a large Australian - based mining investment company.

Wyong was unfortunate in commencing production when it did, since rutile prices were then so low, and no profits were earned until 1960/1. However, since then the company has earned successively greater profits.

Last year, profit jumped from £102,000 to £143,000 —a rise of 40.5% Dividend was 11 2/3%.

Capacity, not nearly of the order of Associated Minerals, is 15,000 tons of rutile from its lease 29 miles south of Newcastle in the Pacific Ocean, and 10,000 tons of zircon (also an important source of titanium dioxide), compared with Associated Minerals' 44,000 tons.

At around 13/6, 100 5/- shares would cost about £69, for a dividend of close to £3 a year. For income this is undoubtedly the better stock.

The backing of Consolidated Gold Fields, an expert investor in mining situations, makes me feel that both companies must have a good future.

But even without this, production and profit figures point to good long-term appreciation for shareholders.

The rutile boom and the scarcity of the script add to their attraction in the short-term.

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There's gold in the soft sell of her voice

By PATRICIA JOHNSON



"THE VOICE" of many a TV and radio commercial, Wynne Nelson — in private life Mrs. Ken Carswell — reads a fairy story to her two daughters, Lisa (3) and Karen (2).

● How would you like to earn £61 for a Monday morning's work? Wynne Nelson, Sydney housewife and mother of two small daughters, can — and does.

BUT Wynne Nelson is not just a housewife and mother—she is also the owner of one of the best-known voices in Australia.

You are sure to have heard Wynne's voice at some time or other, suggesting you buy this or try that.

She specialises in TV and radio voice commercials. While the face and figure you see on a TV screen may be that of a well-known model, the warm, feminine voice that issues from her lips might belong to Wynne.

There is big money in voices these days — but only for the chosen few.

According to one Sydney television producer Wynne is in great demand, because she is "a complete professional."

"You can give her a script for a 10-second commercial and know she will give you what you want with only one or two run-throughs," he said.

The voice that lays a golden cheque each week is pleasant, down - to - earth, slightly husky, and almost without identifiable accent.

Wynne's love for her two small daughters, Lisa (3) and Karen (2), limits her career at the moment.

"I deliberately keep my bookings to only one or two days a week," she said.

"On these days I go from job to job.

"One Monday recently I did voice commercials for a shampoo, cigarettes, a hair rinse, two types of biscuits, and one for a newspaper.

"With fast taxis between appointments I was finished by 1.30."

This was the morning Wynne earned £61, which, minus tax and agents' fees, finished up at about £43.

Wynne earns 12 guineas for a 60-second "voice-over" commercial for television and ten guineas for anything smaller.

Usually each commercial takes about an hour to tape — "voice - over" actors and actresses never see the script until they actually arrive at the recording studio.

With her husband, Ken Carswell, sales manager for a wholesale woollen firm,

£61 FOR JUST A MORNING'S WORK

Wynne lives in a modest weatherboard cottage at Loftus, more than 20 miles from Sydney.

On her work days she travels to the city by electric train ("parking is such a problem").

"Most of the agencies who give me work know about my career arrangements," said Wynne.

"Usually — depending on their clients and production schedules, of course — they will fit in with the days I come to town." On work days, her mother stays at home with the children.

Wynne broke into voice commercials through radio serials such as "Blue Hills" and "Green Dolphin Street."

They are still her first love. "But now, of course," she said, "with far fewer serials being produced, there is very little work around."

Wynne used to earn £1/17/- an hour for the serials — an unimpressive figure compared with the 12 guineas for today's minute of voice.

As a child, she studied elocution and competed in verse-speaking eisteddfods.

"People used to tell my mother she was wasting her money on me," said Wynne. "They said she had ideas above her station." Wynne's teacher imbued her with all the accepted notions of voice production and recitation — ideas she had to forget in a hurry.

"When you're presented with a script and have to record straight off, sight unseen, you can't sound as though you're reciting," she said.

Wynne called herself by her full name in those early days, too—"But really, Winsome Nelson sounded so much like a musical-comedy heroine that I had to shorten it to Wynne."

Another big mistake which nearly finished her career before it began was caused through her admiration of another actress.

"Her voice was absolutely my ideal," said Wynne, "and almost without realising it, I modelled my voice on hers. It must have infuriated her."

Finally a producer called Wynne into his office and told her he thought she was a good actress, but needed to develop her own style instead of copying others.

She took the advice to heart, threw her copyist ideas out the window, and started from scratch.

Almost overnight her voice was in great demand and, with the advent of television, she was one of the first top-liners in the "voice-over" field.

"Lots of people think it's money for nothing," said Wynne, "They think it sounds easy, therefore it must be easy.

"It isn't — if it were, there would not be only half-a-dozen people still getting most of the work around Sydney.

"There is hair-splitting timing in reading a commercial so that it finishes within one - tenth of a second of the 10-second deadline."

Synchronising voice with the mouthings on film is another difficult aspect.

"Sometimes the model might turn away from the camera in mid-sentence," said Wynne.

"You have to time exactly to correspond with her words when she turns back to the camera.

"It can be very difficult."

But, while it's difficult, Wynne enjoys her work immensely and hopes that when her children are a little older she will be able to work a fuller week.

"And, of course," she said, "the money is a great help.

"I'm happy that I can clear £30 to £40 a week without working every day."

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THUMBS UP: The American folk-singing group The Limeliters. From left: Alex Hassilev (banjo), Lou Gottlieb (double bass), and Glen Yarbrough (guitar).



THUMBS DOWN: Laya Raki as Halima and Patrick Allen as the swashbuckling Crane in ABN2's adventure series "Crane," set in Casablanca.

Film feast on Nine

By PATRICIA KENT

● This week will go down as The Week of the Movie on television. And Channel 9 seems to have the pick of the bunch.

Television

ON Monday, November 9, at 8 p.m., it will screen "Carlton Browne, of the F.O.," with Terry-Thomas and Peter Sellers — one of the funniest British films I've ever seen.

Then on Tuesday, November 10, at 8.30 p.m., Channel 9 offers "Room at the Top," one of the greatest films to come from Britain since the war.

It has Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret, and Heather Sears. If it means breaking a date, stay at home for this one.

Still with Channel 9, on Wednesday, November 11, Frank Sinatra stars as a hired assassin in the drama "Suddenly" — a real hair-raiser.

And for those who like to get away from it all for a while, Channel 7 is screening "The Last Time I Saw Paris" on Sunday, November 8, at 8 p.m. Liz Taylor (younger, and much, much slimmer) stars with Van Johnson and Walter Pidgeon.

★ ★ ★

IT'S the little unrealities of television that grate when you watch as much as I do.

For instance, have you noticed:

- *No one EVER switches off the lights.*
- *The phone always rings at the crucial moment.*
- *There's always a lift ready and waiting when needed.*
- *And even in the most frightful arguments everyone always waits for the other person to finish before having his say . . .*

Great folk-song group

CHANNEL 2's recent "An Evening With The Limeliters" was a "Special" programme that should be repeated, and soon.

The Limeliters are an American folk-singing trio, and from their performance (taped from a show in Lambertsville, New Jersey), one of the best.

I couldn't help comparing them with that other famous trio, Peter, Paul, and Mary, and, to me at least, The Limeliters came out on top. They haven't the same intensity, the same dedication, but they have a marvellous spontaneity and enthusiasm.

Lou Gottlieb (who holds a Ph. D. in music) is the "Paul" of the group — the spokesman and the clown.

In serious vein, he gave the first real definition of folk singing I've heard.

"A true folk song," he said, "should have no known composer. There should be no one method of singing it — each performer is free to improvise. And each song should have an oral tradition, that is, handed down by word of mouth from one generation to the next."

The programme was listed "unsuitable for children," and I wondered why. There's nothing, I thought, more wholesome than folk singing.

But The Limeliters sang some risque songs — one in particular, "Vicky, Turn Your Back On Me," written by Lou Gottlieb to immortalise a young actress with a predilection for very low backless dresses.

My favorite piece in this delightful programme, though, was "Bright Golden Buttons," one of a bracket of Civil War songs.

It told of the young soldiers marching off to war through the cheering crowds, their bright golden buttons shining in the sun. And how:

"Cheers turn to crying when life turns to dying,
And bright golden buttons turn to rust."

★ ★ ★

THE English series "Crane" (ABN2, Tuesday, 8 p.m.) must surely be the worst programme on television. I usually avoid it like the plague, having once watched it by mistake.

But I switched over recently to see if it had improved or if I'd been unduly critical the first time.

But no. There was Mr. Patrick Allen as Crane (he's an "adventurer" living in Casablanca) still wooden-faced and still fluffing his lines.

And there, too, was Laya Raki as Halima (she's a barmaid who nurtures a secret passion for Crane and helps him in her off-duty hours), whose dresses are all three sizes too small and whose "acting" has to be seen to be believed.

The episode I watched was all rather confused. It concerned an oil magnate and an Algerian landowner (with Oxford accent) on whose land oil had been found.

There was a big party on board a boat while the magnate worked out a contract with the Algerian. Someone (I think he was a folk singer) tried to kill the Algerian, but, as always, Crane arrived in the nick of time.

And to add to the confusion the sound-effects men had gone berserk. Have YOU ever heard crickets chirping on board a boat?

Experts talk on the Pill

CHANNEL 9 is to be congratulated for its recent screening of "The Pill," a discussion between two authorities on oral contraceptives.

The experts were Dr. Aviva Wiseman, charming mother of five, and Director of the Family Planning Centre at Slough, England, and Dr. Charles E. Flowers, jun., Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the School of Medicine, University of North Carolina.



Dr. A. WISEMAN

They discussed, with a frankness and objectivity that could have offended no-one, the chemical composition of the Pill, its possible side effects and how they could be avoided, and its uses other than for contraception.

Dr. Wiseman spoke of the great advances in family planning since the discovery of the Pill, and instanced cases where marriages were strengthened through its use.

It was a controversial programme, and the subject matter possibly offended some viewers.

But it dealt with a subject of great public interest, and it was good to see so frank a discussion.

★ ★ ★

UNTIL the powerful series "East Side, West Side" (Channel 9, Friday, 8.30 p.m.) came along, Channel 7's "Crisis," screened at the same time, was always a must for me.

It's an interesting series of unrelated dramas (with different characters each week) and shows how people react and interact in critical situations.

Executive producer for the series is Frank Rosenberg, who produced Marlon Brando's film "One-Eyed Jacks" and the television series "Arrest and Trial," with Chuck Connors, now in recess.

"Crisis" attracts stars of the highest calibre—for instance, Telly Savalas, Jack Warden, Beverly Garland, and Keenan Wynn have all appeared in episodes.

Since you can't be in two places at once, I'd be delighted if Channel 7 would reshuffle its programmes so I could watch "Crisis" AND "East Side, West Side."

Until they do, I'll stick with George C. Scott, New York's seamy side, and "East Side, West Side."





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VIC/27/8



A recommended beauty remedy for those outbreaks of spots and blemishes that occur during the teenage years, is to soak half a teaspoon of sulphur in a tablespoon of lemon delph skin freshener, then blend the mixture by stirring it. Use a clean artist's brush of the ordinary camel-hair variety to paint this mixture over the spots several times a day. Allow it to dry on the skin. Don't be tempted to wear heavy make-up — just touch of protective oil of Ulan serves admirably as a light powder base.

. . . Margaret Merril

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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DID YOU KNOW?

BROADWAY'S reigning leading lady Carol Channing has signed for a weekly television series — but American viewers will have to wait until the 1966-67 season to see it.

The star of the fabulous hit musical "Hello, Dolly" will find time, however, to appear in a number of TV specials between now and the filming of the series.

"Dolly's" decision to take the TV plunge follows the recent signing of a long-term contract with the C.B.S. network by "Funny Girl" star Barbra Streisand, currently the second brightest light on the Great White Way.

★ ★ ★

A *JAMES BONDISH script for television — believed to be Ian Fleming's last project before his recent death — is to be filmed in Europe in coming months. The new Fleming hero is a British Intelligence officer who is commissioned to break up a world-wide narcotics ring and in the process is brought in contact with the U.N. World Health Organisation.*

Television

THAT cool cat darling of the teenage set in days gone by — Edd (Kookie) Byrnes, natch — is about to win his stripes as a U.S. Air Force lieutenant.

Byrnes, of "77 Sunset Strip" fame, will star in a new weekly series, "Kissin' Cousins," based on the comedy movie of the same name, starring Elvis Presley.

★ ★ ★

THE streets of Dodge City are paved with gold, pardner; just ask Marshal Dillon, alias James Arness, in the durable hour-long show "Gunsmoke." As a result of recent negotiations with the C.B.S. network the actor is now some 1,800,000 dollars richer from the sale of his ownership of 54 of the Western dramas. Columbia believes it can easily recoup that amount in future re-runs. Arness also agreed to an extension of his contract for another three years as the fearless, upright lawman.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said: "I recently read an article where they have discovered that (and this should make the men feel very smug) the Romans round 250 B.C. passed a law prohibiting women from driving chariots." So I guess it's nothing new, this picking on women drivers. Imagine, it goes all the way back to 250 B.C. But —and this is something to think about — the next time someone starts to pick on women drivers, just tell them this . . .

Momma's moral: Maybe the reason there are so many bad women drivers is that their husbands taught them to drive.

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Television

"McHALE'S NAVY"

● **The popularity of "McHale's Navy" is one of the success stories of Australian TV. Viewers love it as it goes on its zany, laugh-a-minute way. Its amalgam of types, headed by gay seadog McHale, makes entertainment with a capital "E."**



TRIO who make McHale's the crazy navy it is. From left, Captain Binghampton (Joe Flynn), commander of the base, Ensign Parker (Tim Conway), and that man himself, Quinton McHale (Ernest Borgnine).





SCENES (at left and above) from the film Universal made of the riotous comedy and turned McHale into a household word everywhere.

"McHALE'S NAVY," in a new series, may be seen in Sydney on TCN9, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.; in Melbourne on GTV9, Fridays, 7 p.m.; and later on in all other capital cities.

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Crack judo star is a

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● After seeing on TV the terrifying falls and judo throws achieved by Cathy Gale, the black-leather-encased heroine of "The Avengers," I was surprised to meet the real-life Cathy — actress Honor Blackman, who played the part and is now star of a James Bond film, "Goldfinger."



HONOR BLACKMAN, popular British TV personality and new James Bond heroine in the screen thriller "Goldfinger," enjoys a card game with her husband, well-known actor Maurice Kaufmann. Honor is 37.

HONOR Blackman had been publicised as a Yellow Belt judo expert, a fit type, and had been known to knock a fellow actor clean out by tossing him into a grave while she gloried in the role of Cathy Gale.

There was an even-money chance, I felt, as I kept my appointment to see her, that the conversation would get around to hockey or football. I was mentally flexing my muscles.

Nothing could have been more unexpected than the slim, trim, long-haired blonde no more than 5ft. 6in. who tripped lightly into the hotel lounge.

A becoming golden suntan showed off her sleeveless raw-silk beige dress to perfection. Her make-up included careful outlining of her brilliantly blue eyes.

Her attractively husky voice was half an octave higher than I'd heard it from the screen, and her shoes, handbag, coat, and gloves were all downright feminine.

Then came the second shock. As she let herself gingerly into the chair beside me she gave out a very clear, girlish "Ouch!"

Noticing my look of concern, she explained, laughing:

"It's agony to sit down since yesterday I slipped down a whole flight of steps at the recording studios and I'm covered in bruises in the most awkward places.

"All the boys roared with laughter when I said it's just like 'The Avengers'.

"But it is. And just as I thought I finished with bruises for life."

No, Honor Blackman is not Cathy Gale off stage — except for her keen sense of justice, passion for fast sports cars, and timeless good looks, which have never been seen to full effect on the small screen.

Honor is very much a woman whose emotions have often got the better of her. She has had a breakdown, which gave her a month in hospital, and is today an admiring wife who loves to talk about her actor husband.

Maurice Kaufmann was a far better-known TV personality than the girl he married two years ago. He was always in work, constantly in demand, and his income and prestige were higher than hers.

"We'd known each other since 1959, and during that time he had always been on top," Honor told me.

"Bad moments"

"I had tasted defeat in my own film career, which began when I was 18, but had shown me what being at the top was like before it folded.

"But with the beginning of 'The Avengers' everything changed.

"Maurice is, of course, still very busy. But from being someone who had lots of time to play the housewife, I've turned into a woman who is on call almost 24 hours a day.

"When the contract for 'Goldfinger' was signed, our life had to change. But it hasn't changed us.

"Of course, there have been bad moments. Once, for instance, Maurice asked me, 'Do you think I should become your manager?'

"I nearly killed him. 'Of course not,' I said. 'I married an actor, and that's how I want you to stay.'

"People ask me if he resents my sudden success. Of course he doesn't.

"He knows how hard I've worked for it. It's more than 20 years since I first went to a drama school to get rid of my Cockney accent.

"And he married an actress and knows how much work means to me. He would never want me to give it up."

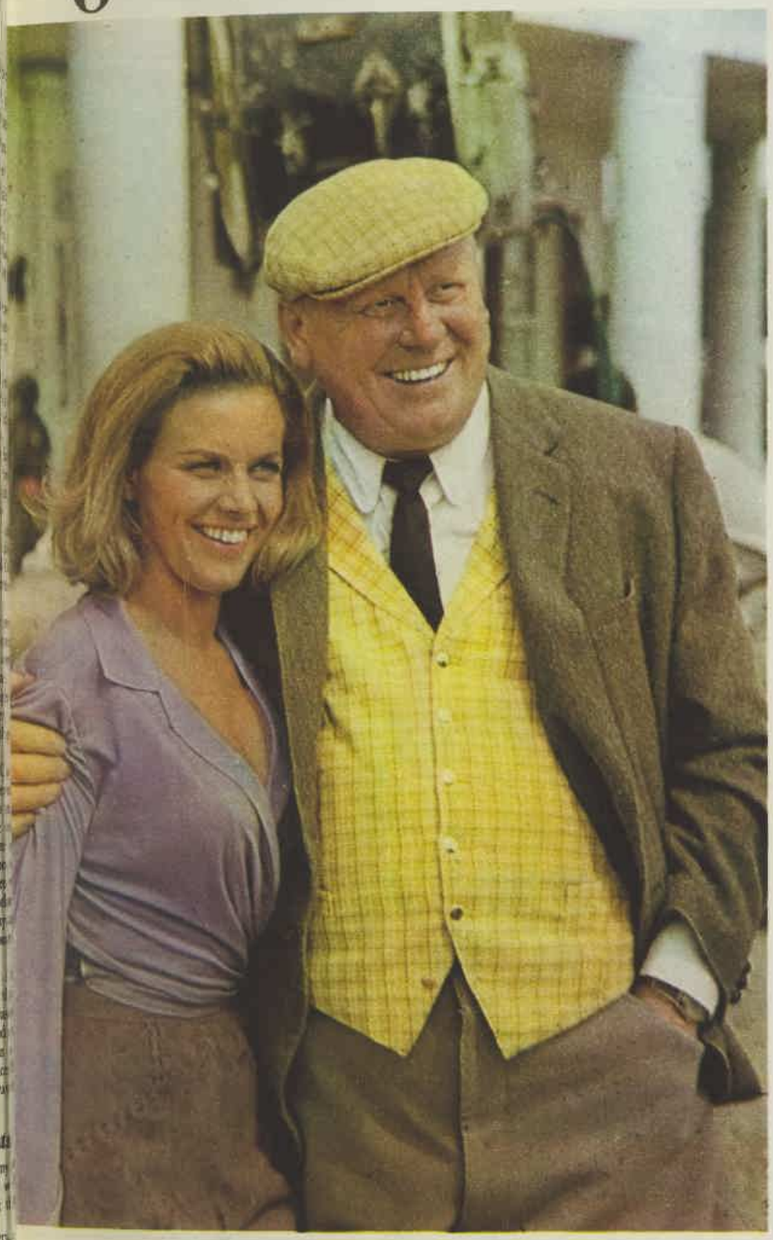
The girl who had been Cathy Gale for two years welcomed the chance to become Pussy Galore in "Goldfinger."

"I'm terribly grateful to Cathy for all she did for me. This film break would not have happened without her," she said.

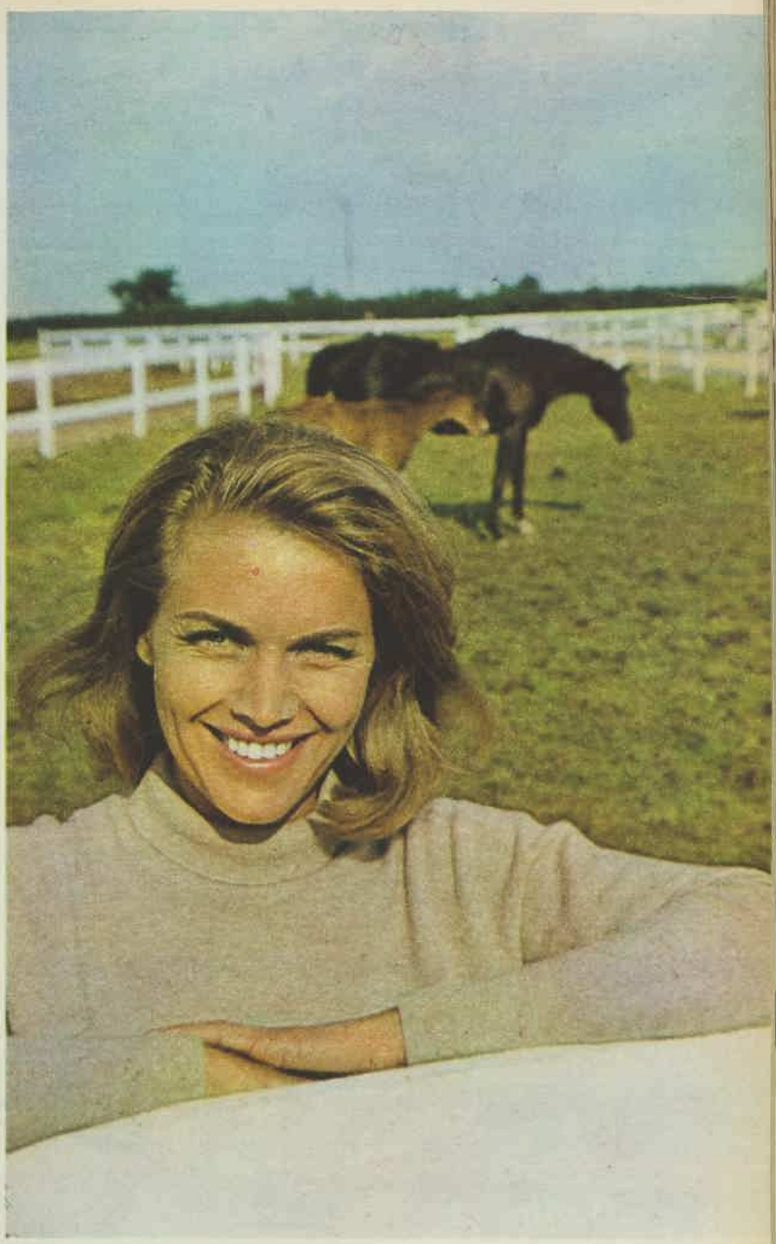
"And, anyway, Cathy got me away from all those awful understanding-wife parts which are such death in British films. You know, the sort of lady who patiently tends her rose garden until her big, brave husband comes back from the wars.

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glamorous blonde



AS PUSSY GALORE in "Goldfinger," Honor starts off on Goldfinger's payroll, but, after a judo battle with James Bond, switches sides. Here she snuggles up to Goldfinger between takes to show there are no hard feelings. Offstage she has political interests.



DAY IN THE COUNTRY for Honor Blackman, while she was making the film "Goldfinger," gave her a chance to get out in the paddocks among the horses and foals. She loves riding and is mad about all animals. She'll go to U.S. to introduce the film there.

"They were awful parts, and I never ever want to play another.

"But I couldn't go on bashing about in black leather as Cathy forever, either.

"Pussy Galore was certainly a pilot, and wore a lot of zippy trousers, but she topped them with sexy blouses, went in for satin instead of leather, and was allowed to fall in love.

Private plane?

"After Cathy that was quite a step up!" It started Honor on a new kick, too. A flying school offered her flying lessons.

"Having begun life poor, I can never resist anything free, so of course I said 'Yes.' Now I've done five and a half hours' flying time, landed and taken off three times, and am due to fly solo at ten hours.

"It's terribly thrilling, and I tell Maurice that my ideal will be to have a little private plane so that we can get away from London without traffic troubles and spend weekends with friends."

Honor sees her childhood as the most influencing factor in her life.

"Not the poverty part of it really, just the overwhelming character of my father.

"My brother Ken and I were always on trial in life, whether it was a mental test or just games.

"For instance, I was a naturally fast runner at school. My father, a track athlete in his youth, trained me like an Olympic until I could beat both boys and girls.

"Then one day twin girls came to our school who could beat me.

"I was overwhelmed with guilt. My father made me feel I had let him down personally.

"Because my brother was a dreamer and could not carry the load of ambition that my father had for him, I found myself trying to compete as the son he wanted.

"I was taught boxing with Ken, I was thrashed just as hard as he if I disobeyed, and I learnt to compete on a level footing with boys as well as with girls.

"But I also got the chance to enjoy the wonderful companionship my father gave us. There was never such a playmate.

"When we went down to a steep railway cutting in Cowboys and Indians there was a sense of thrilling actuality which nothing could replace."

Honor says now that she knows the strength of her father's personality was too great a burden for any child to carry.

"It really killed my brother, has affected both my sisters, and was largely responsible for my breakdown.

"Terribly proud"

"But I know I should never have got where I am today without him.

"He was so loving underneath all the bullying. He really wanted the very best for his children, and was terribly proud when they made good.

"I am only sorry he was not alive to see Cathy Gale. How thrilled he would have been!

"He would have revelled in the Bond film, too. It is one of my greatest sadnesses that he saw only my first broken marriage and died when my career was at its lowest ebb."

Honor says she is keen to have children of her own.

"I should love them. But it is extremely difficult to know when to throw responsibility to the winds and let your own life take over, isn't it?

"People depend on you when you say you'll work with them on a movie. You can't suddenly disappear.

"But, of course, I shan't be able to leave it much longer. I'm 37 now."

Meanwhile she is busy with tours all over England to publicise "Goldfinger." And she recently undertook the vice-presidency of the Liberal Party in Westminster.

"I warned them that I wouldn't have too much time for campaigning."

After her provincial tour Honor goes into production with her next film, "The Secret Of My Success," in which she plays a European countess.

"It's a black comedy in which I appear to be the innocent victim of a mad husband who bumps people off by having them bitten by his pet giant spiders. But in the end, after the police have dragged him away, I'm seen to visit the spiders and embrace them as my own pets.

"Urrhh! If there is anything in this world that I'm frightened of it's spiders.

"Then I am one of the directors of the new company 'Six Star TV,' which is composed of people like myself and John and Hayley Mills.

"We shall make TV films together to put something aside for old age!"

But Honor's face really lit up when she confided her happiest secret: "Maurice and I have bought a house in Pimlico which we are doing up together. It's the thrill of my life to think I'll actually live in a house we own.

"I can cook and do a bit of carpentry and mend a fuse because I've always had to. Now it's just wonderful to think I can pay someone else to do it.

"That makes all the hard work worth while."

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What size kitchen?

I AGREE with "Just Mary" (Vic.) in preferring a small kitchen. In my large, draughty one I am confronted with three doors, a playpen, and a clothes horse —not to mention the obstacle race created by my husband's tools and the dog.

£1/1/- to "Nightmare" (name supplied), Mt. Gambier, S.A.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY I spent some time in a farmhouse with a large, roomy kitchen —quite a contrast to my own city kitchenette. I found I was far more relaxed, as there was no need for me to shoo the children out to give me working room. And kitchen tasks seemed lighter when members of the family came in for a chat.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. J. Mackenzie, Mitcham, Vic.

★ ★ ★

SMALL kitchens are fine for two or those who live alone. But for a family give me a large, bright, and comfortable kitchen. When the children come home from school and my husband from work, snacks are required, and while preparing and cooking the evening meal, the daily doings are related in detail and everyone joins in.

£1/1/- to P. Walker, Geebung West, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I, TOO, have always yearned for a tiny, compact kitchenette. I have a large, open kitchen, which is hard to keep clean with the family coming in all the time, and I can't concentrate properly with the children continually coming to me for something. I would just love a small kitchen with a door to close myself in when I'm busy and to close behind me when I go to the living-room to relax.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Fay Rudiger, Kent Town, S.A.

★ ★ ★

THE modern compact kitchenette is all a woman could desire — if it's hers alone to work in. But when two teenage daughters wish to help or practise the cooking they have done at school it becomes a nightmare. Then I really long for the large old kitchen in which my mother taught my sister and me to cook.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Hunter, Earlwood, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

AFTER six years of hard saving we are in our own home and I have my own kitchen — with only room to prepare and cook meals and wash dishes. It's my domain and there isn't room for the rest of the family to deposit their rubbish.

£1/1/- to "Happy Jackie" (name supplied), Mordialloc, Vic.

The vanishing jug

WHAT has become of the humble jug? My mind goes back to my grandma's dresser, with pretty jugs, from the tiniest size to the largest, hanging on the hooks. All were used in those days. But the refrigerator has caused us to take the bottle of milk and pour from that. I find this is so with most of my friends, and, yes, I am guilty, too.

£1/1/- to "Mary Jane" (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.

Her modest needs

DURING a teatime discussion about lottery results and prizes, my eight-year-old daughter announced, "If I won the £100,000 prize, the first thing I would buy is a pair of thongs!"

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Robinson, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

White cats and deafness

MY friends have a beautiful white Persian cat which is deaf. They tell me that all white cats are deaf. Being deaf, my friend's cat has no fear of any sudden or unusual noise.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Hooper, Yokine, W.A.

Men more friendly

HAVE you noticed how much more friendly men are toward each other than women? After the introduction they are Bill and Jim, while we females primly continue to call each other Mrs. or Miss as the case may be. I have noticed it is only with close personal friends that christian names are used among women. I wonder why?

£1/1/- to "Why" (name supplied), East Malvern, Vic.

Wet weather dampens her

HOW many women are like me? Yesterday was dull and wet, and, although the work was there to do, I fiddled around doing practically nothing. Yet today is bright and sunny, and I have cleaned through the house, even shampooing the lounge-suite. I am always like this. The damp just seeps into my bones and brain and makes me as dull as the weather.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Morris, Valley Heights, N.S.W.



HE LOOKS HAPPY, BUT . . .

• "I'll never live it down with my mates," said Brian Sutherland, Britain's "Husband Of The Year." Nominated by his wife as a perfect husband, he won £250.

Is he a treasure? If so, is it wise
To flaunt his virtues, even for a prize?
Docile, perhaps? And helpful in the house?
Maybe he brings you flowers. Oh, what a spouse!
And yet how dangerous if in your pride
You spread the news about him far and wide.
For others, jealous of your happy state,
Will, when your back is turned, commiserate,
Say "Henpecked," "Wears the skirts," and things like that
(An envious woman is a frightful cat).
Such perfect bliss so easily is marred,
And soon his sunny nature could be scarred
If, at the local for a quiet jug,
He hears his erstwhile cronies murmur "Mug!"

—DOROTHY DRAIN

Wanted — a window-cleaner

A WASHING-MACHINE ensures that I have clean clothes without back-breaking toil, a floor-polisher halves the labor involved in cleaning my floors, a vacuum-cleaner removes dust from my carpet without my having to hang it over the line and beat it mightily. This leads me to believe that someone, somewhere, may invent an electrical gadget which will clean and polish my windows without the hideous fatigue now involved in the job.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Farrington, Geraldton, W.A.

First-aid as a school subject

IN my opinion first-aid should be a compulsory course for high-school girls instead of cooking. Cooking is something a girl will soon pick up, whereas first-aid would be very valuable to a girl when she marries and starts her family.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Grosseibl, Mount Burr, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

SOME time ago on this page I made a protest.

It was against the way stenographers are belittled in business letters.

Say you get a letter from Mr. Herbert Screwton, credit manager of Dunley's Store (which you owe some money).

At the top left-hand corner are the letters HS/TP.

HS, of course, is stern-faced Mr. Screwton. But what about TP?

All you know is that she is the stenographer who typed the letter.

She might be Tanya Petwell, 21, a lithe beauty with grey-rinsed hair. Or she might be Thelma Pottle, 51, a veteran employee with blond-rinsed hair. The letter leaves you guessing.

The reason is that the average businessman likes to have the limelight himself. He keeps his stenographer (however interesting she may be) in the background.

I am sorry to say that my protests had no effect. Letters kept coming in with mysterious initials on them.

Often I wondered who BF or RD or MW was, and what she looked like, and whether she was saving up for a trip abroad.

Then one day a letter arrived

little women

from Mr. N. Cleek, the timber merchant.

I was startled to see this at the top: NC/et.

et, I presumed, was Mr. Cleek's stenographer. He had gone a step further than other executives in



putting her in her place. She actually had to type her initials in small letters.

Who was et — ellen thompson? evelyn tatlock? emma tibbs?

One thing I was sure of — she was not elizabeth taylor. Nobody of that name would submit to such treatment.

I pictured a scene when Richard Burton asked Miss Taylor to type a letter for him in this style.

"At the top," he said, "put the reference RB/et — with et in small letters . . . What? . . . But it's common business practice — hey, stop!" (Crash, bang, doingg.) "Elizabeth, you've ruined a perfectly good typewriter!"

I have made inquiries in the business world about this small-initial thing. They say it goes on quite a lot.

One young stenographer took a stand against it.

Wendy Spark by name, she got a job as secretary to Mr. H. Dingwattle, a department manager of the Nupep Tonic Co.

He explained that she was to head all her letters: HD/ws.

Wendy, whose mother was a feminist, wouldn't put up with it. She defiantly headed her first letter: hd/WS.

Mr. Dingwattle had a fit.

However, Wendy is pretty, and the firm's accountant had her transferred to his office. He doesn't mind her typing her initials in capital letters. He says she is a capital asset.

MUMMY, WHO IS YOUR HUSBAND? — a new selection of Ross Campbell's best writings — is on sale at bookshops and newsagents. Published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6.





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Dress Sense

By

BETTY KEEP



6161. — Two - in - one pattern one-piece dress and box jacket (not illustrated) in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Price 7/6 includes postage. Address orders to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

● This softly bloused one-piece is chosen for a young married woman with a 38in. bust.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"I am seeking your help about a style and pattern for a simple day frock suitable for a figure with a 38in. bust size. I am quite well-proportioned, but am broad across the back. The design is to be made in a floral silk. I would also like a pattern for a plain boxy jacket to make in lightweight wool."

The one-piece dress, illustrated above, with softly bloused bodice should prove extremely flattering to your figure. The dress is part of a two-in-one pattern, and as the other design is a box jacket you will have to buy only one pattern.

The pattern is available in your size group. Beside the picture are further details and how to order.

"What would be the correct colors for accessories to wear with a pink silk frock? The frock is to be worn at a wedding."

Wear a pink hat and shoes, and have a beige handbag matched to the same shade of gloves. The pink can match the color of the dress or be in a deeper tone.

"As my neck is long and thin, I wondered if you could tell me the most flattering neckline to hide this fault."

I don't consider a long slender neck is a figure fault. Actually it means you can wear most necklines well. A cowl, bateau, and turtle neckline will all be wonderfully flattering.

"I have been trying to buy a pattern for a beltless frock that is slightly shaped to the figure. The style is for a figure with a 36in. bust."

What you need is a princess-line dress. Our pattern department includes one in your size group. The design has an easy fit and is finished with a tailored shaped collar and wrist-length sleeves. The number is Vogue pattern 6103; the price 7/6 includes postage. To obtain the pattern, write to Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, Sydney.

"I am making a chiffon frock for late day and would like to know how to finish the waistline. I have tried a stiffened belt, and it looks too hard."

For late-day fashions, ribbon often does duty as a belt, and I suggest this idea for your chiffon dress. Have the ribbon a shade darker than the color of the dress. The ribbon can be satin or moire.

"I am being married soon for the second time and would like to be dressed as a bride, but I know this is not correct. What do you suggest I wear?"

Wear a simple street-length silk dress or suit in the most becoming color you can find — perhaps soft slate-blue or rose-pink. Choose a small hat in the same shade as your dress and wear beige gloves, shoes, and handbag.



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HOW TO WRAP A SARONG

THE wrap-on beach fashions shown here are ad lib. descendants of the sarong worn by girls in the South Seas.

Tahitians are particularly deft at wrapping sarongs, and they adapt them to their individual taste and proportions.

Whether the sarong ends at the ankle or stops short of the knee, correctly wrapped it allows the wearer to move freely.

A sarong looks best made in a bright flowery print in soft-textured material.

The two variations illustrated here each take approximately 2yds. 36in. material for a 34in. bust fitting. The amount varies a little according to the wearer's size.

The sketches below show exactly how each sarong is wrapped.

— Betty Keep







BEACH SARONG: Slide 2yds. 36in. material round the waist, leaving the bulk of the material on the right. In left hand take one end of the material, and in the right hand grasp about 4in. of the other end and tie pieces firmly together at waist (diag. 1). Fold a deep box-pleat (diag. 2) and tuck neatly over the knot (diag. 3).

SARONG that can be worn either short with a top or long as a terrace or beach dress. Takes 1¾yds. 36in. material for short version and 1¾yds. 44in. material for long version. To wrap, slide material behind back (diag. 1), cross in front over bosom (diag. 2), tie ends in knot at nape (diag. 3).



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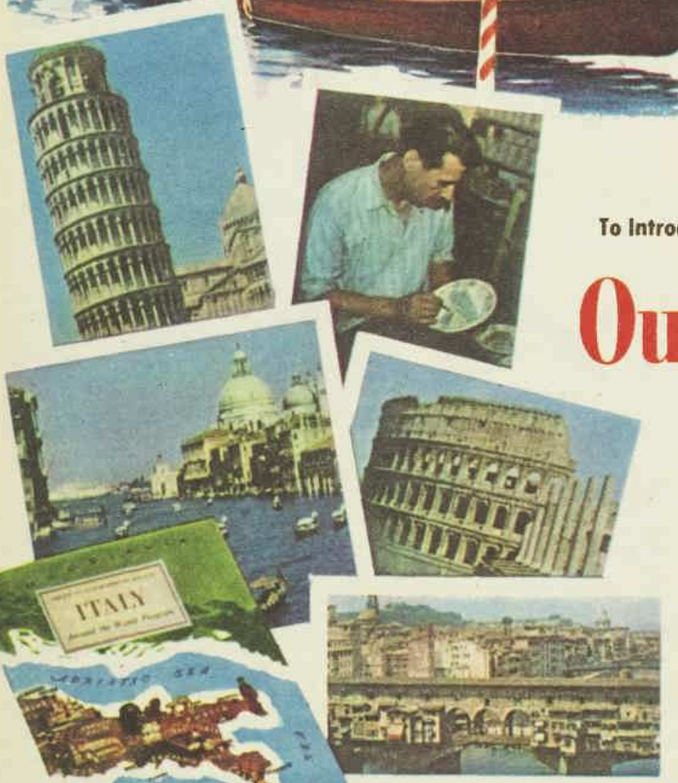
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Gold Coast Fashions

● Queensland's Gold Coast is fast becoming a casual-wear fashion centre. Along the golden strip, beach and daytime casuals and semi-formals are big business.

More and more interstate and overseas women visitors add to their spring and summer wardrobes while enjoying the relaxing atmosphere of Surfers' Paradise and Mermaid Beach.

Many fashions shown in the boutiques come from the drawing boards of clever local designers. Designs on this page are by Noela Brough.



● *Giant roses bloom on a jersey chiffon shift (right), which has a matching scarf. Left, a straight one-piece in purple linen with sleeves in white guipure lace.*



● *Sleek look for patio fashions (above), both dresses made in embroidered linen. Left, an Empire-line with a low, plunge back. Right, a tailored two-piece portrays the new tunic influence.*



● *Stripes are big fashion news, and, above right, they are seen in an Empire-line shift. Left, pearl-grey cotton is used for a dress with a pintucked front.*

● *Exotic flowers printed on jersey chiffon is the material choice for this terrace dress which bares one shoulder and billows to the floor in a graceful whoosh of fullness. A scarf belt in matching chiffon can be worn to circle the waist or bind the hair.*

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RUN SCARED

A hit-run accident on the eve of the election threatens scandal . . beginning a new suspense serial

By MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

A HOUSE loomed up in the rainy twilight at the corner marked X on the pencilled map. Martha Bascom peered through the streaky lanes of light from her car. Three roads, mere country lanes, seemed to branch away ahead of her. Lights came from the windows of the house.

She turned into a short drive and stopped.

It was an early twilight, this last Thursday before the first Tuesday in November. By now Martha italicised the first Tuesday in her mind, for the first Tuesday was Election Day.

She smoothed her hair back, gathered her raincoat around her, picked up her handbag and got out of the small car. Lem had given her the car, laughing, saying he could never ride in it because it was too small for his long legs, but it was the make of car she had driven in Italy and she was accustomed to it.

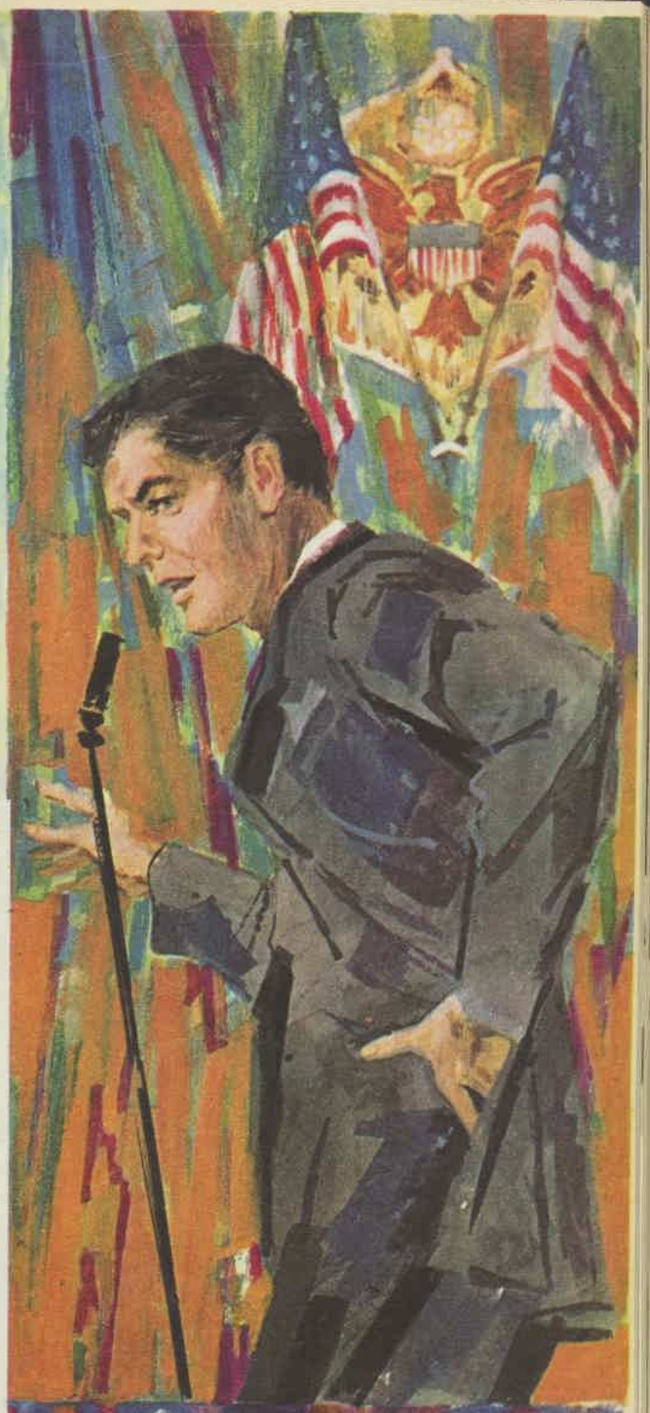
She went up a path on to a porch. Through long windows she caught a glimpse of firelight, lamps, people. There was the sound of voices and laughter. She didn't find a bell, so she knocked.

Almost at once a man opened the door. He was big, smiling, ruddy-faced, and said politely, "Yes?" Then he recognised her. His face brightened. "Why, it's Lem's wife! Why, this is splendid. Come in — come in — I'm Jim Stenson."

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He ushered her into a room full of lights and friendly faces. "Ellen," he cried, "Ellen, it's Lem's bride. I recognised her from the pictures and television. It's Lem's wife—"

An attractive woman came quickly forward, her hands outstretched, her face friendly, her fluff of red hair like a halo. "Mrs. Bascom! How very nice. Come in."

She introduced Martha swiftly to the half-dozen people in the room, all of whom greeted her warmly. She was urged to the fire, a martini was put in her hand. Everybody had listened to Lem's speeches apparently, everybody had seen her with Lem over television, all of them were sure of Lem's victory.

"Here's to our new governor," somebody said.

"We're having a pre-celebration," Jim Stenson told her. "We're all coming to the Bascom house on Tuesday to celebrate. This is just a taste."

Martha managed to get a word in edgewise. "I'm on my way to the Bascom house. Archie Henshaw—"

"I know," Jim Stenson said. He stood with an elbow on the mantel, beaming down at her. "Archie Henshaw, Lem's Press representative."

"Yes. Archie was to bring me, but something came up so he couldn't. I drove up alone and he said to stop here to inquire which road to take from here on."

"Splendid," Jim said. "You're almost there now. Can't miss it. Now how's the campaign going? Splendid, eh?"

He was the kind of man who could say splendid and mean it so heartily that anybody hearing him felt a reflected glow. "I think so," Martha said.

"Of course, Lem's a cautious soul in spite of being such a firebrand in politics. He won't count chickens before they're hatched, or votes, either." Jim gave a gusty laugh. "But I think the election is in the bag. He'll be Governor Bascom."

Jim Stenson was, Martha knew, one of Lem's oldest friends.

Ellen frowned. "But see here, surely you aren't going to stay at the Bascom house alone? Much better stay here with us."

"Oh, thank you. But Mrs. Bascom—I mean Lem's mother—is at the house now. Lem thought I needed a rest, so he sent me here to meet her. We'll stay at the house till after Election Day."

"Well, I must say you don't look tired," Jim said gallantly, "fresh as a daisy."

"She may look like that," Ellen said with swift friendliness, "but she's been through a gruelling campaign. You were with Lem all the time, weren't you?" she asked Martha.

"Most of the time, not all of it. There are rallies today and tomorrow and a big meeting Monday night, so Lem packed me off here. I'd rather have finished the campaign with him."

"You did your part," Ellen said, "nobody could have done better." There were murmurs of approval from the other people in the room.

"Bet she's got as many votes as Lem," Jim said. "Another martini?"

He was ready to pour when Martha stopped him. "No, thank you. I must be going on. Mrs. Bascom will be expecting me. If you'll tell me the way—"

Jim demurred slightly, only enough to make Martha feel welcome. Ellen said, "She's tired, Jim. We watched Lem over television last night. Saw you on the platform. You must be dead-beat. Come on, Jim, let her go. We'll see her often, I hope—"

Martha said goodbye all around and everybody said "Good luck" or "Lem has my votes" or "We'll see you Tuesday night."

Jim took her to her tiny, foreign-made car and stared at it. "Never saw such a little one," he said. "You mean to say you drove fifty miles in that baby carriage?"

Martha laughed and got in behind the wheel. She felt cheered by the welcome she had been given, warmed by the fire and the good fellowship and also by the faint small glow from her martini. "Now if you'll tell me which road to take—"

"You can't miss it. Turn right here, then the first turn left, then right again. The road winds around, but it's the right road. You can't get lost. It's only three miles. Would you like me to go ahead of you and show you the way?"

Martha refused. "Right, then left, then right. Thank you—"

"We'll see you Tuesday. Give Lem my best." He waved jovially as she turned the car back on to the road.

Right, then left, then right. Nothing simpler.

The road did wind and was very narrow with trees and shrubbery hemming it in so closely that branches began to brush lightly against the car.

It was perceptibly darker, though. She couldn't have been in the Stenson house more than twenty minutes, yet the early November twilight had turned swiftly to night.

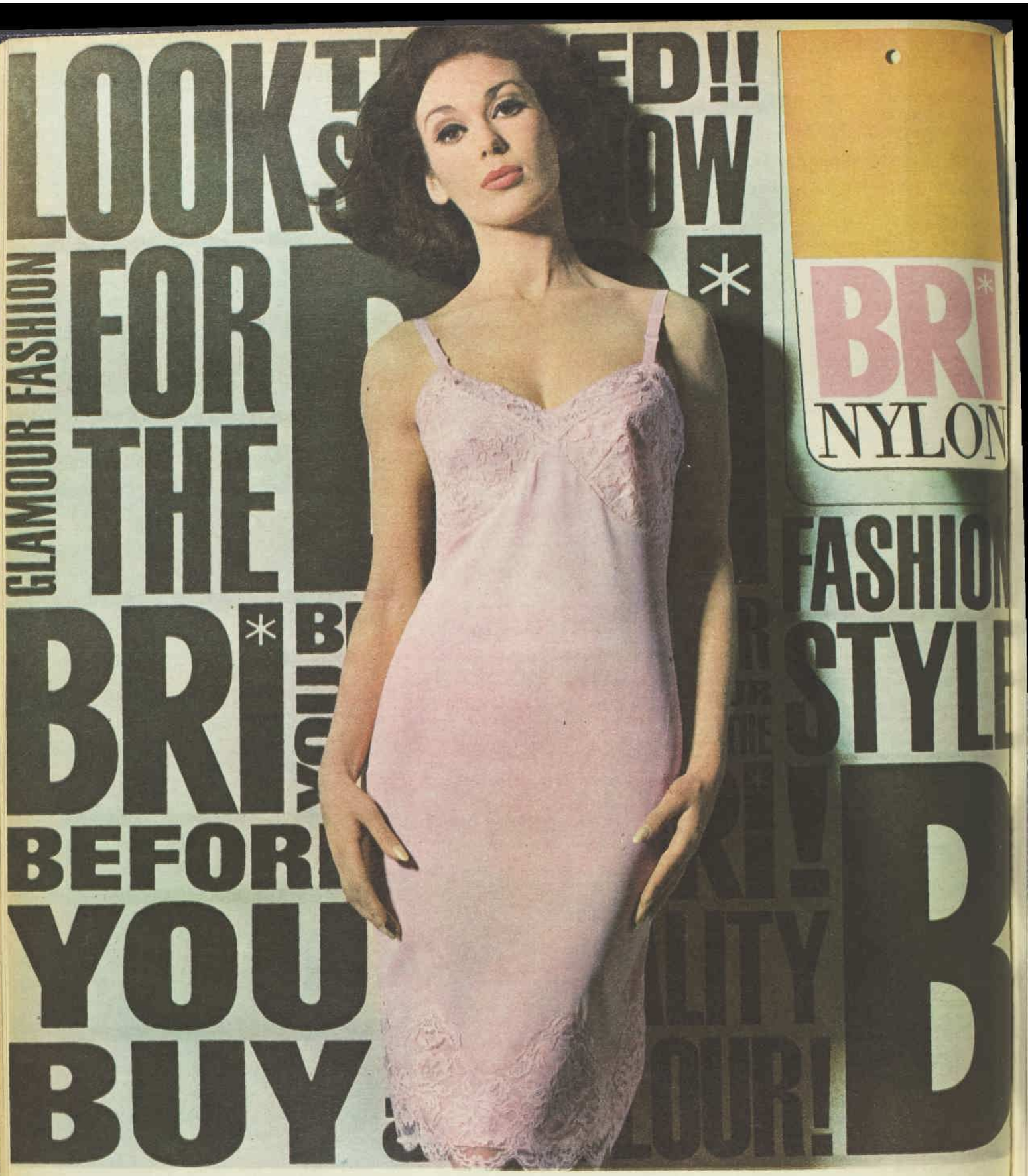
The car lights made a long but diffused lane of light ahead, for it was raining hard again. She began to long for a glimpse of the Bascom house.

She had seen Bascom Bay, the little town at the head of the lake, once; a quick glimpse of it when Lem had driven her up early in the fall to get her a registration card as a new resident so she could vote. She had never seen the Bascom house, the home and headquarters of the Bascom tribe for generations. She began to feel excited and eager. She felt sure that Mrs. Bascom had already arrived and was waiting for her.

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Lem and his mother were unaware of the shadow of fear Martha and Dilly faced.

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CURTAIN CALL



The time must surely come when Sophie's ambition to be a famous ballerina would be realised . . . a short story

By DOROTHY BAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

MADAME FEDEROVA — I'm speaking of Alexandra Federova — did very little of anything these days except teach; and since she now had only one student she found herself with a good deal of leisure to do very little of anything in. What she mostly did, and she knew it, was wait for the one student — a sixteen-year-old named Sophie Simonic — to arrive and be taught. She thought about her a great deal. After all, the ultimate pupil.

She kept the studio on the top floor, and her card was there on the street door for anyone who might recognise the name and come. And Sophie Simonic came regularly — three times a week after school — and stayed for three hours and was taught. And taught right.

But three times three equals nine, and no more. Nine quick hours a week was all the time allotted to the teaching of Sophie — an unendurable length of time, Federova could remember, to spend with the dull-eyed, non-learning kind who are always in the majority; but with Sophie something very different.

Sophie would come into the studio after school, and immediately, as it seemed, three hours would be spent and gone. And then for Madame it would be another time of waiting, sometimes calling back the memories and sometimes not bothering to.

Because this Madame Alexandra had managed to acquire more memories than are strictly necessary to any one woman, and all of them turned out to be rather demanding when she paid attention to them. Even among memories, a certain spirit of competition can show up.

But on the days when Sophie, the ultimate, came to the studio, there was no question of what to do or how to wait, and no competition whatever among the memories. Madame was going to teach, and therefore she got up and had a front ready to present by eleven o'clock, even though there would be no one to present it to until three.

It was well, Madame Alexandra felt, to allot a generous amount of time to the preparation, because the truth was this sort of thing was becoming more and more tedious. The business of the coiffure, for example — terribly fatiguing, involving, as it did, so much lifting of the arms.

Likewise the business of the eyes. And of the face. None of it came easy, though it is true that the eyes and face did not require quite such high lifting of the arms as the coiffure. Not quite so high, and not so much of it, but some, nevertheless —enough to require another generous allotment of time to recover in.

And to observe the produced effect — the lemon-blond hair (which lemon juice kept blond) swept up from the back of the neck and tied high on top

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THE RED PUP

It is as great a pleasure to give as to receive — a short short story

BY JAMES LAIDLAW

WHEN the old man had walked a short way down the track toward the mail box he saw the drover's truck on the stock route, with a green lean-to tent pitched against it, ready for the night camp. A thin curl of smoke rose from the fire nearby. The sheep were feeding farther back along the route, and in the distance a man's voice could be heard calling, "Come outa that, Darkie, come behind here."

A woman emerged from the tent and went to the fire, followed by a little girl, only a toddler. The man stopped and thought for a moment, then retraced his steps to the house and went inside. Presently he came out, carrying a white enamel billy, and walked more briskly down the track, the sugar bag for the bread and his mail gripped under his arm. It was only a few hundred yards from the house to the yellow mail box at the side of the road.

He collected the bread and mail, and then walked across to the tent. The woman looked up as he came near, and the little girl, about two, hid behind her.

"That bit of a thunder shower freshened up the air, even if there wasn't much rain," he remarked.

"Yes, it's nice now," said the woman. "I thought it would be a real old storm for a while, but it was mostly noise." The little girl emerged from behind her mother, and regarded the stranger with solemn dark eyes.

"I wondered if you would like some milk," said the old man, holding up the billy. "I saw the little girl there, so I brought some down when I came for the mail."

"Thanks very much," said the woman. "We all get sick of condensed milk, especially the baby here. I'll just put this in a jug, so you can have the billy back." She went into the tent, and presently came out with the billy and a small worn purse.

"Now, how much do I owe you for the milk?" she inquired. The old man was shocked.

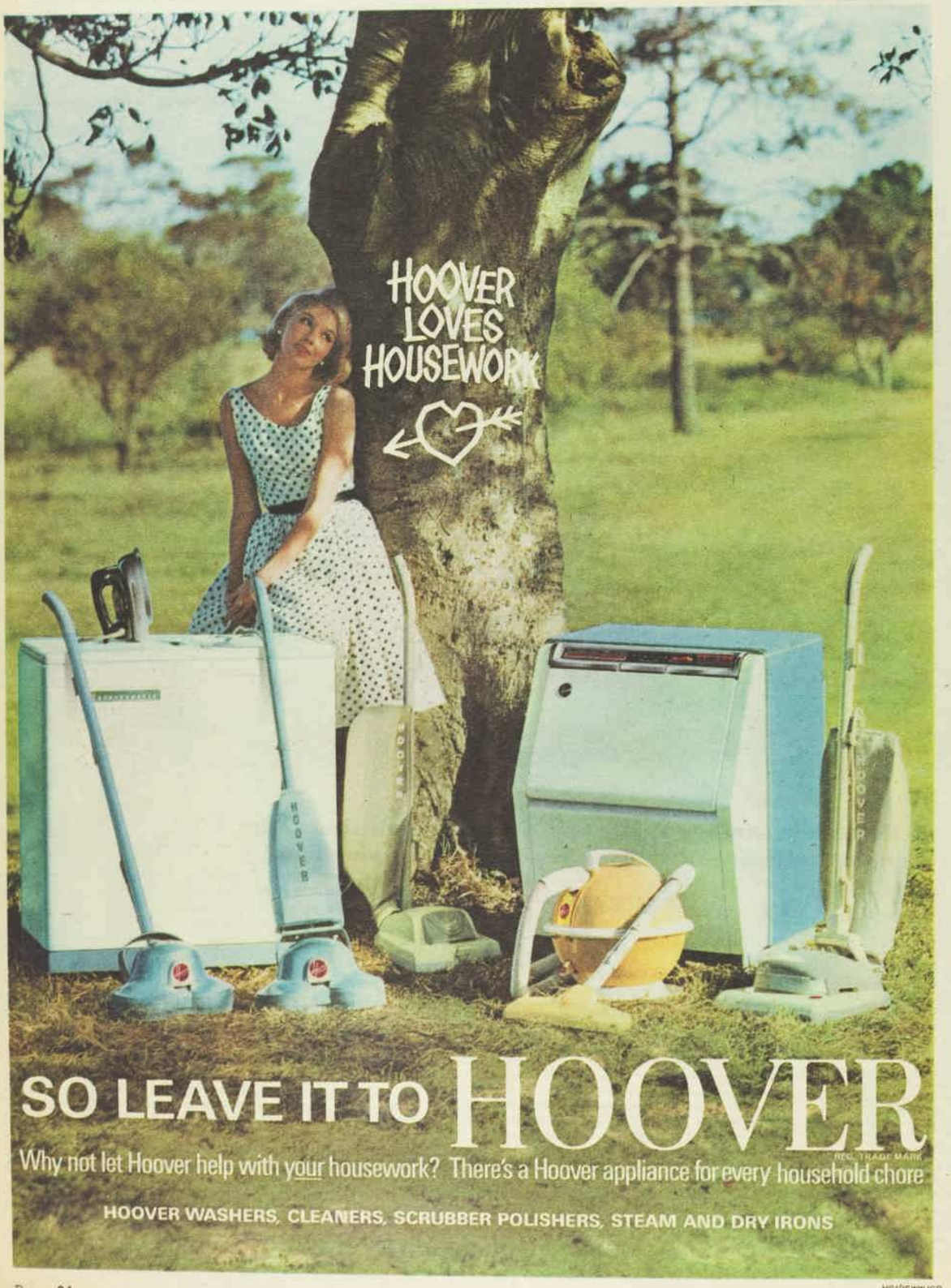
"No, please," he protested. "I don't want anything for it. I've always got plenty — more than enough. I'm glad to be able to do it."

"Thank you so much then, it was real good of you to bring it, but all the same . . ." Embarrassment was set aside by the arrival of a small boy, carrying a large armful of wood for the fire. He looked at his mother, and with frank curiosity at the stranger.

"Gee, Mum, I had to go miles. There's not much small wood left about here, the other drovers musta used it all. There's plenty over the fence there, but I didn't like to get over in case the man might go crook . . ."

The old man laughed. "That's my paddock; take as much as you want. I won't go crook."

The little girl had been chasing a butterfly, and tripped and fell, not hurt. "Upsadaisy, Julie," called the woman. The boy ran and picked up the little girl,



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making soothing noises. She clung round his neck.

"Terrible sympathetic, young Terry," remarked the woman. "Good as a nurse with young Julie, too. If we happen to be camped near a creek or any water, I've only got to say, 'Keep an eye on Julie, love,' and he won't let her out of his sight. He's soft with animals, too."

"Yes, he seems a nice lad; you are lucky. How do you manage about his schooling while you are moving around?"

"That has been a problem, but Ted — that's my hubby — managed to buy a little farm up near Black Range, you know?" The old man nodded. "We take it over at the end of this trip, and the school bus runs close, so Terry can go to school."

"Yes, and I'll be able to have a pup, and the man will let me take it on the bus. A kid told me he takes his to school," said the boy, who had been listening.

"But you must have plenty of dogs already," said the old man.

"Not of my very own but. Those are all Dad's sheep dogs. I want one all my own, so I can feed it and look after it and it will be just mine."

The woman laughed. "Mad keen he is. He saw a red pup not long ago and wants one like it — must be red, not just any old color. We'll get him one soon as we take over the block in about a week. You don't happen to know anyone about who might have a pup to sell?" She looked at the man. She was only making a gesture for the sake of the boy, but the boy was looking up at the old man intently, and hopefully.

"Well, I'll have to think . . . Maybe . . ." The boy let out his breath. "Yes, I'll have to think if I know anyone who has a pup like Terry wants." The man appeared to be deep in thought for a few moments, and suddenly he slapped his leg.

"How silly of me," he said. "I could have brought you down some eggs. I've got masses of them just now. Could you do with some eggs?" He turned to the woman.

She laughed, and the little girl chuckled too, because her mother had laughed, and so must be happy.

"We can always do with food, Mister. This family of mine, they got holler legs, fair dinkum. Terry, you go with the man, love, it's only up the track a bit . . ."

The old man and the young boy walked on up the track. "You love that little sister of yours, don't you, Terry?" said the man.

"Aw, she's nice, Julie," said the boy, embarrassed.

"And if you had a pup, would you look after it well and feed it and be kind to it?"

"Gee, yes. I'm real fond of animals, 'specially dogs. Do you think you might remember someone who has a pup, like you said?" he queried hopefully.

"Perhaps I might," said the man.

"Gee," breathed the boy.

The little red pup had been asleep somewhere, and as the pair approached the house the voices had roused him, and he came running up to the man in excitement.

"Aw gee, Mister," said the boy. "Is that your little pup? Isn't he a beaut little pup? Where did you get him?"

"Would you like to hold him for a minute?" the old man asked casually, handing the pup to the boy. "I'll go and get him some milk."

The old man went into the house and put the mail on the table on the sun verandah. As he got the milk he watched the boy rubbing his cheek against the head of the pup, and making soft, crooning talk.

Little Tony, his grandson . . . he, too, had been "mad keen" for a pup of his very own. How pleased he had been when Granfie had given him the tiny red pup. Could it have been only two weeks ago? Then the virus. In three days Tony was dead. Margaret had asked him to take the pup . . . "It reminds me of him too much . . . take him back, Dad."

The old man brushed his hand across his eyes as he watched Terry gazing at the pup — Tony's pup — with adoring eyes. They were much of an age, Terry and Tony. Yes, Tony would have liked Terry to have the red pup.

The man took out the milk and gave the jug to the boy. "You give him some milk in that tin." The boy watched as the pup lapped the milk. "I don't suppose he would be anything like the sort of dog you wanted?" he asked casually.

The boy picked up the pup, and it lay quietly in his arms, tight with the milk in its little stomach. "Aw, gee, he just is. This little pup is exac'ly like what I was wanting. He's a beaut little pup. Would you . . . sell him?"

"Well, Terry, he used to belong to a little boy about your age, and I know he would like you to have his pup — as a present."

"But doesn't he want him?"

"No, you see, the little boy has . . . gone away. You take him."

The old man watched as the pup trotted beside the boy, dodging round the few puddles on the track. Youth for youth, thought the old man. When they had got down the track a bit the boy scooped up the pup and ran, calling, "Mum, Dad! I got a beaut red pup."

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FROM THE U.S.A. DOROTHY GRAY

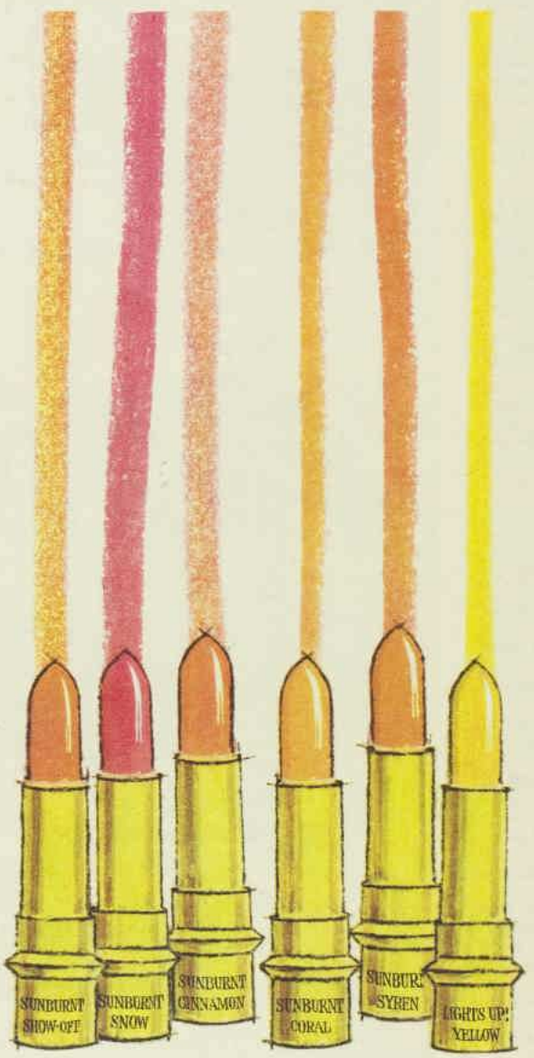
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Suddenly, Harvey kissed Penny as they sat on the terrace.

Meet me in Paris

A romantic short story complete on this page

By JAYNE SULLIVAN

EVERYONE else she knew was going to Spain this year—so Penny went to Paris. Molly, her best friend since kindergarten days, did her best to talk Penny out of the idea. "But we went to Paris when we were in the fifth form," she protested. "Why go again?"

"Because the last time I saw Paris I was a schoolgirl, with Miss Mortlake, the history teacher, as chaperon, guide, and prison wardress," retorted Penny defiantly. "I hated every minute. Well, this time I'm going to see the real Paris."

The city still glimmered with the same enchantment she had experienced five years ago in spite of Miss Mortlake, but somehow things weren't . . . swinging.

On the third morning, she went out for a stroll along the Seine. The river gleamed in the early sunlight, its ripples dancing; the little bookstalls along its length were fascinating; all that was needed to make it perfect was — Penny was startled by the sudden realisation — somebody.

She looked up and met a pair of frankly interested masculine eyes. The ridiculous idea crossed her mind that maybe she had spoken her thoughts aloud. Blushing deeply, she swung on her heel.

"Please don't let me frighten you away," an amused voice said.

She looked at the owner of the voice: a young man in his mid-twenties, with dark hair and hazel eyes which twinkled at her in a sun-tanned, friendly face.

"Harvey Collins," he introduced himself. "I know," he added quickly, "I don't talk to strangers, either, back home in Arizona, but *this* is Paris!"

An hour later they were sitting at a canopied table drinking coffee together. "What are you doing in Paris?" he asked.

Penny told him everything, about the fifth-form trip, Molly, Miss Mortlake, her five-year dream. "This time," she said, "I want to see the real Paris."

"The real Paris?" said Harvey.

"Oh, you know, Harvey—" Penny's eyes gleamed — "luxury nightclubs, expensive restaurants, taxis everywhere, onion soup at the market-place at four o'clock in the morning."

"I see," said Harvey . . .

They began the evening with a drink in Saint-Germain; they sat out on the terrace drinking punch and watching the world and his girlfriend go by. Penny felt relaxed and happy.

Suddenly, Harvey kissed her, murmuring: "Penny, you're a great girl." Then he added brusquely: "Drink up. Time to go." He rushed her into a passing cab and gave the driver the name of a little nightclub off the Champs-Elysees.

They walked down a small flight of steps to the dimly lit club. Penny was dancing in a dream when Harvey called for her wrap. "So soon?" she murmured.

"Come on," he said. "We've not even begun yet. There's lots more. We must catch the show at the Lido. And we've not seen the city lit up, not eaten snails or frogs' legs . . ."

At four o'clock in the morning they were walking, hand in hand, along the banks of the Seine.

"Let's see," said Harvey. "We've been to three nightclubs, two restaurants, a theatre, now for les Halles . . . You wanted to drink onion soup, remember?"

"Harvey, I'm exhausted," she said, laughing. "Can't we do it tomorrow?"

Harvey took a few steps away and gazed out over the river. "Not tomorrow, Penny; I have to study."

"Oh," said Penny bleakly, "I see."

He whirled round at the misery in her voice. "No," he said, "you don't see."

Penny said stiffly: "Then maybe you'd be kind enough to explain."

Harvey shrugged. "I can't see you again because I'm broke," he said. "This evening has just about used up my personal allowance for the next three months."

Penny stared at him incredulously. "But —why did you spend so much?"

Harvey looked sheepish. "Because you wanted to see the real Paris. Your idea of the real Paris. My real Paris is rather different — cooking on a budget, student restaurants, gangs of penniless friends."

"It sounds wonderful."

"For a little while, perhaps. But it's not what you came to Paris for. Not what you wanted to find here. Is it?"

Penny looked at him. "I think," she said, "I've found what I wanted to find in Paris."

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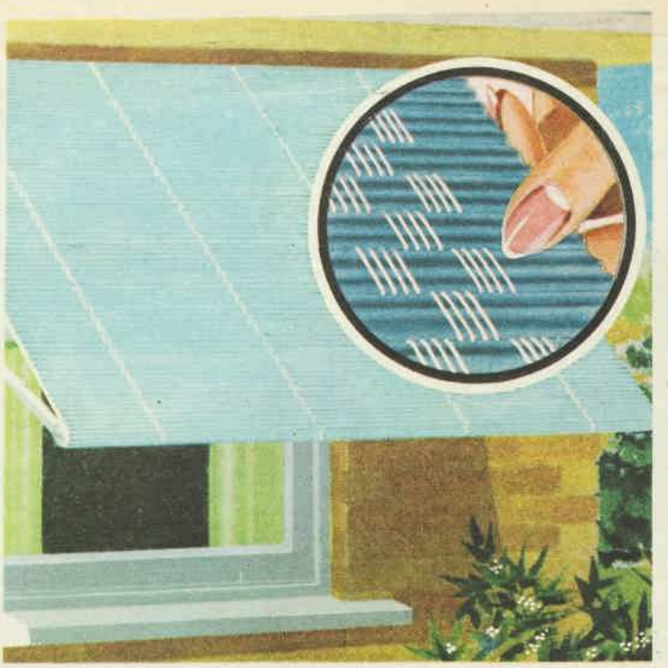
Allen wear

No wonder Allenwear is so popular—it's so practical.

Be on the go this summer in Allenwear—a man's choice of slacks and shorts that women admire.

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WOVEN ALUMINIUM
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SUNSHADE

Slim, sculptured reeds of aluminium are woven together with tough, durable terylene to form a "skin" of great strength and flexibility which admits pleasant diffused light and cooling breezes while blocking direct heat and glare.

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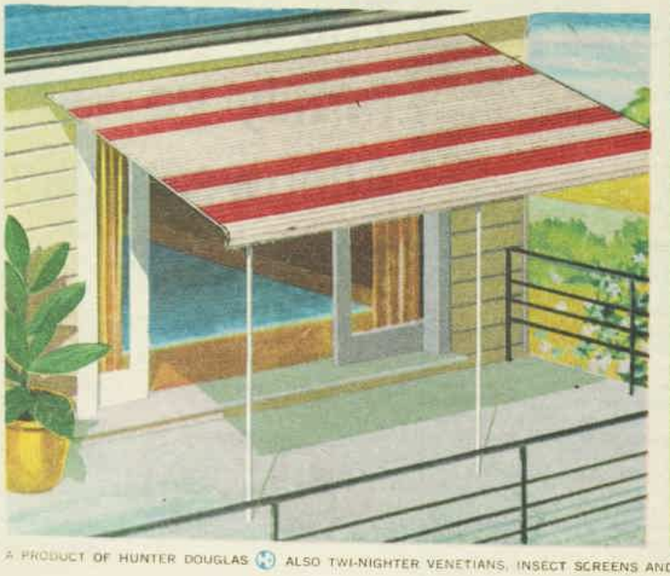


NEW

STRATA

PATIO OR WINDOW AWNING

This new rigid awning has **flush panels** which give it a clean, unbroken line. It is fully waterproof and is ideal for patios, windows and breezeways. No deterioration problems either with Luxaflex aluminium awnings. Even under extremely adverse weather conditions Luxaflex awnings will not become shabby looking—the exclusive Luxaflex finish will not rust, chip, peel or flake.

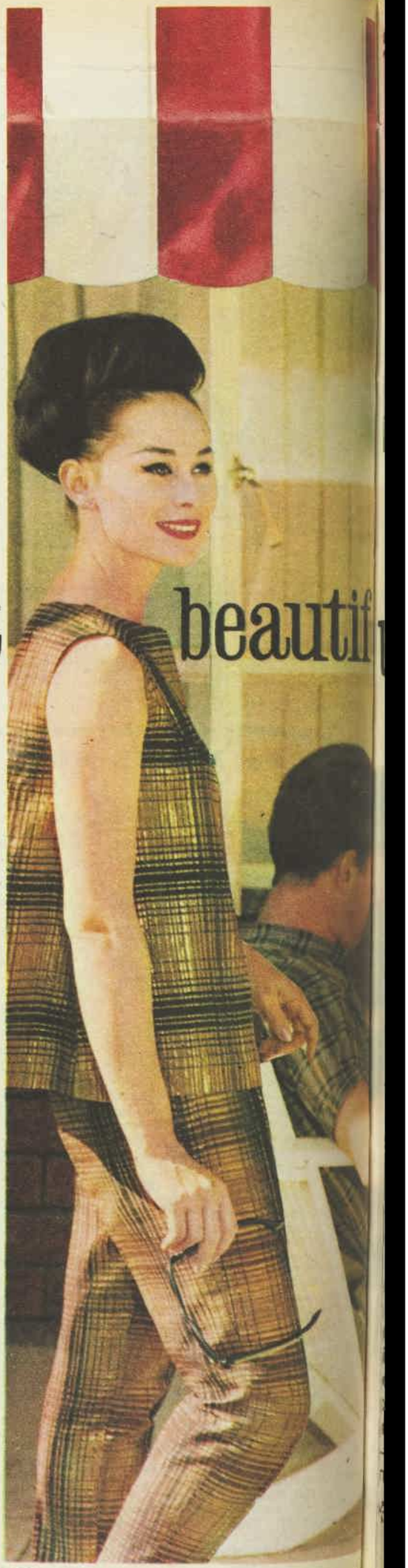


NEW

RANCHER

RIGID AWNING

The "Rancher" is made from narrow interlocked panels in groups of four. Each group is "stepped down" from rear to front.
Result is a light, economical awning that's easy to erect, completely waterproof and practically maintenance free.
This good-looking awning with its slim lines and gay colours is perfect for patios, carports.



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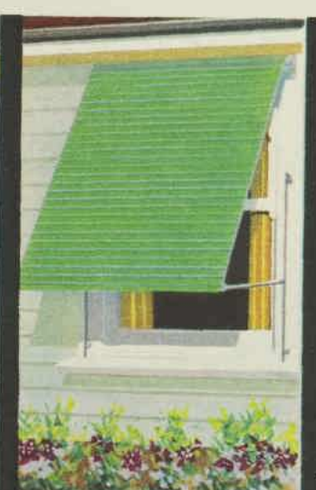
—there's a practical, beautiful Luxaflex Aluminium Awning to make your rooms up to 20° cooler . . . to give complete weather protection to windows, doors, patios, to add style and colour to your home . . . to increase the value of your property. Magnificent new colour range including 4 exclusive, lustrous iridescents, never before such excitingly unusual colours —these you must see!



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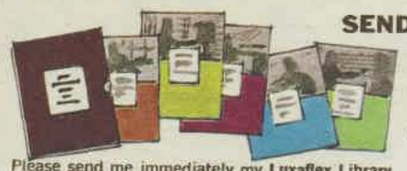


ROLL-UP. Perfect year-round climate control at a touch. Shade when you need it, sun when you want it. Can drop right down to protect easterly and westerly aspects from harsh summer sun, wind and rain.

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"On the Street Where We Live"

Homes and gardens in a Melbourne street on view to aid Y.W.C.A.

MILLICENT AVENUE, one of the most charming old streets in Toorak, Victoria, will become a lively "On the Street Where We Live" on November 28 and 29 when four of its homes and gardens and the garden of one other house will be open to the public.

As well as the interest of the homes and gardens themselves, there will be showings of floral art and Christmas decorations, with the sale of some of the latter made by Mrs. Judy Smith, of the Y.W.C.A. staff, and her students.

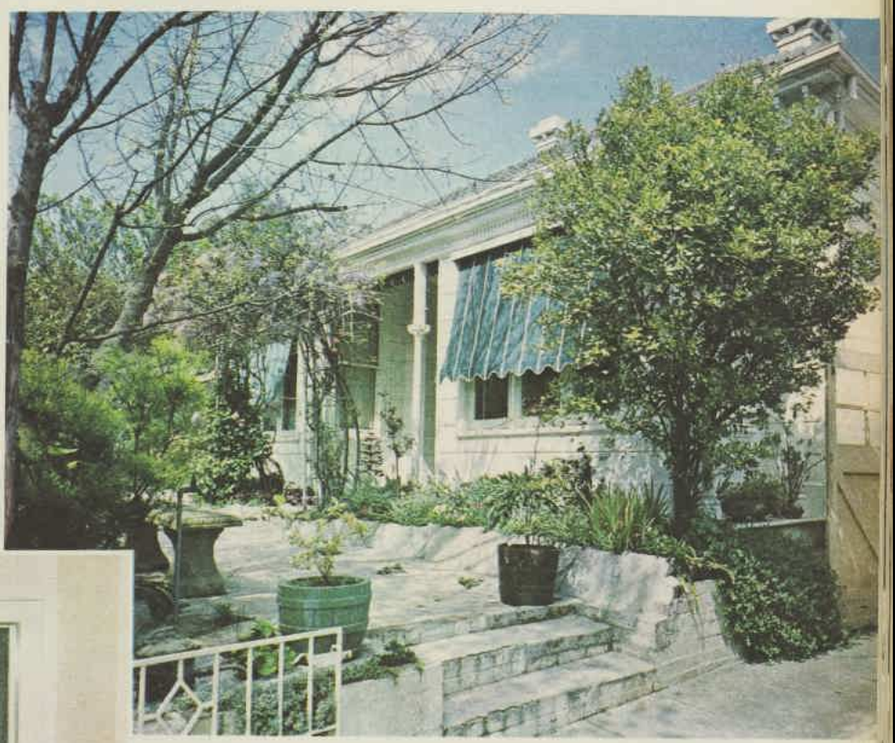
This scheme to aid the "Y" was dreamt up by the chairman of its Toorak Auxiliary, Mrs. E. L. Fitzgerald, whose home, "Lucknow," will be one of those open for viewing from 1.30 to 5 p.m. on the two days.

The house was built by her grandfather, Major William Cornelius, who served with the Argyle Regiment which relieved at the Siege of Lucknow.

The other "open houses" will be Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Allen's, where afternoon tea will be served on the lawn; Mrs. F. M. L. Pike's, and Mr. and Mrs. W. Sweetland's, while the fascinating old-world garden to be inspected is that of Mrs. M. L. Cussen.

The homes and gardens may be viewed for an overall donation of 10/-; 2/6 will be charged for afternoon tea.

—FREDA IRVING





VICTORIAN VILLA

● *White-paved court fronts the Victorian villa owned by Mrs. F. M. L. Pike, which has been converted into two self-contained flats without any loss of individuality. Above, roses and wisteria twine over the archway by the entrance. At left: Picture window at the end of the wide passage, which divides the flats, looks on the shrubs and trees in the back garden. Round the window are grouped some of the Christmas decorations arranged for display and sale.*

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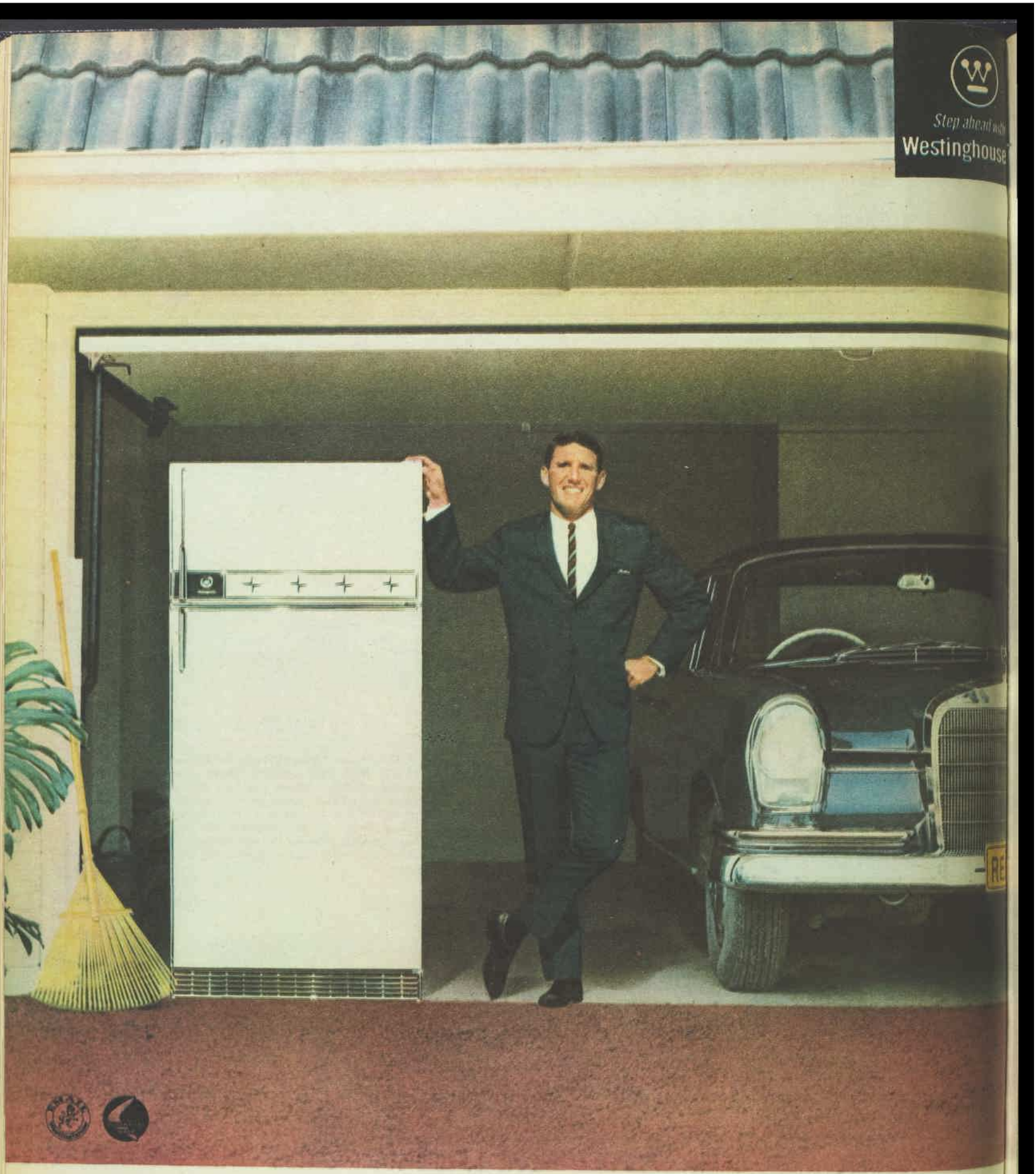


Two views of "Lucknow"

● *Sitting-room of "Lucknow," home of Mrs. E. L. Fitzgerald, sparkles with an angel orchestra, velvet reindeer, spun-glass Christmas tree, and welcome wreath. Right: Holly on the brass knob of the gold-painted door of "Lucknow," a Christmas bell, and clown card-holder. On view also will be many Christmas trees.*

Continued overleaf

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The good life—1964 style.

A refrigerator in every garage? Good heavens—no! But a modern refrigerator in the home saves a lot of wear and tear on what garages are intended to house.

For instance, this latest Westinghouse combination refrigerator home-freezer that can cut your shopping trips in half.

Here you have two doors to two separate compartments, each operating independently of the other—at just the right temperature for its own particular function. On top, true "deep-freeze" conditions (even ice cubes won't stick together) that will keep 100 lb. of food safely stored in reserve for quick use anytime.

Below, a spacious refrigerator (it never needs defrosting) which incorporates the exclusive Westinghouse moist-cold system. This guards your good fresh food, particularly cooked and uncooked meats, against drying out and discoloration, and preserves goodness and flavour right to your table. Older refrigerators can't do this!

Capacity? Almost pantry proportions and designed to cope with the odd shapes and sizes of all those items, the bits and pieces your family expects its refrigerator to hold.

Remember, too, your Westinghouse retailer's trade-in offer makes a new Westinghouse easy to own. It's guaranteed, too, so that . . .

You can be sure if it's

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ELEGANT FACADE

● *Spun-glass gives a Christmas-snow effect to the tree in one of the white ironwork archways at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Sweetland. The Sweetlands' garden will be open to the public next month for the two days of the fund-raising "On the Street Where We Live," and many Christmas decorations will be on view in the sitting-room and dining-room.*





CHRISTMAS TABLE

● *Crimson Christmas table setting with a centre-piece of white and silver round a fat candle in the dining-room of Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Allen's home. Table mats are felt decorated with felt holly leaves, and the table napkins are miniature Christmas stockings of the giant ones hanging from the mantelpiece. The sitting-room of the house has glass doors on one side giving on to a rumpus-room with a garden beyond. Afternoon tea will be served on the lawn to visitors.*

Pictures by Les Gorrie





OLD-WORLD GARDEN

● *Flagged front garden of Mrs. M. L. Cussen's villa is packed with old-fashioned flowers—flags, daisies, freesias, golden-hooped petticoats, alyssum, and roses—in tune with the house, which is more than a century old. Above, left: A musical Christmas tree on an embroidered felt base in the back garden. All the garden will be open to the public.*

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Let's get together with Marville & Mother's Choice to get the Christmas cooking done now

Only six weeks to go – time to make your

Marville Christmas Pudding

a sumptuous highlight to your Christmas dinner

The Ingredients

8 oz. Marville Margarine, 8 oz. brown sugar, 4 eggs, ½ lb. raisins, ½ lb. sultanas, ¼ lb. currants, 2 oz. glacé cherries, ¼ lb. dates, chopped, 2 oz. preserved ginger, sliced, ¼ lb. dried apricots, 2 oz. blanched chopped almonds, 1 grated apple, 1 grated carrot, grated rind and juice one lemon, 4 tbsp. Brandy or Sherry, 4 oz. soft breadcrumbs, 4 oz. Mother's Choice Plain Flour, 1 tsp. mixed spice, ½ tsp. nutmeg, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. Bicarbonate of Soda.

The Method

Prepare fruits, carrot and nuts, add lemon rind, and juice, pour over brandy, mix well; cover, stand overnight, if possible. Cream Marville and sugar add eggs, beat well after each addition. Add breadcrumbs. Fold in sifted dry ingredients and prepared fruit mixture. Finally add sterilized coins and charms. Turn into a greased mould or basin. Seal it thoroughly and steam for 6 hours. Cool and store in refrigerator. If pudding is to be served hot, allow 2 hours reheating time.

The Secret

Marville — the margarine specially blended for cooking. It creams so easily. Gives such wonderful taste and texture. And always stays fresh in this silver foil wrap. Mother's Choice Flour needs no sifting. Watch for next week's bake-ahead - for - Christmas recipe, the Marville Christmas Cake.



MM481



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Family Affairs

How about the extras?

● Often one reads letters and articles from women who sign themselves "Mother-of-Ten" or "Budget-Wise." Their aim is to prove that you MUST and CAN save money from housekeeping no matter what your commitments and income are. A reader writes of how she tried a system, failed, and went back to her own way of "juggling and muddling through."

I AM one of the thousands of women who struggle, muddle, and juggle with the family finances.

From time to time, when I am egged on by a despairing husband, who is always asking, "What do you do with the money?" I will buy a little black book and a pencil and faithfully record every penny I spend.

For at least three weeks after I will be a model housewife, turning out lights, watching the grocery bills, buying "specials," and endeavoring in every way to SAVE.

Then I usually find myself with a headache, and the little black book full of figures I don't understand.

Recently I complained to a friend, who is on a limited pay-packet and yet always seems to have money in her purse, her bills paid, and the holiday money in hand. I told her of my inability to have the required cash when I most needed it.

Bank first

She told me I would never save while I FRITTERED . . . and the first thing to do was apportion out the amounts necessary for the household needs and to bank a certain amount regularly each payday.

I explained there never was anything left over for banking and was sternly told that the drill was to bank FIRST — to pretend that I got ten per cent. less than I did and put that ten per cent. in the bank.

Now this sounded quite reasonable.

But then I realised that I couldn't make the money I had go round. How was I going to manage on ten per cent. less?

"It's not easy," I was told. "You just start going without."

Now for years I've been doing just that, and to cut down still further seemed not only grim but almost impossible.

My friend explained that once I had the rhythm of saving that money would miraculously be there for "some of the extras."

This seemed like a fairy story, but I was prepared to try it, and so we went over my budget.

Ten per cent. for the bank — and so little faith had my friend in me that she said she would come to the bank with me. (After all, there is a hat shop nearby.)

"How much do you spend on food?" That was a poser. I never thought about it but just bought what was needed.

"There you are," she said triumphantly, "that is your first big mistake.

"You must know exactly how much you can afford to spend on food.

"Work out your requirements and spend only that amount each week.

"Sometimes you may exceed the amount, and at other times it will cost you less.

A good theory

"A good amount to start with is £2/15/- per person, and, of course, children cost less."

(That, I thought, is what YOU think. I know the appetites of some, and they are enormous.)

It all sounded fine . . . but then theories always do.

I bought another black book, found a number of little jars, and faithfully labelled them: Light, heat, grocer, baker, butcher, bread and cakes, vegetables and fruit, clothing, fares, payments, rates, insurance, hospital benefits, entertainment.

There seemed too many jars and not enough money to put in them.

The amount that went into the jar marked "extras" was so small that I had to forget the lipstick I had intended buying and to cancel my hairdo booking.

I looked round for ways of further saving, remembered my husband's complaint of my extravagance with light and heating, and vowed to be more careful.

Then I worked out a week's menu which delighted me with its economy.

However, the head of the house complained after he had been served mince roast with silver beet (from the garden) for the second time, "Save somewhere else — you know I detest silver beet."

Isn't that just like a man?

I went through the grocery list. I would cut down on package foods and "cleaning agents."

I remembered, too, a recipe my grandma had given me years ago for floor-polish and hair-cream.

I found the recipes, and proudly I presented the finished products to my husband. He was certainly not enthusiastic and took them warily.

I never saw the hair-cream again. I must admit it did smell odd.

The first week I just survived, but in the second I had exhausted the "extra" money by Wednesday on inhalant and cold tablets. When the Red Cross caller came for my usual donation I had to raid the "light" jar.

On Thursday the refrigerator became temperamental, and the pleasant young man gave me a bill (five per cent. reduction if you paid on the spot).

This took the insurance money and the rate allocation.

On Friday a friend telephoned to remind me of the card afternoon in aid of charity.

Thinking of the money involved, I told her I couldn't go.

"Never mind, dear," she said, "I'll call in for your 10/-."

Two youngsters came selling raffle tickets. The cause was worthy and I hate turning children away.

When I had paid the grocer, the butcher, the milkman, there was nothing left in the jars but the house-payment money.

Now how was I going to pay back into the jars all that extra money — and my sister has a birthday coming up.

I rang my friend. She was quite terse.

"You should have more sense," she said. "You will NEVER save unless you are firm. You can't afford donations, raffles, or birthday gifts.

"You had better make your sister an apron from your patch bag."

Empty jars

Of course I could, but then my sister has plenty of aprons and another will not give her pleasure.

Somehow in my old muddling way I had always found the money for donations, raffles, and presents.

I threw away the black book again and put the jars back in the laundry.

I've muddled through before. I'll juggle through again.

I guess I would rather have a little joy in living — and giving — than money in the bank.

(The writer has supplied her name and address but wishes to remain anonymous.)

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Veet Odourless
the modern way to remove hair



"Springtime" created at the René Henri Salons

VITAPOINTE
for well-groomed hair

Australia's leading hair stylists favour regular use of VITAPOINTE. "Vitapointe hair dressing and conditioning cream gives hair a well-groomed look especially after a permanent wave or set," says Raymond of René Henri Salons.
Make sure your hair looks its loveliest this summer with VITAPOINTE protection against the harsh drying effects of sun, wind and salt water.
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Vitapointe
Conditioner & Dressing for Lovely Hair

VP14

SHE LOVES THE BEATLES (OH YEAH!)

● It has always been hard for parents to be tolerant of their teenage children's fashion fads. It is even more difficult today — the age of Beatles, Mods, and Rockers—when there is such an urge to "get-with-it." A reader writes on her problem with "a long-haired monster." She wants advice on how to win back the clean-cut "short-back-and-sides" son that is somewhere under the mop of hair.

I HAVE tried so hard to be a modern Mum.

I have "dug" The Beatles (even though I must now confess my dearest wish is to bury them), I have listened patiently to top pops from daylight till dawn, and I have waived my favorite TV programmes for teen-age variety shows.

Greater love hath no woman, and all this for the sake of my three "teens" — a clean-cut handsome young man of 18 years, a near-beauty of 16 years, and a spotted promise of 14 years.

Up to now I had thought my only son was quite proud of me.

I heard him once tell a friend, "You don't have to worry about my old lady. She's no member of the old generation, she's really with it."

I blushed at the praise, which was highly appreciated by this old lady (still on the sunny side of 40).

After all, life is no easy job when one has to rear a boy, two girls, and a husband.

Maybe I have been partly successful with my children, because at odd times I have put my foot down and let them realise just who is boss around the house — and that has given them a bulwark of strength to cling to.

Or should I say, a darned good alibi. They can always say, "Mum won't let me," when their pals ask them to do something they really don't want to do anyway.

Danger of damaged ego

I am an avid reader of books, magazines, in fact, anything I can lay my hand on, and I have acquired a vast amount of knowledge from these sources.

I have read with intense interest the various articles by leading psychiatrists on the problems of children.

I've learned all about the dangers of damaging their egos and protecting their psyches, although this hasn't stopped me too often from giving a good smack on the bottom when I thought the occasion warranted it.

Regretfully now, I must hang my head in shame and admit that I've failed in this higher branch of psychiatric know-how.

You see, my handsome, clean-cut, "short-back-and-sides" son has turned into a long-haired monster.

It's quite shattering. I appeal to the masses of other Mums who may or may not have successfully coped with a similar problem to give me advice.

His hair is now nearly the length of mine and only for the fact that he wears pants, everybody would think he is my daughter.

When he first started to let it grow I thought he had just run out of pennies (sorry, shillings) for a hair-cut, so after cleaning out the telephone box I gave him the barber's money.

He gave me a look, and announced he was not having it cut any more.

I naturally thought he was joking, because according to the psychiatric books he is really quite sane, or so I wishfully thought.

Alas, it was no joke!

I started tossing out lightly amusing remarks like "Remember Delilah" and "Good evening, Professor," all of which he has scorned.

I have even left subtle cuttings from newspapers lying about his room—questions like "Does your skin have that hungry look?"; "Are you making the best of yourself?"; "The correct use of eye shadow," and so on.

I have pasted pin-ups of Yul Brynner on his mirror, but all to no avail.

This sudden shaggy eruption is dominating our peaceful existence.

The girls ignore him. His father talks lovingly of legitimate murder.

Of course, I know that a combined onslaught, in which his father held his legs, his sisters held his head, and I clipped, could be a temporary settlement of the matter, but would this be the right thing to do?

He earns his own money and buys his own clothes.

He doesn't own a hot-rod, and in other matters he appears to be quite normal.

It has begun to curl at ends

He has warned us that if we ever try to get at him in his sleep he will leave home and never return.

It irks him that he can't claim that his father did the same thing in his day, because if ever I had seen his father with a similar growth of hair, he wouldn't be his father.

This hair thing has been going on for too long now. It is starting to curl at the ends.

I try to be a natural easy-going mother, but it is becoming increasingly difficult, particularly as last night he brought home—of all things—a frilled shirt.

All his father does is look at him pityingly and say, "He's a casualty of The Beatles."

I realise he's a big boy now, but honestly every time I look at my only, once-handsome son my motherly love is being strained to the utmost.

What do I do?

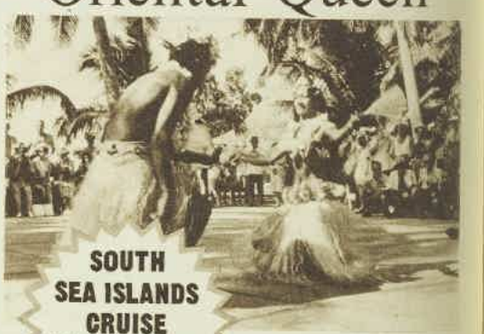
— ***"Desperate Beatle-Hater."***

(Writer's name and address supplied, but, naturally, she wishes to remain anonymous.)

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FREE SECOND HONEYMOON



Anywhere in Australia—and you get there by

New ANSETT-ANA 727 FAN JETS

5 lucky couples must win these flights plus £250 for accommodation and spending money, the cost of a baby-minder, a Kays Rent-a-car for 2 weeks, 3 months supply of Heinz Baby Foods. And there's a host of other big prizes too. Start saving your Heinz Baby Food labels now—you and your husband may soon be winging your way on a fabulous "Second Honeymoon".

ENTER AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE — JUST ENCLOSE 12 HEINZ BABY FOOD LABELS WITH EACH ENTRY. *CONTEST CLOSES DECEMBER 18.

CONTEST RULES

1. There is no limit to the number of entries submitted by any one person but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by 12 Heinz Baby Food labels. Labels are not required from residents of any State where enclosure would contravene State Law.
2. This contest is open to all mothers with children under the age of 2 years at the date of closing (December 18).
3. No more than one major prize will be awarded to any one entrant.
4. Entries must be received by Friday, December 18, 1964.
5. All entries will be examined and prizes awarded on the basis of the skill, originality and neatness shown in writing in not more than 15 words, an explanation why your selection is the most important reason why it *does* matter whose Baby Foods you buy.
6. Judges will be the Advertising Manager of the H. J. Heinz Company and the Copy Director of U.S.P-Benson Pty. Ltd. Their decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries become the property of Heinz Baby Foods.
7. Winners will be notified by mail. A complete list will be available on request.
8. Employees of H. J. Heinz and their advertising agents — and relatives of each — are ineligible to enter.
9. This contest is not intended to create any legal relationship between the H. J. Heinz Company and any entrant.
10. Money will not be given in lieu of prizes.



It does matter whose Baby Foods you buy — Rely on

HEINZ 57 BABY FOODS

5 FIRST PRIZES

— each comprising 2 weeks anywhere in Australia for two — and you get there flying 1st class on the new Ansett-ANA 727 Fan Jet (where routed). Includes £250 for accommodation and spending money, the cost of baby-minding (up to £40), a Kays Rent-a-car for 2 weeks, 3 months supply of Heinz Baby Foods. (24 doz. cans.)

15 SECOND PRIZES

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— ASTOR 'Cry Baby' Transistor Mantel Radio. The set with the extended microphone that lets you keep a watchful ear on Baby.

£5,000 WORTH OF PRIZES

ENTRY FORM — HEINZ BABY FOODS "SECOND HONEYMOON"

Read the rules carefully. Complete all sections of this form, attach 12 labels from Heinz Baby Foods* and mail before December 18 to:

HEINZ "SECOND HONEYMOON", P.O. BOX 57, DANDENONG, VICTORIA

Study these statements carefully:

1. Heinz have over 12 years' experience caring for Australian babies.
2. Heinz Baby Foods offer more variety — 40 more varieties than any other brand.
3. There is no safer container than a Heinz Steri-Seal can.
4. Heinz recipes are perfectly balanced for baby's delicate digestion.

Now complete the following:

I believe No. is the most important reason why it *does* matter whose Baby Foods I buy because (complete in not more than 15 words)

.....

.....

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NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN OR SUBURB STATE

BABY'S NAME BABY'S DATE OF BIRTH

CONTEST CLOSES DECEMBER 18, 1964

**Labels not required from residents of any State where enclosure contravenes State Law*

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DOWN IN THE MOUTH YESTERDAY



Riding high today

Based on a real life story

Brring! Brring! Peter flashes past on his new bike.

"What energy!" says his mother. "Yesterday he was so tired and miserable. Wouldn't eat—not even his favourite ice cream. Glad I remembered Laxettes."

Children's upsets are often due to constipation. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Not habit-forming. No embarrassing urgency. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative.

When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/3.

9821B

Continued from page 31

RUN SCARED

The left turn loomed up so dimly that she nearly missed it and had to jerk the wheel. Surely not many people used this road; it showed little sign of travel. She made a sharp turn right and then the road was little more than a one-track lane. No house lights showed through the darkness, but she knew that the Bascom house, like all the other houses which bordered the lake, was set off to itself, purposely isolated as was the custom in the days of the early nineteen - hundreds when it had been built.

It seemed that night a little lonely along the road and very isolated. She didn't meet another car, she might have been alone in a rainy, dark, and chilly world. She rolled down a window as she drove, and peered out through the gloom. At that instant, something dark and long, like a shadow, wavered from somewhere straight in front of the car and went down, below it. There was a jar as she thrust down the brakes with all her force.

The car stopped, but not before there was another dull sickening jar.

She was jerked heavily against the wheel. Then she was thrusting open the car door and running back through the rain and darkness past the red glow of the rear light.

A man, huddled together under a long raincoat, lay on the road.

She had stopped in scarcely more than the car's length. The red glow from the rear light fell upon the huddled figure. The man's hat had fallen forward, upside down in a puddle. He didn't move or speak. He reeked of alcohol; he must have been sodden with it, for the sour, ugly smell was everywhere.

Martha's heart was pounding so hard that she felt sick and dizzy. She squatted down beside him. She heard her own voice saying, "I didn't see you — it's so dark — are you hurt — can you move — I'll take you to a doctor—"

THE frantic burst of her own voice died away. His face seemed to nuzzle into a swirl of wet autumn leaves on the road, a small, ratty face with a big nose and receding chin.

He looked dead.

I must do something! What? she thought dazedly. Doctor, telephone — yes, telephone.

She stood, pushing back her hair, staring down at the eerie pool of red light and the ratty little face nuzzling the drift of leaves.

Yes, a telephone. Back at the Stensons' — no, the Bascom house must be nearer.

She shouldn't leave him.

She had met no cars along the road. No other car was at all likely to pass. She would have to leave him to find a telephone.

She had no awareness at all of sliding back into the seat of the car. She scarcely saw the road ahead of her, yet she did see it, for she followed another curve and suddenly lights showed at a distance and a white gate, open, with the words LEMUEL BASCOM printed on it. She turned into a gravelled drive, and came with a clattering swoop up to lights which streamed out long bright windows. She stopped the car and ran, stumbling over steps and a porch to a big white door. She flung it open. She was dimly conscious of a square kind of entrance hall, lights in the room beyond, and a woman rising, startled, from a chair. The woman wasn't Mrs. Bascom, though.

A fire leaped rosily in a huge fireplace. Dilly Downes' round, spectacled face came out of the dazzling, swimming heat and lights. "Why, Martha! What's wrong?"

"I've killed a man. I've killed a man."

"Martha!"

"I've got to telephone. The doctor! The police! Yes, the police. Hurry, Dilly. Where's the phone? Oh, hurry."

"Martha!" Dilly's little hand proved to be as strong as steel. She pulled Martha to a sofa and thrust her back. "Now then — tell me."

Martha's teeth were chattering in spite of the heat. She struggled to get up and Dilly pushed her back.

"He came out in the road, right in front of the car. I couldn't stop. I ran over him. He's dead—"

"Stop shaking He can't be dead." Dilly was white, though.

"He came out on the road. He must have been drinking. Gin or whisky or — I could smell it everywhere. I couldn't stop in time. The police—"

"All right." Dilly ran to a table and came back with a glass of water which she held at Martha's chattering teeth. She then leaned over and sniffed. "Why, Martha, you've been drinking!"

"Oh, yes, yes! I stopped at the Stensons' and had a martini. Dilly, hurry—"

"Wait a minute, Martha. We've got to—" Dilly pushed up her spectacles. "Exactly where was all this?"

"Not far from the gate. Between here and the Stenson house."

"I don't believe he's dead at all. Stay here."

"Where are you going? The phone—"

"Don't touch that phone."

"I've got to report it."

Dilly's eyeglasses looked like jet circles against her shy face. "You're in no condition to do anything right now. I'll go and see just what happened."

"But Dilly, I tell you, I know—"

"You know nothing of the kind. I'll go and see. He may not even be hurt."

"Dilly—"

"I tell you I know what I'm doing. If he's dead, five minutes will make no difference. I'd better take the old station-waggon. I've never driven your car." She snatched up her handbag and jerked some keys from a hook beside the front door. "I'll be right back." She ran out and banged the door behind her.

Dilly knew about politics she could have written the book, Lem had once said laughing. But Dilly didn't know what she was doing about this!

An accident, any accident, must be reported. Especially an accident like this.

Martha gulped more water and ran to open the door to call Dilly. She was too late, for off at the right she saw a station-waggon back out from a clump of firs around the garage, whirl around, and shoot out, apparently along a back road, an old-fashioned service entrance.

The car lights swerved out of sight. Martha closed the door and looked around the room. Where was the telephone?

It was a big room with long windows on the lake side. Brightly figured curtains fell from ceiling to floor. The chairs and sofas looked old, used, and comfortable in their chintz coverings. A shabby rug lay in front of a big brass fender and a snapping wood fire.

Lamps, books, newspapers, magazines, ash-trays — no telephone. A stairway went up one side of the room, gleaming softly with mahogany banister and white painted spindles. An arched doorway led into another room, a dining-room. It was dark, but the table and chairs gleamed faintly. She hunted along the door casing and found a light switch. An old-fashioned, glittering chandelier leaped into lights, but there was only a vast sideboard, tables, and chairs, no telephone.

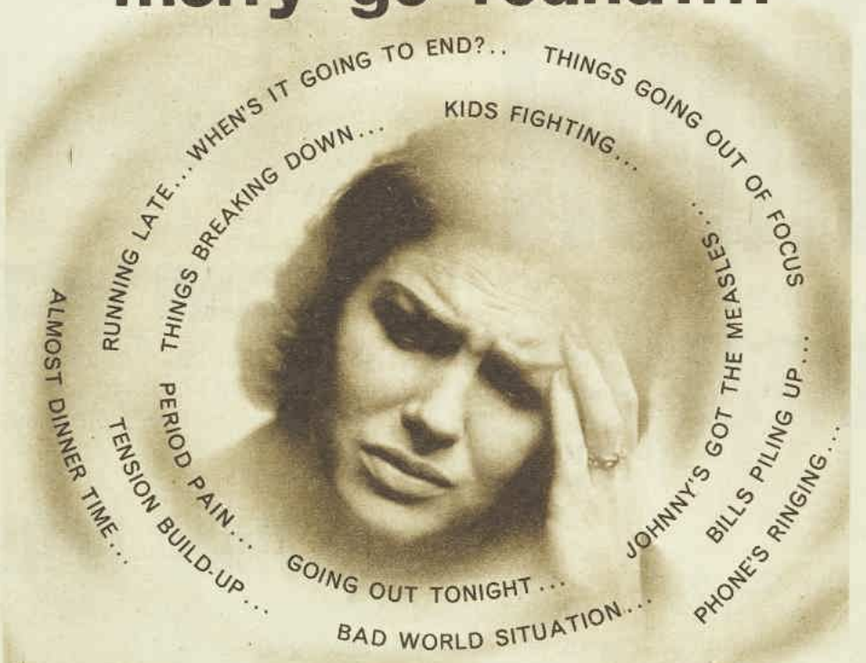
Every house has a telephone.

The windows were black with night and rain, and winked at her. There was a swinging door across the room and she thought of the kitchen. The cook would have to have a telephone even if the Bascoms seemed mysteriously cut off from the world. She found a pantry lined with cupboards with wooden doors, and no telephone. She went on into the kitchen. There was a light here showing a big, old-fashioned room. She saw a range, old, enormous, black, and polished. Some dishes were set out on the table. There were cupboards, chairs, more tables.

Something rustled slightly behind her and she whirled around as an enormous cat, rough-coated and battle-scarred, stood in the cushion of a wicker chair. It stretched and eyed her thoughtfully. There were cooking spoons

To page 50

Get off the tension merry-go-round....



take 'ASPRO' and take it easy!

REG. TRADE MARK

We live in troubled times. Everyone seems to be under pressure of one kind or another. How to get away from it all . . . that's the great problem for the majority of us who have to keep going day after day.

But the situation is not new, neither is people's desire to do something about it. As far back as can be traced, people sought tranquillity. Today, much is heard of drugs for tranquillising, yet the ancients had their means of inducing tranquillity. The first was the produce of the grape (alcohol) in all its forms. Then followed narcotics derived from the poppy (opium) and the use of opium itself.

Today there are the modern tranquillisers with hazards that are becoming increasingly apparent. A lot of mystery surrounds them.

But it should be borne in mind that tranquillisers are not the most readily available nor most appropriate means of tackling the problems and discomforts that occur in everyday life from tension.

The most effective thing anyone can do is to stop the headaches and nagging pains, and the irritability that goes with them. Once that is done, nature can come to your aid; tranquillity and equanimity will naturally follow.

ASPRO's SOOTHING ACTION

Under today's conditions of rush, 'ASPRO' can be said to be a more modern medicine than at any time before. This is because of its soothing, 'sympathetic' type of action. It is not nerve-jumping, nor addictive and at the same time no analgesic represents a purer, more harm-free yet effective form of dispelling the discomforts of tension.

Furthermore, no one can become accustomed to 'ASPRO' with frequent use, so that no matter how frequently or regularly you take 'ASPRO', it *always* acts with its usual maximum effectiveness.



'ASPRO'

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA



King George Sound, in the South-West

ANCIENT GRASS-TREES, or blackboys, stand on the slopes overlooking King George Sound in Western Australia. At the right is Middleton Beach, a mile or so from Albany, which became the first settlement in Western Australia when a British party landed on Boxing Day, 1826. Albany, on the south coast 250 miles south of Perth, is the centre of sheep and wheat country. Fine white beaches extend a great distance on either side of the town, and the district is well known for its 3500 kinds of wildflower.

SOFT GRIP SURGICAL HOSIERY

tailors. Not so. It was invented in the ... bounds of padding and stiffening and the ... GROUP TRAVEL NEW ZEALAND LTD

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Tasmanian coastal farmland

AUTUMN'S LANDSCAPE on a farm in north-western Tasmania, in the prosperous district of Ridgley, near Burnie, on Emu Bay. Long-established mixed farms, some going back to the days of the Van Diemen's Land Company, make this one of the richest areas in the State. Burnie, a deep-sea port, is the main outlet for the produce of the north-west coast, and has a large paper-making industry. It is also the headquarters of the old Emu Bay Railway Company, which runs services to Zeehan, on the west coast.

everyday life from tension.

ASPRO

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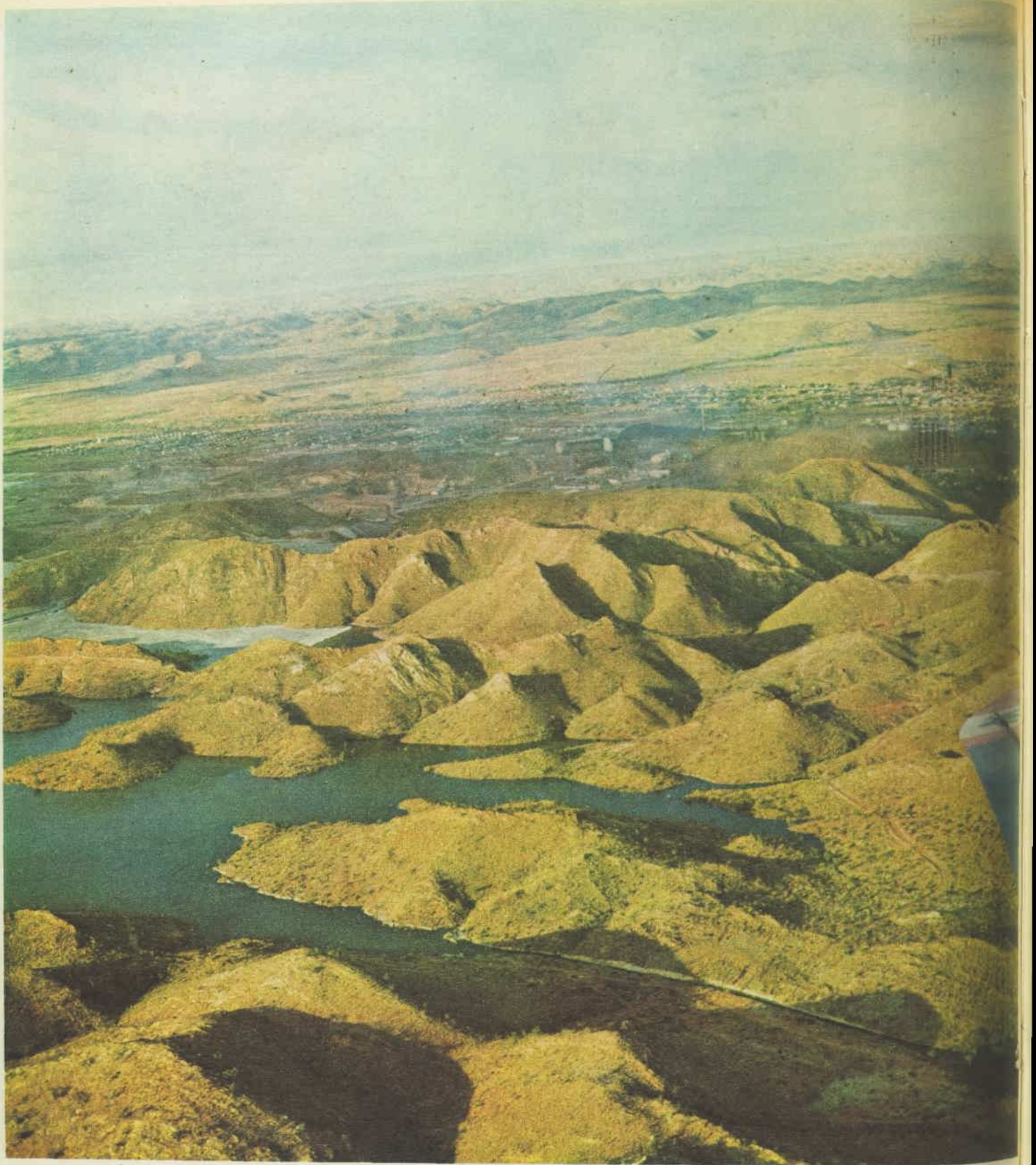
Windy road in the high country

***RED-EARTH ROAD** near Cooma, New South Wales, is flanked by a post-and-rail fence. Wind-blown grass banks up along the fences in the area, causing a real fire hazard in the hot summers. The town of Cooma, with a population of 10,000, lies 2662ft. above sea level. It is a busy tourist centre and main base for visitors to the magnificent ski slopes of the Australian Alps. The town is also the headquarters of the gigantic Snowy Mountains Hydro-electric and Irrigation Scheme, and migrants working on the project have made Cooma a lively cosmopolitan centre.*

SOFT GRIP

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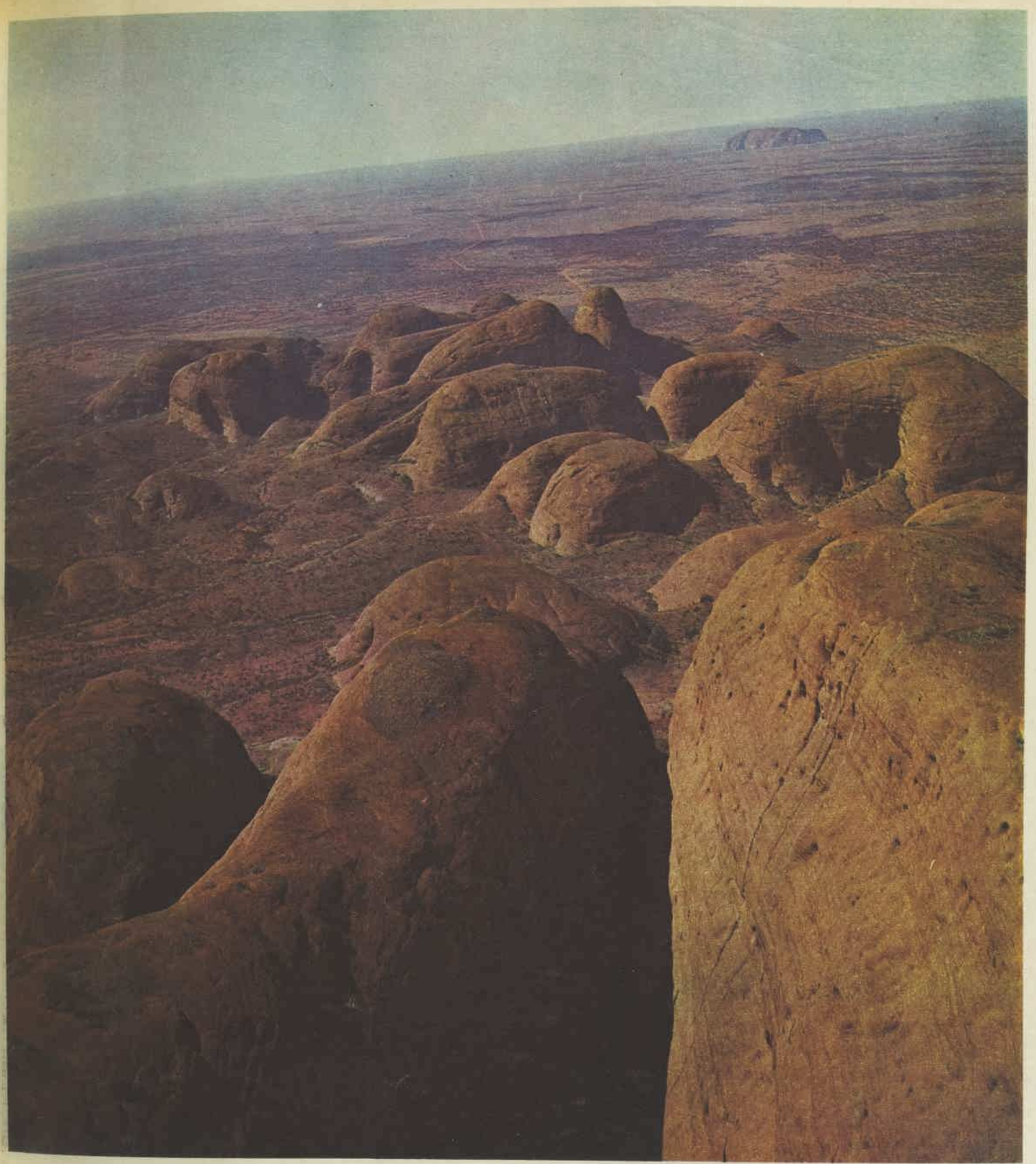


Lake Moondarra and "the Isa"

SMELTER STACKS and the town of Mt. Isa lie in the distance beyond Lake Moondarra, on the fringe of the arid Argylla Ranges in north-western Queensland. Mt. Isa is thought to have been named after a prospector's niece, Isabella. The mines produce copper, lead, silver, and zinc, and employ nearly 5000 persons. Lake Moondarra, formed by damming the Leichhardt River, supplies water to the mines and the 15,000 inhabitants of the town. It also provides fishing, swimming, water-skiing, and sailing. Bathing-beauty contests have been held on its beach of imported sand.

everyday life from tension

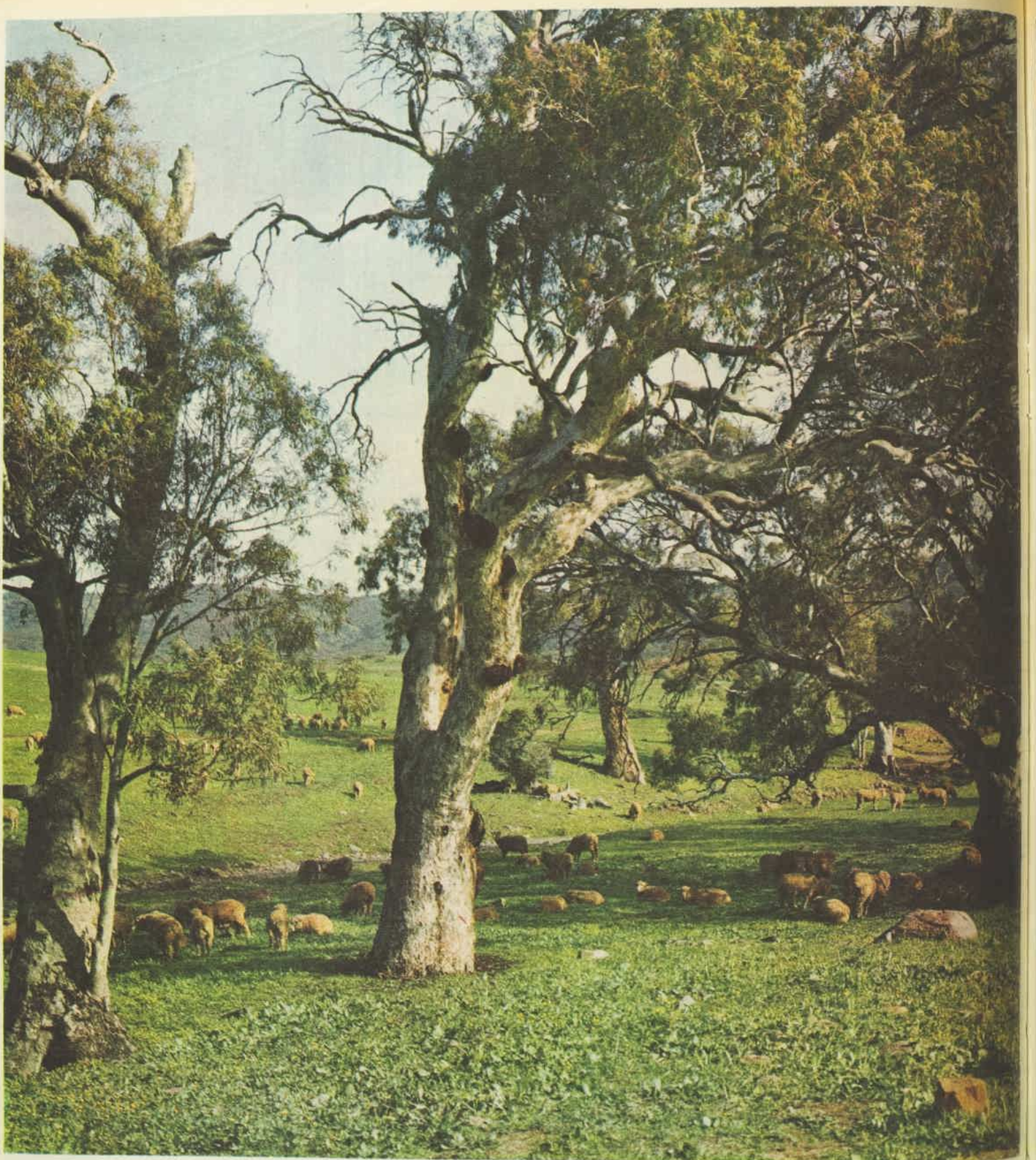
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"Sacred mountains" of the Centre

VIEW FROM OLGA PEAK, the highest rock in the Olga Mountains, rising 1500ft. from the dusty plateau of Central Australia. Twenty-nine miles away in the distant background, is Ayers Rock. The Olga Mountains (named by explorer Ernest Giles after a Queen of Spain) were sacred ground to the Aluridja tribe of aborigines, who called them Katajuta, meaning "many heads." The region is known for its constantly changing, intense colors, ranging from the deep tones of this picture to brilliant red and gold.

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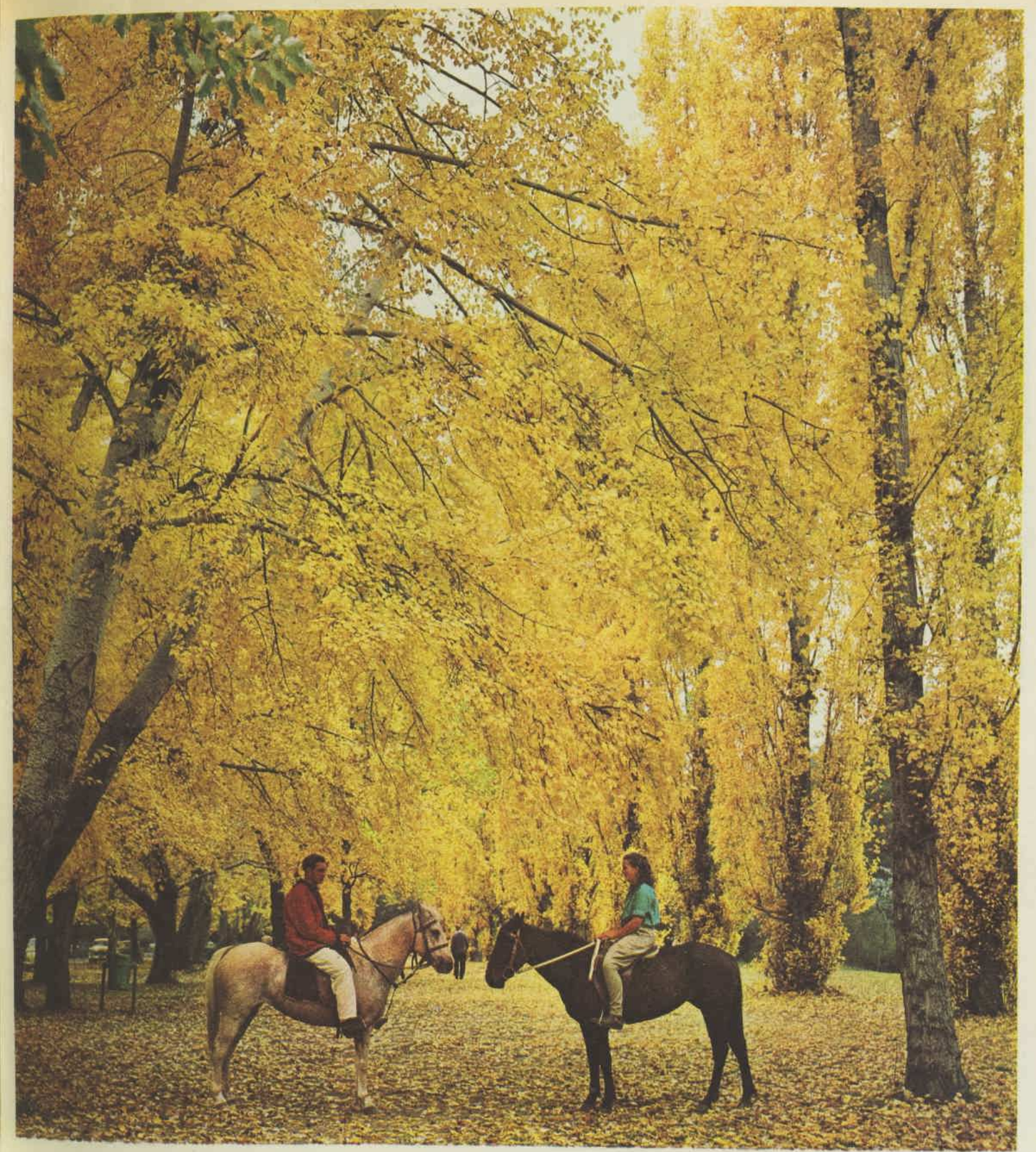


Pastoral scene in the Flinders Ranges

MERINO SHEEP grazing under river red gums in typical low-rainfall country (about 11 inches a year) near Warren Gorge in the Flinders Ranges, beyond Quorn and about 220 miles north of Adelaide. South Australian breeders have developed large-framed strong-wool strains of the merino breed suited to the rather harsh climatic conditions of the inland areas, and the State contributes about 12 per cent. of Australia's annual wool clip. The Flinders Ranges region, because of its contours, coloring, and handsome trees, is one of the most photographed parts of Australia.

everyday life from tension

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Leaf carpet in Canberra

***THE GOVERNMENT** and people have decked out the Federal Capital with more than three million trees and shrubs, and tourists from all over Australia like to be there in the spring and autumn, when the city is at its loveliest. Canberra is the youngest and at the same time the largest (population: more than 80,000) inland city. Its layout was carefully planned from the start, and the newest feature is a man-made lake which extends across the city. Visitors watch Parliament at work and look at the foreign embassies, the War Memorial Museum, the lake, and the trees.*

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Water sports on Port Phillip Bay

A GLORIOUS DAY on the beach at Parkdale, Victoria, only a half-hour drive from Melbourne, on Port Phillip Bay, with bathers relaxed in the sun and "Quick Cats" lined up at the water's edge. The local yachting club has a large number of "Quick Cat" catamaran members and the Australian championships were held there last summer. There are about 2000 of these 16ft. low-cost sailing boats in Australia, 600 of them in Victoria.

Pictures on pages 1 to 7 by Douglass Baglin, of St. Leonards, N.S.W. Picture on this page by J. O. Colahan, Beaumaris, Vic.

everyday life from tension

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AT HOME
with Margaret Sydney

● The coming of warm weather (or the coming of cold weather, for all that) means just one thing in this household—chaos.

WE don't need a calendar — you can tell how the seasons are going by the number of pins you empty out the vacuum-cleaner, the lost small bits of paper patterns, the yells of "Who has taken the tape-measure this time?" and the amount of nervous energy expended in sheer fury when something goes wrong and has to be unpicked.

I've got to the stage where my heart sinks every time Kay or Di bursts into the house with a new paper pattern and a length of material and that optimistic cry of "If you'll just help with the fitting I'm sure I can get this done in time to wear it tomorrow night."

Kay is a pessimistic sort of dressmaker. She buys more material than she needs and she cuts everything on the large side and long enough to come down below her calf.

This makes fitting her a long job, and throws her into the depths of gloom as soon as she puts a piece of the tacked garment on, because it looks so drak.

I thought it was wonderful when the girls first started to show an interest in dressmaking. Now I'm not so sure. Being a pretty reluctant sewer myself, I sympathise one hundred per cent. with their desire to have things just left strewn around until they have time to finish off the job they're doing, but it's not funny when there are two of them at it, so that bits of pinked edges and long trails of tacking cotton turn up in every corner of the house.

Di, on the other hand, is a mad optimist. She saves on material by buying half a yard less than the pattern suggests, regardless of whether the material has a pattern and an up-and-down weave.

This leads to great difficulties in the cutting-out, long conferences at which all available advice is sought (and rejected), and some startling innovations in the pattern because there just isn't enough material to do it in the accepted way. Because of her optimism, fitting her is equally hard.

She doesn't believe the tape-measure, so that when the garment is tacked-up with the usual §in. seam allowances, drastic letting-out is necessary, and we're lucky if the seams end up a quarter of an inch wide.

Did you know the tape-measure is quite modern?

UNTIL recently there were only two things I knew about tape-measures. (1) That they are the most elusive things in the house and can never be found at short notice. (2) That people travelling abroad should carry a tape-measure marked in centimetres as well as inches if they want to buy presents that fit their relatives and friends.

This is one of the useless-useful bits of information I've been storing up for years, against the great day when I'll find myself shopping in foreign parts!

But the tape-measure, I had always believed, was as old as dressmakers and tailors. Not so. It was invented in the early 19th century.

Nobody is certain who the inventor was, though lots of English tailors claimed the glory and one wrote, "I am well known to the trade and can claim without fear of contradiction that I was the first person who used the inch measure . . . when I first began to use the inch measure I was laughed at and ridiculed by the trade in general as being of no utility."

Before that, believe it or not, all garments had been cut from stock patterns, and it was the customer's job to fit the coat, rather than the other way round.

After the tape-measure had been invented, people began to discover some things that had never been noticed before — for instance, that the length to the waist was half the chest measurement at under-arm level, the length of the sleeve opening one-third, and the back width one-third.

From these mathematical observations tailors worked out the first simple drafting systems, some of them so simple and "brief that it is almost impossible for any person (if his intellect be ever so good) to gain but little information from them."

This bit pleased me — since the combined female intellect of the Sydney family is still utterly baffled by many of the directions in "simple" dress patterns!

Anyway, the application of geometrical rules to the anatomical proportions of the human figure put English tailoring right on the map, and soon men in other countries were following suit.

A German mathematician wrote two learned volumes called "The Mathematical Art of Cutting Garments According to the Different Formation of Men's Bodies" and "Mathematical Instructions in Constructing Models For Draping the Human Figure."

All this information I gleaned from a book of Norah Waugh's called "The Cut of Men's Clothes, 1600-1900."

This runs from the doublet-and-hose days right up to the frock coats and Inverness capes beloved by the Victorians.

In the 1600s English men must have been as pretty as peacocks.

An early traveller, describing men's wear in different countries, said of them: "Their garters and shoes are roses of silke, with gold and silver lace, their stockings of silke wrought in the seams with silke or gold, and their cloakes in summer of silke, in winter all lined with velvet, or else they daily weare sumptuous doublets and breeches of silke and velvet, or cloth of gold or silver, so laid over with lace of gold or silke as the stuffes (though of themselves rich) can hardly be seene . . . and they wear scabbards and sheathes of velvet upon their rapiers and daggers, which I never observed in any other part."

No domestic hot-water services in those days, no dry-cleaners, no handy bottles of cleaning fluid kept on the kitchen shelf.

How, I wonder, did you cope with gravy among the gilt-encrustations or a splash of egg-yolk in the yards of lace edging to your cravat?

The book has a pattern, by the way, for a special stock known as "A La Gastronome." It's chin-high, made from horse-hair bound with leather, and covered with fine silk.

It differed from the more usual pattern in having an elastic knot which could be loosened "in cases of indigestion, apoplexy, and fainting."

Well—back to the pins in the carpet and Diana's too-small shift. It begins to look easier after the dozens of pieces and the pounds of padding and stiffening and the braids and tassels and lace and gilt buttons that went into a coat in Beau Brummell's day.

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Continued from page 48

RUN SCARED

and forks dangling from racks; there were pots and pans hanging from hooks; there was a clock whose hands stood at twelve minutes after six; there was everything in the world but a telephone.

The cat yawned, still watching her. She ran back through pantry and dining-room and into the great living-room again. Pictures, ash-trays, another clock, tables laden with all the litter and clutter of the past fifty years, and still no telephone. She began to feel bewitched, as if her eyes had been closed to that one desperately needed object, and forced herself to examine, slowly again, one section of the room at a time.

She then saw what she had taken no note of in her first swift survey. There was another fireplace, empty and screened at the opposite end of the big room, and a door. She ran the length of the living-room, pulled open the door and, this time, found a light switch.

A library came into view; there was a fireplace, shelves of books, chairs and sofas covered with worn leather, writing tables, more French windows along the lake side, and no telephone. A portrait of a man with heavy eyebrows hung over the mantel and seemed to eye her watchfully, as the cat had done. She snapped off the light and went back into the living-room.

She would have expected telephone extensions on every hand. The stairway and the rooms above? Surely they wouldn't hide their telephones in the bedrooms.

Only then she remembered that Mrs. Bascom was to be there. She must be somewhere upstairs.

Martha called, "Mrs. Bascom —" She went to the foot of the stairs and almost screamed. "Mrs. Bascom —"

There was no answer. The clock ticked loudly and the cat came strolling in from the dining-room and leaped lightly to a chair, a table, and then to the mantelpiece, where it curled its tail and sat down, watching her.

She was searching the room all over again when at last lights of a car glanced through the front windows, swept across, and vanished. Martha stumbled on a rug, caught herself on the arm of a chair, and ran across the square entry as Dilly opened the door and came in.

"Dilly —"

"He isn't there. Nobody's there."

"But he is! He's got to be. I killed him —"

"I don't know what you think you hit. A rock maybe —"

"It wasn't a rock. It was a man."

"Then he got up and walked away. It's getting colder," Dilly said and walked over to hold her hands at the fire.

"Dilly, don't you believe me?"

"Y-yes. I think you had a bad fright. If you say a man ran in front of the car I'll believe you. But you didn't kill anybody."

"Then — then somebody must have come along and seen him and —"

"Nobody's been along this road. I'd have heard the car. I'd have passed it."

A dreadful picture suddenly presented itself in Martha's mind. "Suppose he — he crawled away in the woods. He's suffering, dying perhaps —"

Dilly gave Martha one glance, took off her spectacles, lifted her grey skirt, and began to polish her spectacles, using the lacy hem of her white silk slip. "You're making up things to scare yourself with. You didn't kill anybody. You didn't even hurt anybody. Good heavens" — Dilly put her spectacles back on — "I should think you'd be thankful."

"I — why, yes, Oh, yes! But — but I was so sure." Martha thought for a moment. "I'm still sure. Where is the phone? I couldn't find it."

"What will you tell them? I think I ran over a man. If I did he got up and walked away, so will you please look for him? Think for a moment, Martha. Remember you'd had a drink at the Stensons' —"

"One martini. I wasn't drunk. Nobody could say — I don't care what they say —"

"I don't care about you," Dilly said, merely stating a fact. "I do care about Lem."

"Lem! Oh!" Martha came around the chair and sank down into it.

"A police report of drunken driving — that's what the opposition will say, you know — accident — right on the eve of election. Do you think that will do Lem any good? Well, do you?"

"I wasn't drunk. It will be worse for Lem if I don't report it. The truth always comes out. Besides, that man—"

"But this is the truth. Do you want me to take you back along the road and show you?"

"How far did you go?"

"All the way to the Stensons' corner. I turned there, at their drive, and came back."

Martha pressed her hands over her face. Could she possibly have imagined the man lying there in the rosy glow of the rear light? No. She rose. "Lem would say I have to report it."

"Yes, I think he would." A disarming and a very powerful ability of Dilly's was the frank admission of the truth. "But I know what this would do. Public opinion is a very sensitive sort of instrument, Martha. Don't play tricks."

"This is not a trick!"

Dilly said slowly, "The woods are full of what was once considered presidential timber. Are you going to put Lem in the discard? Starting some wild story like this will do it."

"But this — this is the governorship—"

"Oh, you must know there's talk of—" Dilly began impatiently; then broke off and said, "Only three more days, important days. Can't you imagine what the opposition would do with a story falling into their laps like this in the very last days of the campaign? How can you sacrifice Lem's whole career for nothing?"

"Oh, Dilly, you are making right seem wrong."

"It is wrong," Dilly said matter-of-factly.

"I'm getting more and more confused, and — no! Where's the phone?"

"Over there." Dilly waved toward the hall. "Right behind you."

Martha felt vaguely that it wasn't consistent with what she knew of Dilly to give in so easily. But she went into the small entry, and on either side of it there were doors. Of course, a telephone would be in the hall. She opened

To page 51

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a door upon a small lavatory. Dilly said mildly, "The other side. No, that's the coat-room. The door beside it."

It was triangular, scarcely a closet, with mirrors on its three walls. A telephone stood on a shelf with a tiny folding chair wedged in before it. "What do you dial? What's the number for the police?"

"Just dial zero." Dilly's voice floated, almost lethargically.

Martha took down the telephone; the light from the living-room was sufficient for her to see its dial. She dialled zero. What should she say? I think I had an accident—no, I know I had an accident, a man ran in front of my car. She must give her name first. Mrs. Lemuel Bascom.

Mrs. Lemuel Bascom! She could see headlines. Mrs. Lemuel Bascom, accident. Mrs. Bascom was leaving a cocktail party; yes, that's what it would be called, every detail would be ferreted out. They'd call her short stop at the Stensons' a cocktail party with all the implications that she, Martha, had been drinking too much. Something was wrong with the telephone.



She clicked it up and down and listened again.

"Dilly, the phone is dead. There's not even a dial tone."

"Yes, I know," Dilly said.

Martha dropped the telephone.

She was suddenly hot with anger. She went back to the living-room. Dilly was standing at the table near the fireplace, pouring a drink. "You knew all the time! All the time you argued with me you knew!"

"Seems it hasn't yet been connected for election time. It's always disconnected for the winter. Here, you'd better have a drink."

"I don't want a drink. I'll take my car—"

"Well—no. As a matter of fact, you can't."

"What do you mean? I can drive."

"Not without the car key. Here—take this and let's talk like two sensible women."

She put a drink in Martha's hand and Martha resisted an impulse to throw its contents into Dilly's face.

She put the glass down on the table. "Where is the key?"

"I hid it. And the key to the station-waggon, too." Dilly sat down and took off her shoes. "I never know why I buy alligator shoes! These are too tight." She massaged her foot.

"Give me my car key."

Dilly shook her head, tucked up one foot under her, and looked at the fire.

"Then I'll have to walk."

"To the police station? You don't know the way."

"I'll find it. I'll—why, of course. I know the way to the Stensons'—"

"Three miles, in the rain."

"I'll get there. You knew—you hid the key because you knew what I would do."

"I was afraid you might

Continued from page 50

not see the whole picture clearly."

"Dilly, you must be sensible. You know I should report this and—get the police to try to find him and—"

"Why, certainly that's sensible." Again Dilly was altogether agreeable about telling the exact truth. "In ordinary circumstances I would tell you to do exactly that. These are not ordinary circumstances." She lifted her glass and looked at Martha squarely over its rim. "If you'll sit down and stop looking like a tiger and do me the favor of listening—"

"You'll argue. You'll make me think I'm wrong."

"You're suffering from shock, Martha. You're as white as a sheet. Drink that."

She spoke so mildly that Martha obeyed without thinking and lifted the glass. She put it down again sharply. "The police will know—it'll be on my breath—"

"Oh, there's already liquor on your breath," Dilly said patiently. "You need that. Drink it and I'll tell you what I think we should do."

Martha sat down, mainly because she felt so tired and drained. "Well, then, what?"

"In the first place, if you did so much as graze or even scare a man, he'll report it. Don't think he'll not. So you'll know."

"I should report it first—"

"Certainly you should. Oh, I agree with you perfectly. I only say, wait a little. I'll tell you why."

"Well, why?" Unconsciously, Martha sipped at her drink; she knew dimly that Dilly had poured a strong drink, but it didn't seem to matter. "Why?" she said again.

DILLY pushed up her spectacles and eyed Martha. "As a matter of fact, I need a bracer myself. It wasn't easy to go out on the road, looking for a dead man — and thinking of Lem and what this would mean. If you had actually killed a man it would have been man-slaughter, and too many people would have said it was drunken driving."

"That's not true!"

"Certainly it's not true. But truth rarely ever catches up with accusation. It's not fair but it's fact. No, it wasn't easy for me."

"I didn't mean to be so—so—"

"Savage?"

"Well, yes. It took courage to do what you did. I'm grateful to you—"

"That's fine," Dilly said dryly. She lifted her glass again and in the flicker of firelight Martha saw with compunction that Dilly's face was still waxy and strained. It had been almost as great a shock to Dilly as it had been to Martha.

"Maybe then I've earned a little — not consideration," Dilly said. "Just listening. I'll go to the police. I'll find out exactly what—if anything—happened. Then I'll tell you."

"Now?"

"I don't want to start up a story. It would be very easy, you know. Everything blown up out of all proportion. It wouldn't take more than one wrong word to get such headlines in the papers that Lem could never live them down. But I promise you, I'll find out exactly what the situation is. And then I'll think up what to do about it—oh, Martha, sit down again. I know how easily things can be put the wrong way. How easily anybody can do something the wrong way. Will that satisfy you?"

"I'll go with you, now."

"In the morning early,"

RUN SCARED

Dilly said mildly. "No — wait! I'll tell you why. You are perfectly right. We should do it this minute. We should have done it"—she glanced up at the clock—"almost an hour ago. But there's a very big chance—I would call it a certainty, but you'll agree with me — there's a big chance that in cold fact there is nothing at all to report. And I believe that we should take that chance. Now wait! Of course it's wrong, but there are degrees of doing wrong. You'll do a far worse wrong to Lem if you go at this the wrong way."

"Why wait till morning?"

"Because I don't think anybody's been hurt. And I'm willing to take a chance that the police — nobody — ever hears of this."

"But you didn't do it, I did—"

"Unless I'm very much mistaken, you didn't do anything. Aren't you willing to take the chance? Can't you do that much for Lem?"

Martha put down her glass. She did feel braced. The fire crackled comfortably. The house seemed warm and suddenly pleasant. She looked around for her raincoat and saw it, flung on a chair near the sofa.

"I'm sorry, Dilly. I know you think you're doing this for the best. But—"

"But you're going to the Stensons'. You'll tell them all about this. What a story! Of course they like Lem, they're his friends. But still such a juicy story. It'll all come out and come out in headlines. You won't even recognise the opposition stories, they'll be so different from what actually happened. John Huxton is a hard-fighting opponent. He's determined to be elected governor. What John Huxton couldn't do with this! Oh, he'd do it in a sneaky way. He'd lose votes if he attacked a woman openly." She looked at Martha and sighed. "Well, at last you look sleepy. Believe me, I did it for your own good."

"What—"

"While you were at the phone I put three whopping sleeping pills in your drink. They're taking effect now."

"You couldn't! You didn't—"

"Look in your glass."

Martha, disbelieving, believing, tilted her glass, and sure enough there was a fine, small white sediment in the bottom. She put it down with such a sharp click that the cat on the mantel jumped up and looked at her indignantly. "Dilly, how could you!"

Dilly had spoken the truth, though. There had been sleeping pills, bringing, in combination with the whisky, a sudden euphoria, a wickedly deceiving notion that she couldn't have run over a man, she couldn't have changed her whole life — Lem's life — in a moment, a second.

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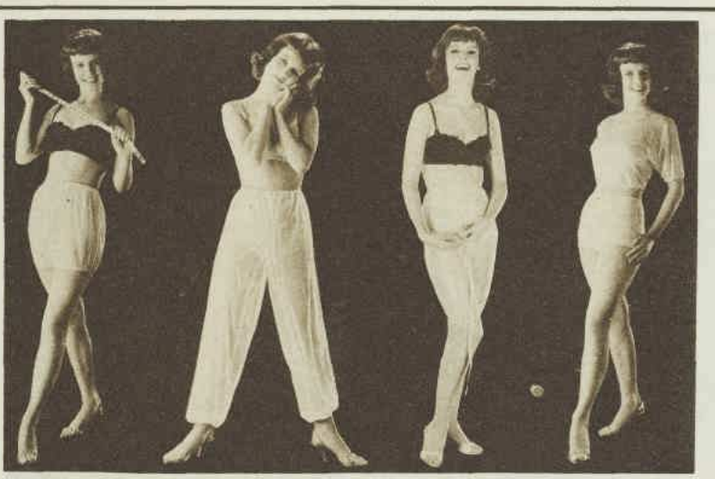
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"It won't hurt you," Dilly said. "You'll just have a long sleep. Then when you wake, we'll know what—if anything—has happened. Don't keep glaring at me like that. It's not easy for me. Heavens, I promised I would help you, if I could, with the campaign. I did try to—didn't I? This is part of it. Now I'll get us something to eat."

Dilly began to shove her feet into her slippers. Martha fumbled for words through a queer kind of haze. She mumbled something and Dilly said, "What?"

"Mrs.—Bascom—" Martha said very loudly and with great effort.

"What do you mean? Oh, I see. You expected Mrs. Bascom. I had some meetings tomorrow and next day, but was too tired. She took them over for me and told me to come up here to meet you and to rest. She'll be here some time Monday or early Tuesday."

Martha gripped the arms of her chair. It was silly, it

Continued from page 51

was outrageous that she couldn't speak clearly.

"Maid—somebody—"

"I suppose you mean isn't there somebody else in the house? Somebody you could send to the Stensons'? There isn't. There's usually a caretaker, lives in the back, old Braden. He is in the hospital. The cook—housekeeper, whatever you want to call her — Chrissy—won't come to work until Monday. I came up by train, got some groceries, taxied out here, opened the house, turned on the furnace, lighted the fire. I didn't think about the telephone."

"I—wish Lem—"

"Lem can't call till after his speech tonight anyway. He will not worry when nobody answers. The operator will tell him the phone is still disconnected. If he phones to Ma Bascom she will tell him that I'm here with you. Now I'm going to get our dinner."

Martha heard her distinctly; she knew that she disappeared; she thought she heard Dilly's high heels clicking over the kitchen floor. Objects were beginning to have blurred outlines but she was sure that she was thinking clearly.

She was sure also that fresh air, walking, would clear her head. She knew the road to the Stensons'. She got to her feet, wobbled across the room, forgetting to scoop up her raincoat, and with a mighty effort pulled the door open.

The air felt cool on her face. Four white pillars loomed up fuzzily above some steps and her little car still stood at the bottom of the steps.

She stumbled down the steps, felt the handle of the car door, got it open and crawled unsteadily into the seat. First, turn on the lights and the ignition; she didn't remember even then that Dilly had removed the key. She leaned over the wheel and then slid down across the cushions.

She was vaguely aware of hands hauling at her, dragging her out of the car. She knew dimly that Dilly was pulling her up the steps and into the doorway where Martha staggered and leaned against the door casing. There was then a blank until she was on the big sofa, sinking down into its comfort. Dilly's hands jerked at the buttons of her jacket and at last let Martha relax down into the cushions. Dilly took off her shoes and pulled her yellow skirt down over her feet and tossed it and the jacket in a heap on the chair. She ought to tell Dilly to hang up the suit so it wouldn't wrinkle. She closed her eyes because she couldn't keep them open any longer.

Presently she felt something warm and comfortable put across her and knew it for a blanket and went to sleep. It was a heavy, almost hypnotic sleep, for she felt as if, no matter what happened, she couldn't have lifted her little finger to stop it.

At the same time some nagging little core of consciousness kept going as if it had been wound up and couldn't stop. People and voices circled around her. She even heard her own voice, saying to Lem, "I think I'm afraid."

That had been weeks ago, just before Lem's campaign got into active motion. He and Martha were trying to snatch a few days of comparative quiet in what until recently had been Lem's bachelor apartment.

"I think I'm afraid," Martha said, making the discovery with surprise.

Lem Bascom looked around a newspaper. "You can't be!"

"I am, though. Suppose I do something wrong."

Lem put down his newspaper. "But you can't do anything wrong."

"It's different with you. You cut your teeth on politics. Suppose I make some horrible mistake."

Both phones began to ring.

"But you can't," Lem said, astonished.

The doorbell pealed demandingly.

Martha made a quick resolution. "I'm going to talk to your mother. Or to Dilly Downes."

"Listen," Lem said forcefully. "I married you. Not my mother and not Dilly." The doorbell gave another peal, both telephones rang and rang. Lem yielded. "Well, all right. But don't let Ma or Dilly give you a lot of guff." He picked up a telephone. "Hello, hold on a minute, will you, the doorbell's ringing."

Miss Stanley, Lem's secretary, slim, attractive, and efficient, came in first. She was followed by Bob Newton, who was Lem's campaign manager. With his poker face, neat grey suit, keen grey eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles, he looked like a banker.

They had met in the elevator. Martha said good morning, saw that each of them carried briefcases full of papers, became aware of her lacy negligee, snatched her coffee cup, and fled for the bedroom.

Late that afternoon she went to see her mother-in-law, Mrs. Lemuel Bascom, Senior, who gave her a really sobering thought.

"—so I gave each of my sons a name which would be suitable for the White House. Carter Bascom. Howard Bascom. Lemuel Bascom. President Lemuel Bascom. What do you think of that?"

Martha felt the breath go out of her. "I—don't think I've thought of it."

"Well, think of it."

"But Lem is running for governor."

"When he's elected he'll be the youngest governor the State has ever had. Of course, you know—Lem must have told you—that there's already talk of things to come. A dark horse is never really a dark horse. They need a man like Lem and indications are that they want him. Naturally a great deal depends upon his tenure as governor."

"He may not be elected."

RUN SCARED

"He will be. You are thinking rich man, poor man, beggar man — all the rest of it — or chief. You don't care which. Believe me, Martha, Lem wants to be chief."

For a moment it was so quiet in the hotel suite which Mrs. Bascom used in town that Martha could hear the whine of a jet across the evening sky, the shrill whistle of the doorman far below, the hum and murmur of the avenue traffic.

Martha reminded herself that every mother sees her son as a possible President.

Mrs. Bascom read her thoughts. "You are making allowances for a mother's pride and ambition. Lem wouldn't talk of this, of course — There are two kinds of ambition. The wrong kind seeks power for the sake of power. The right kind is ambition for the power to accomplish any duty, no matter how hard or heavy it proves to be, for the sake of one's country and for what one believes to be right. I'm not expressing it very well."

"You mean Lem's kind of ambition. I know."

"I don't think you do know, quite. Lem is patriotic. Oh, he was brought up on government. All the Bascoms have been. But Lem has the flame, the genius, what was once called the virtue of the great patriots. It takes a man of character to enter politics at all. It takes a man of strength and virtue in the old-time sense to stay in politics, with his conscience clear and his strength undiminished. The governorship is a big thing. But it may be a first step. I'm his mother, but

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"Blessed is the man who endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."***
— James 1:12.



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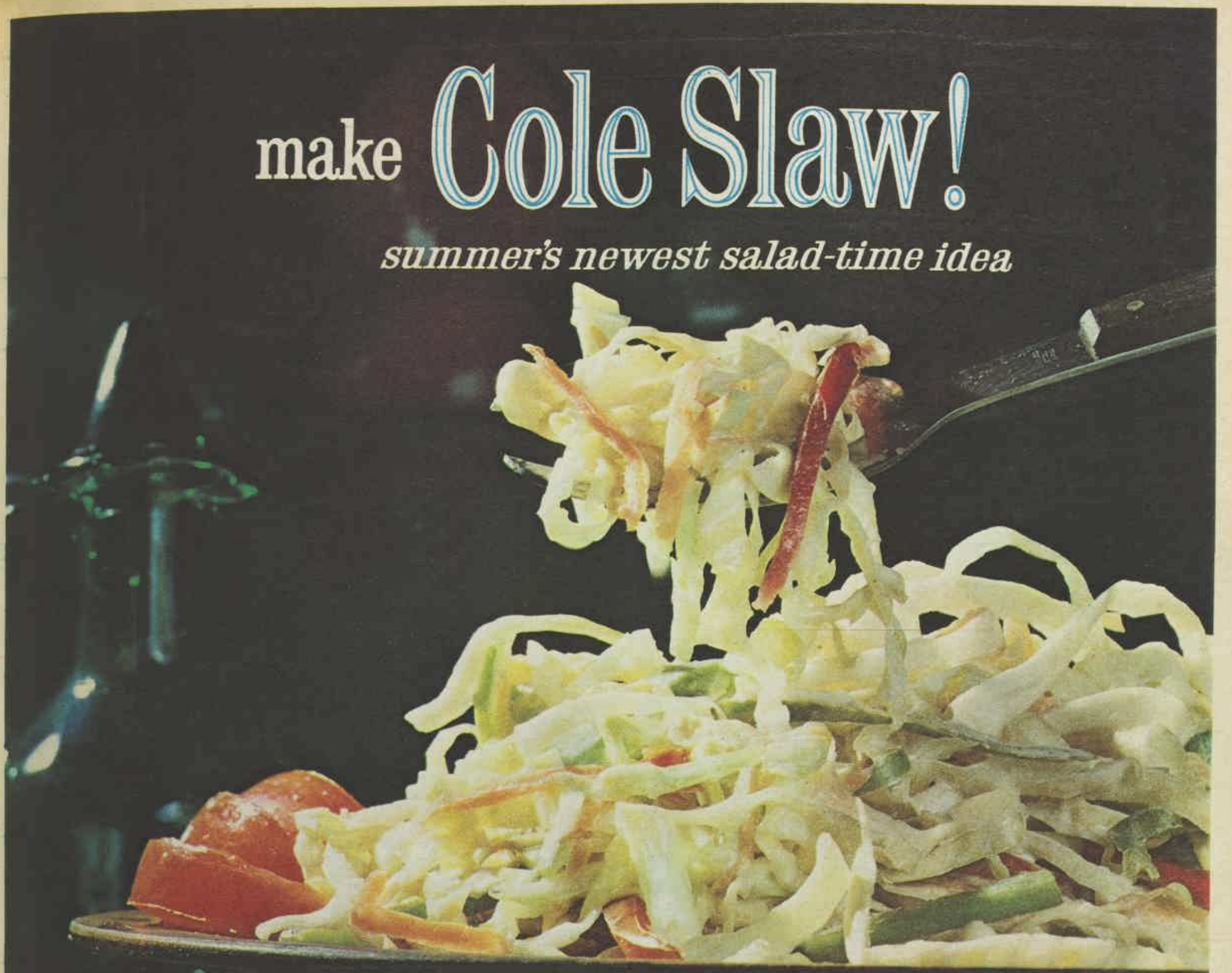
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summer's newest salad-time idea



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(1) Prepare '2 Minute Mayonnaise'

INGREDIENTS: ½ tin Nestle's Sweetened Condensed Milk; ½ teaspoon Salt; ½ cup Vinegar; 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard.
METHOD: Mix the ingredients thoroughly, stir until mixture thickens.

(2) To the mayonnaise add: 2 shredded carrots; 1 shredded capsicum; 1 small shredded cabbage; 1 shredded white onion. Mix shredded vegetables into mayonnaise. Chill and serve.



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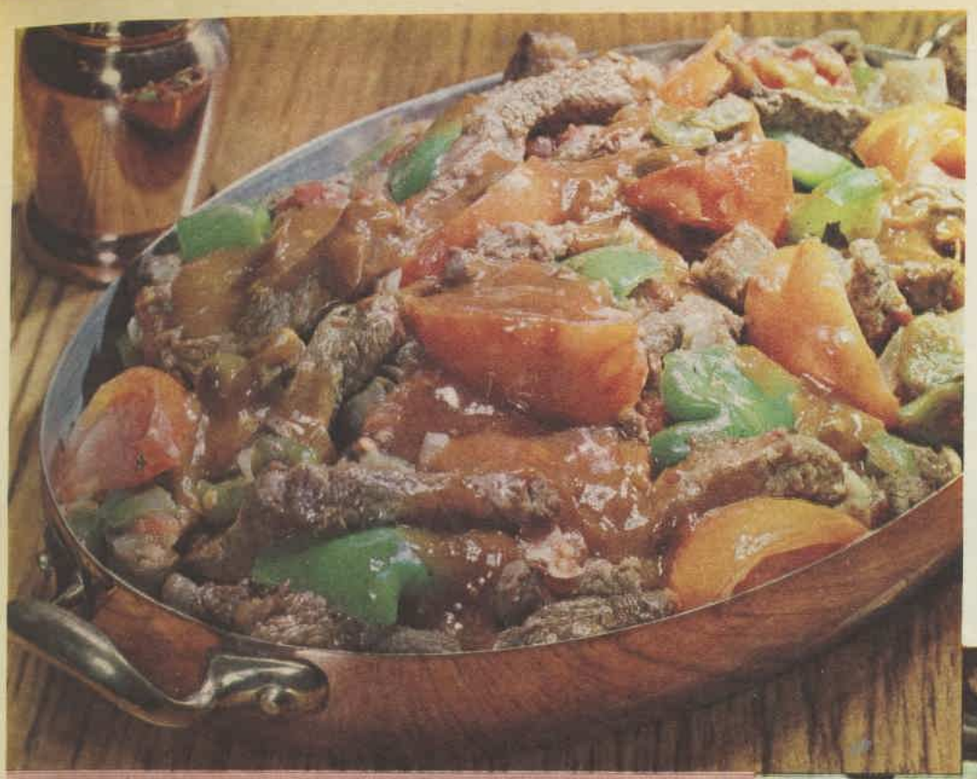
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35 ways to cook

STEAK

● Steak is a universal favorite, and although the tender cuts are expensive, there's no waste and you know you're serving a meal that everyone will appreciate. Cheaper cuts, too, can be prepared in many delicious ways, as shown in the recipes in this feature.



PEPPER STEAK is made with strips of round steak, tomatoes, garlic, and green peppers, and a little soy sauce added. Serve with hot rice.



TENDER, JUICY, AND SUCCULENT, a good steak is so satisfying that it needs only simple accompaniments — a baked potato, salad.

ONE of the most appetising features of a well-grilled or pan-fried steak is its rich, brown look. This is easily achieved if you follow these two simple rules:

1. Before cooking, dry meat thoroughly with a cloth or paper towel. All meat contains sugar, which, when subjected to heat, caramelises to form a delicious crusty seal. Any water on the surface of meat is converted into steam during cooking. Sugar will not caramelise in the presence of steam, so the meat, unless thoroughly dried, becomes greyish and flabby when cooked, instead of firm, crusty and richly brown.

2. Always salt the meat after cooking not before. Salt draws the moisture in the meat to the surface, and this also causes the meat to steam.

Level spoon measurements and the standard eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature.

BEEF STROGANOFF

Two pounds fillet steak, salt, freshly ground pepper, 1 large onion (finely chopped), 4 tablespoons butter, ½lb. button mushrooms, ½ pint sour cream, hot cooked rice, chopped parsley.

Trim steak, beat with mallet. Cut into strips about 2in. long and ½in. wide. Season with little freshly ground pepper. Saute onion in half the butter until golden; add meat, saute briskly about 5 minutes, turning pieces so all sides are browned. Remove from pan, keep warm.

Add remaining butter to pan, saute sliced mushrooms. Return meat to pan, add sour cream, and salt to taste. Reheat without allowing mixture to boil. Arrange rice in ring on serving-dish, pour beef mixture into centre. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, serve.

TOURNEDOS

Tournedos are small pieces of steak of uniform size, cut from the narrow portion of the fillet between the chateaubriand and filet mignon cuts. They can be grilled or sauteed. Below is the simple way to cook tournedos:

Four tournedos, freshly ground pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons oil, 4 rounds bread, extra butter, little lemon juice, salt.

Ask your butcher to prepare the tournedos. Season them with freshly ground pepper, saute in the heated butter and oil 2 to 3 minutes on each side. Remove to serving-dish, keep warm. Saute bread in little extra butter, sprinkle with lemon juice. Place a tournedo on each slice of bread, sprinkle with a little salt. Serve immediately.

The following recipes are some of the classic ways of serving tournedos.

Tournedos Rossini: Cook the tournedos as at left, then top with a slice of pate de foie gras. Pour over a madeira sauce.

Tournedos Chasseur: Add a little dry white wine to the pan in which tournedos were cooked. Then add some rich brown sauce, flavored with mushrooms and shallots. Mix well, pour over steaks.

Tournedos Maitre d'Hotel: Simply top each cooked tournedo with pat of parsley butter.

Tournedos Shepherd-style: Garnish cooked tournedos with tiny sauteed onions, fried diced bacon, and straw potatoes.

PEPPER STEAK

One pound round steak, salt, freshly ground pepper, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 medium onion (chopped), 1 clove garlic (minced), ½lb. tomatoes, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 green peppers (diced), 1 cup stock, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, ¼ cup water, hot cooked rice.

Place peppers in cold water, bring to boil, draw aside and drain well. Cut steak into strips, sprinkle with pepper. Heat oil in large frying-pan, add steak, onion, and garlic; cook until meat is well browned on all sides. Then add peppers, tomatoes cut into wedges, and stock; cover, simmer 10 minutes. Combine cornflour, soy sauce, and water, stir into meat mixture. Cook, stirring, until mixture has thickened; season to taste. Serve with hot cooked rice.

CHATEAUBRIAND

The chateaubriand is a steak cut from the thickest part of fillet of beef. It usually weighs from 1 to 2lb. and will serve 2 or 3 people. Chateaubriand can be grilled or sauteed, but care must be taken to avoid charring the outside, while letting the inside remain raw. Serve the chateaubriand with any of the classic garnishes for steak such as maitre d'hotel butter, bernaise sauce (see overleaf).

SWISS STEAK

Two to 2½ pounds round or topside steak, ¼ cup seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 medium-sized onion (chopped), 1lb. tomatoes (peeled and chopped), extra butter, 2 carrots (scraped and sliced), 2 pieces celery (chopped).

Dredge steak with seasoned flour, then rub in as much flour as steak will hold. Heat 3 tablespoons butter in heavy saucepan, put in the steak. Brown thoroughly on both sides. Remove meat; brown onions, celery, and carrots in remaining fat. Meanwhile, simmer tomatoes with a little extra butter 15 to 20 minutes. Return meat to pan, add tomatoes; cover and simmer gently until tender. Remove meat to platter. Skim fat from pan juices, serve juices as gravy.

ENTRECOTE MACON

Six medium-sized entrecote steaks, 1 medium onion (chopped), ½oz. butter, ½oz. flour, 1½ wineglasses red wine, 4 tomatoes (peeled, seeded and chopped), 1 tablespoon tomato puree, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 1 tablespoon dry sherry, 1 bayleaf, salt, pepper.

Saute onion in the butter until golden; add flour, cook gently a few minutes, then add wine and tomatoes. Add remaining ingredients except steaks. Cover, simmer gently 15 to 20 minutes. Remove bayleaf, season to taste. Grill steaks until cooked to taste, pour sauce over and serve immediately.

Note: Entrecote is a trimmed rib or sirloin steak.

ENTRECOTE BERCY

Six entrecote steaks, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoon chopped shallots, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper.

Grill steaks until cooked to taste, then transfer to serving-platter; keep warm. Melt butter, add parsley, shallots, salt and pepper. Mix well, pour over steaks. Serve immediately.

MINUTE STEAKS WITH PARSLEY BUTTER

Quarter pound butter, ¼ cup finely chopped parsley, little extra butter, 8 small minute steaks.

Soften butter, blend in parsley; chill. Melt extra butter in heavy frying-pan, put in steaks and cook quickly on both sides, over high heat. Transfer to serving-platter, top with pats of parsley butter. Serve immediately.

STEAK DIANE

Six pieces fillet steak, salt and pepper, 2 to 4oz. butter, 1 large clove garlic (chopped), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, worcestershire sauce.

Trim steaks, pound with mallet. Dust with pepper. Melt 2oz. butter in frying-pan (be prepared to renew butter liberally). When butter is sizzling, add first piece of steak. After 40 seconds (for rare steak), turn over. Sprinkle with parsley and garlic. Add salt, moderate dash of worcestershire sauce, moving steak round to distribute sauce. Transfer steak to hot platter, pour over sauce from pan. Serve immediately. Add more butter to pan and proceed as before, one steak at a time.

STEAK DIANE FLAMBE

For each serving allow: One piece fillet or sirloin steak, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon heated brandy, 2 tablespoons sherry, extra tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon chopped chives.

Trim steak, pound with mallet. Heat butter in frying-pan, put in steak and cook quickly, turning once. Pour over brandy and ignite. Add sherry, extra butter, and chives. Place steak on serving-dish, pour over pan juices. Serve immediately.

Continued overleaf

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

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Classic garnishes for steak

● Steak is such a satisfying meal in itself, the accompaniments should be simple — a baked potato, a green salad, the right sauce or savory butter.

Here are two of the classic garnishes for grilled steak:

BEARNAISE SAUCE

Two tablespoons tarragon vinegar, 2 tablespoons plus 1 dessertspoon water, pinch salt, 6 crushed peppercorns, 1 tablespoon chopped shallots, 3 egg-yolks, 4oz. melted butter or substitute.

Combine vinegar, 2 tablespoons water, salt, peppercorns, and shallots in small saucepan. Heat until liquid is reduced to 1-3rd (about 1 tablespoon); remove from heat, add the dessertspoon water and stir. Cool a little. Beat egg-yolks lightly, stir in strained liquid. Place in top of double saucepan over hot water, gradually beat in the cooled melted butter. Cook over simmering water until thickened.

MAITRE d'HOTEL BUTTER

Four ounces butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, juice of half lemon, salt and pepper.

Cream all ingredients together, chill until required. Top steaks generously with pat of this butter.

BRANDIED MINUTE STEAKS

Six minute steaks, 2oz. butter, ¼ cup brandy, ¼ pint cream, salt, pepper.

Cook steaks in heated butter until golden brown on each side. Heat brandy, ignite, and pour over steaks; allow to burn out. Stir in cream and reheat without boiling. Season to taste; serve immediately.

STEAK AND MUSHROOMS GOURMET

Four or six pieces steak, 2 tablespoons butter, ½lb. mushrooms (sliced), 1 onion (chopped), salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons dry red wine.

Saute mushrooms and onion in melted butter 5 minutes. Remove from heat, add wine. Place each steak in centre of piece of aluminium foil, turn up edges. Divide mushroom mixture evenly over steaks. Fold foil over, seal securely. Place on baking-sheet, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Season to taste.

STEAK WITH ONIONS

Six good-sized T-bone steaks, 4 or 5 onions, 2oz. butter, salt, pepper.

Grill steaks until cooked to taste. Meanwhile, slice onions and cook in melted butter until soft and golden. Season steaks to taste with salt and pepper, place on serving-platter. Top with the onions, serve immediately.

STEAK MIRABEAU

Thick piece of T-bone or rump steak (about 1½lb.), 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon anchovy paste, freshly ground pepper, anchovy fillets, sliced stuffed olives, oil, melted butter.

Mash butter and flour to smooth paste, add anchovy paste and blend well. Spread mixture over steak, season with pepper, grill on one side in usual manner. Remove steak from griller, turn over, make lattice of thinly sliced anchovy fillets on uncooked side. Fill each square with slice of olive, brush with oil, and grill to taste. Serve with melted butter poured over.

MARINATED RUMP STEAK

Individual portions of rump steak, salt, pepper.

Marinade for each steak: Quarter cup oil, small piece of crushed garlic, juice of ½ lemon.

Combine ingredients for marinade, pour over steaks. Let stand 12 to 24 hours, turning occasionally. Drain steaks, pat dry; grill until cooked to taste. Season and serve.

STEAK AU POIVRE

Four or six thick pieces rump or fillet steak, 2 tablespoons peppercorns, butter, baked potatoes, green salad.

Trim steaks (they should be at least 1in. thick), tie into round shape. Crush peppercorns with rolling-pin, sprinkle over steak; crush pepper into steak with heel of hand. Let stand 30 minutes, brush with melted butter. Grill to taste. Serve with a baked potato, green salad.

HUNGARIAN BEEFSTEAKS

Six small pieces of steak (rump or round steak could be used), seasoned flour, 2oz. butter, 1 carrot (chopped), 1 small onion (chopped), 2 stalks celery (chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon flour, stock, 1¼ cups sour cream, 1 tablespoon chopped capers.

Pound steaks until very thin, dust with seasoned flour. Saute carrot, onion, and celery in little butter until soft; add steaks, brown on both sides. Remove meat, stir in flour, cook 5 to 10 minutes. Return meat to pan, add stock barely to cover; simmer until meat is tender. Skim off fat, add sour cream, capers, parsley; heat through without boiling. Serve with noodles.

CHINESE STEAK

One and a half pounds rump steak, 1 onion, ¼ cup oil, 1½ cups celery, 1 green pepper, ½lb. mushrooms, 1 tin bean sprouts, 1½ cups chicken bouillon, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1½ tablespoons cold water, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, noodles.

Cut steak into cubes. Heat oil in frying-pan, add meat; cook until well browned. Set aside. Cut celery into 1in. diagonal pieces, slice mushrooms and onion, seed and slice pepper. Add to pan, saute 5 minutes. Add bouillon, steak, and bean sprouts. Mix cornflour to paste with water, stir into steak mixture with soy sauce. Bring to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Serve with crisply fried Chinese noodles.

LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

A SIMPLY prepared coffee jelly, has a rich additional flavor of fruit.

COFFEE JELLY

One tablespoon gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1½ tablespoons instant coffee, 1 teaspoon each grated lemon and orange rind, 1in. stick cinnamon, 2 teaspoons liquid sweetener, 3 cups boiling water.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Combine coffee, fruit rinds, cinnamon, liquid sweetener and boiling water. Simmer 5 minutes, add gelatine, stir until dissolved. Remove cinnamon, cool liquid then chill until set. At serving-time break up jelly with fork, pile into individual serving-dishes.

Serves 4; calories per serve, 8.



White Wings

CAKE MIX & CANNED PEACHES

Team White Wings Cake Mix with canned peaches to make this de luxe cake or dessert. Try it today!

PEACH HALO CAKE Open a can of sliced peaches and drain well. Mix a White Wings Buttercup Yellow Cake Mix and leave in bowl. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in the bottom of a 9" x 2½" round cake pan. Add ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar and ¾ cup coarse desiccated coconut and spread evenly over butter. Bake in 350° oven 35-40 minutes. When baked, turn out immediately. Serve hot or cold. Try these variations, too: White Wings Chocolate Cake Mix with canned pears; or White Wings Orange Cake Mix with canned apricots.

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35 WAYS TO COOK STEAK . . . concluded

STEAK TARTARE SANDWICHES

Lean minced steak, salt, pepper, bread slices, melted butter.

Season the minced, uncooked steak with salt and pepper, spread evenly (about ¼in. thick) on slices of unbuttered bread. Top with another slice of bread, also unbuttered, brush outside of sandwiches with melted butter. Toast sandwiches rather slowly until golden brown; serve immediately.

STEAK A LA BORDELAISE

Six pieces fillet, rump, or sirloin steak, melted butter, ½ onion (chopped), 2 shallots (chopped), 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons oil, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ pint dry red wine, salt, pepper, little beef marrow (this can be omitted).

Trim steaks, brush with melted butter. Place under heated griller, cook until done to taste; keep warm. Meanwhile, saute onion, shallots and parsley in heated oil until soft and golden. Stir in flour, gradually add wine. Stir over high heat until sauce boils, reduce heat and simmer 5 to 10 minutes; season to taste. Poach marrow in a little hot water, slice and add to sauce. Pour over steaks, serve immediately.

CARPETBAG STEAKS

Piece of steak (rump or sirloin) at least 2in. thick, cut in one piece, and weighing about 3lb., about 20 small oysters, salt, pepper, melted butter.

Make pocket in side of steak, sprinkle pocket with salt and pepper. Stuff with the oysters, sew up or fasten with skewers. Brush steak with melted butter, cook 10 to 15 minutes on each side under hot griller. Remove steak to platter, cut into serving portions, serve immediately.

EIGHT DISHES FROM ONE BASIC RECIPE

A good, basic recipe for savory steak is capable of many variations. Here are some ideas:

SAVORY STEAK (basic recipe): Two pounds steak (round, topside, or chuck), 4 onions (sliced), 1 green pepper (diced), 1½ cups water, or stock, 1 bayleaf, salt, pepper, flour, fat for frying.

Saute onions in hot fat until light brown. Add steak, cut into 1in. cubes and rolled in flour to coat. Brown meat on all sides. Add green pepper and bayleaf. Cover, cook gently 5 minutes. Add water or stock, simmer until meat is tender. Add more water as needed to keep about 1 cup of gravy in pot. Season to taste. Serve with mashed potatoes, green beans.

HUNGARIAN GOULASH: Add 1 dessertspoon paprika when adding green pepper to basic recipe. Serve with noodles tossed in butter and sprinkled with poppy seeds.

TOMATO STEAK: Use tomato juice in place of water in basic recipe. Serve with parsleyed new potatoes, green peas.

MUSHROOM STEAK: Slice ¼lb. of mushrooms. Saute in a little butter 5 minutes. Add to meat for last ½ hour of cooking. Serve in ring of creamed potatoes, with small baby carrots, steamed and buttered.

ONION STEAK: Use only 1 onion instead of 4 in basic recipe. Peel 12 tiny white onions, saute in butter until golden brown. Serve as accompaniment to steak, top with bacon curls.

STEAK AU VIN: Use only 1 cup of water. Add 1 cup of dry red wine with water. If liked, a little chopped garlic can be sauteed with the onions.

CURRIED STEAK WITH RICE: When adding green pepper, also stir in 1 dessertspoon curry powder. Serve over hot fluffy rice, garnish with olives.

STEAK WITH PARSLEY DUMPLINGS: Add 3 cups of chicken broth (packaged chicken soup or bouillon cubes can be used) instead of the water in basic recipe. Twenty minutes before meat has finished cooking, top with parsley dumplings; cook, covered, 20 minutes. Serve at once.

Parsley Dumplings: Sift together 2 cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking-powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Blend in well 1 dessertspoon butter, then add ¾ cup well-chopped parsley. Add 1 cup of milk all at once, and stir quickly to make soft, sticky dough. Drop by heaped dessertspoonfuls on top of hot bubbling stew.

SAVORY BEEF ROLLS

One and half pounds round steak cut ¼in. thick, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup fresh breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 slice crisp, cooked bacon, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, ½ onion, chopped, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup hot stock.

Cut steak into 4 equal pieces, pound until flattened.

Combine salt, breadcrumbs, beaten egg, crumbled bacon, parsley, and onion; add a little hot water or stock, if necessary, to bind ingredients together well. Place ¼ of stuffing mixture in centre of each piece of steak; roll up, fastening securely with string. Heat butter in frypan, brown the meat rolls slowly on all sides. Add 1 cup hot stock, cover, simmer 1 hour or until tender; add a little more hot stock if necessary. Remove to hot serving-platter and make gravy with the pan juices.

Serve beef rolls with hot mashed potatoes and green beans or tomatoes, sliced thickly, sauteed in a little hot butter.

Drop cookies win £5 prize

● Each recipe makes about 50 biscuits.

SUGAR DROP CAKES

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 1½ cups sugar, 2 eggs, ¾ cup sour thick milk, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon salt, extra ½ cup sugar mixed with 1 teaspoon nutmeg.

Cream butter and sugar, gradually add eggs and sour milk in which soda has been dissolved; sift in flour, salt. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased trays, sprinkle tops with extra sugar and nutmeg mixture. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes.

NUT DROP CAKES

Four ounces butter or substitute, ¾ cup sugar, 2 eggs, ¼ cup milk, ½ cup coconut, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup chopped nuts, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 cup rolled oats.

Cream butter and sugar, beat in eggs and milk, add coconut, raisins, and nuts. Sift together salt, cinnamon, baking-powder, and flour; add to butter mixture, lastly add oats. Drop by spoonfuls on greased oven-slides. Bake in moderate oven about 10 to 15 minutes. Loosen and cool on trays.

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I'm realistic. We need a man like Lem. Well, there, I've finished my lecture. Will you have a cocktail"?

"Th—thank you, no. That is, not now. Lem said he'd be here about seven."

"Good. Did you enjoy the dinner party last night?"

"Oh, yes!" Martha had enjoyed it; she had also felt both strange and very interested in all those people who knew Lem and certainly were curious about this young woman he had married in Rome after six weeks' courtship.

"We'll have the big party after the election. Things have been a little hurried." There was a flash of Lem's grin in Mrs. Bascom's eyes.

"I wish you could have come to our wedding."

"Whole phalanxes of Bascoms flying to Italy! No, it was much more sensible for you and Lem to get the wedding over with then and there." Mrs. Bascom said briskly, "I can see that Lem is happy, I can see you are happy. That's all that matters."

"But my father knew Lem. It didn't seem fair to you, expecting you to accept a perfect stranger as Lem's wife."

"I trust Lem's judgment," Mrs. Bascom said dryly. "He waited long enough for the girl he wanted. Do you know what he said to me over the phone from Rome? He said, 'Ma I met a girl at six thirty and fell in love with her at six thirty-five. Will you come to the wedding?' "

"That was the way it was." Martha remembered flashingly the misty summer night and the Embassy party for a visiting commission of which Lem was a member and to

Continued from page 52

RUN SCARED

which she, an American girl and daughter of a senior official in the State Department, had been invited, as she was often invited, to fill in.

"I said, 'Marry her at once and my blessing to you both.' Besides it was far more sensible to marry at once. Lem had to get back here for the convention and I didn't think it wise for Lem to campaign with you on his mind and an ocean between you. Now about the campaign. What do you want to know?"

"Everything. I don't know anything at all about politics."

"You'll learn. You've married into a political family. The Roosevelts, the Tafts, the Lodges, the Kennedys, the Bascoms." Her eyes twinkled. "I'm sure there must be hundreds of Bascoms who have never been in government, still when anybody hears the name Bascom he does think of government. Didn't you?"

"I thought —" Martha began and Mrs. Bascom laughed.

"You thought that's the man for me! I want to tell you some things about Lem. He has good advisers, but actually Lem leads the way. Some people call him a firebrand, but that's not right. He thinks ahead, he sees ahead, he's a man to meet challenges, that's his nature. But make no mistake about it, he's sound in his thinking. Some of the planks in his platform are so advanced that they'd make his father, the Senator, turn over in his grave. But these are new and different times. Every age is new and different and the problems have to be met as they arise. Lem is sound and independent."

She paused and smiled. "He also has a mighty temper, which you probably have not yet seen. It's going to be part of your job to keep him on an even keel until any storm blows over and he has time to think. He's impatient, too—not only in the broad sense, to get things done which require doing, but sometimes in small things—oh, like people dragging their feet when Lem is trying to drive some point forward. He can be tactless and a politician shouldn't be tactless. Just do your best to keep the lid on always. Then, don't make any statements to the Press at all; they'll try to trap you, you know, but just smile and look pretty. That's easy enough. Lem doesn't want you to go through the whole grind with him, does he?"

"Only part of it. I'd like to do it all."

MRS Bascom laughed shortly. "You don't know how hard it is. But it is rather important for you to accompany him. Lem stumped the State in the spring. Now he is married and—" She shrugged. "And you and he, the romance, the marriage while you were both in Italy—oh, it's a good thing for people to see you together. Not all the time, but part of the time, the big dinners or rallies."

"Tell me what to do."

"Well, first, you'll have to learn to remember names. That will be easy for you. You must have gone to many Embassy parties, that sort of thing."

"Oh, yes. But never as a—a—"

"As a big bug?" Mrs. Bascom's eyes danced. "Well, now you're a big bug." She said with appalling matter-of-factness. "From now on, remember that every single facet of your life will be under scrutiny. The smallest act will have a microscope turned on it, public opinion. It doesn't sound attractive, does it?"

"It's terrifying!"

"Nonsense. You're not at all likely to make any serious mistake. I'm only saying all this to put you on your guard. You know how to meet people. I watched you last night. Did you like the man Dilly brought to talk to you last night? Big, white hair, elderly?"

"Oh, yes. He made me feel as if he'd known me a long time."

"It's one of his gifts. Do you remember his name?"

"Governor Timothy Welsh. The outgoing governor. On our side. One of Lem's close friends."

Mrs. Bascom nodded briskly. Martha felt as if she had passed a test.

"He's a remarkable man," Mrs. Bascom said. "One of the few leaders in government who has had the wisdom and the courage to say, in so many words, I've had my trick at the wheel, I want to turn it over to a younger man who has the ability and vision to steer through new storms. He's been a good governor in his own times. But he's honest enough to say, in effect, my time is passing. Lem is the man to find different answers to new and different problems. Did he like you?"

"I think so. I liked him."

"Good. What clothes are you taking with you on the campaign trip?"

By now Martha was growing accustomed to her mother-in-law's abrupt changes of subjects. This, however, was not really a change of subject, for as Martha hesitated, Mrs. Bascom said, "There was a time when I'd have said the tweed suit, the little dark dress for dinners. But it's different now. The movies, the Press, television. Glamor," Mrs. Bascom said again with cool matter-of-factness, "is the only word. You told me that Lem made you buy clothes in Paris. Take them with you and wear them. Look out for flowers, they'll stain. I wish I could go with you and take a maid along, but it wouldn't do. You'll have to see to your own clothes and hair."

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"I'm used to seeing to my own clothes and hair."

Mrs. Bascom rebuked her, although pleasantly. "You'll have to get off a train at any hour. You'll be in and out of automobiles all day long, no matter what the weather. You'll be expected to turn up fresh and trim for long dinners and longer speech-making. You must always look calm and poised. Reminds me: photographs. Stand with your feet together, head up, hands at your sides and smile a little. Simple.

"And when you're *on* the platform or at the speaker's table, as you will be, be sure to keep your ankles together. They're supposed always to have a long tablecloth at the speaker's table, but sometimes it isn't and short skirts can make a monkey out of a woman."

"Short skirts can make a monkey out of a man," Lem said from the doorway. "How are you, Mrs. Schultz?" He kissed the top of Martha's head and went on to kiss his mother's cheek. "And you, Madam Queen? That was a bang-up party you gave us last night."

His mother smiled up at him. They made a pleasant picture, mother and son, obviously friendly, clearly understanding each other, and clearly proud of each other.

There was little physical resemblance between them; both had grey-green eyes, which could flash with anger or laughter or sheer concentration; Mrs. Bascom's hair had probably once been as black as Lem's, but was now a shining grey. Mrs. Bascom was tiny and beautiful. Lem was tall, and as strongly masculine as Mrs. Bascom was feminine. Lem's strong nose and chin and the black slash of his eyebrows came from the Bascom side of the family; there was a portrait of his father — Senator, Assistant Secretary of State, Senator again — which hung in Lem's apartment. Mrs. Bascom was like an unexpectedly intelligent and resolute Dresden doll.

There was, however, a very marked inner resemblance, something intangible, but as firm as concrete. Martha was perfectly sure that they were moved by the same emotions, liked the same things, shared the same flashing intelligence.

"I suppose you've arrived with your tongue hanging out," Mrs. Bascom said. "Over there—"

Lem went to a table glittering with glasses. "Sherry of course for you, Ma."

Mrs. Bascom was caught, and flashed with indignation. "That old ladies' drink? You know perfectly well—"

"I didn't tell you, my child wife. It's a frightful family secret. My mother drinks bourbon. Hush, we don't talk about it. Here's your tipple, Ma. Now don't get thrown in pokey as drunk and disorderly again. I'm tired of bailing you out."

"I'm sorry to tell you another

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family secret, Martha," Mrs. Bascom said. "You married a man who was born with two heads. You never know which one is speaking."

"That's why she likes me best. My brothers, Carter and Howard, have only one head apiece. Bourbon for you, Mrs. Schultz?"

"Mrs. Schultz!" Mrs. Bascom gasped. "Don't you ever address your wife by her own name?"

"As a matter of fact, you look as if you could do with a shot of whisky, Martha. Has she got us in The White House yet?"

"I think I've scared her to death," Mrs. Bascom said frankly.

Below Lem's moods of foolery there was an alert awareness of what was going on. "Klondike Kate doesn't scare easily. All she has to do is look like herself and the votes are in." He gave Martha a drink, sat down, his long legs sprawled out before him, and gave a vast yawn.

"Sometimes I think Carter and Howard have only one head between them," his mother said tartly and sipped her drink.

"Neither of them could possibly have come back to help with the campaign."

"I don't see how either one of them could have stopped himself from coming!"

"Ma thinks the scent of a campaign to a Bascom is like the scent of gunpowder to a war horse." Lem yawned again and said dreamily, "Actually, any war horse in his senses would run the other way."

Mrs. Bascom shot him a gimlet glance. "You're a little above yourself, my lad. Good news?"

"Everything is in train. Tomorrow we start out to the hustings. That's a silly word."

"It means temporary platform, my erudite son, and you may find it's not so silly," his mother said rather grimly, and the doorbell buzzed. Dilly Downes walked in through the small foyer.

"Don't you ever lock the door, Ma Bascom?"

Lem rose. "Hello, Dilly. She's afraid of locking out a voter."

Dilly went to kiss Mrs. Bascom; she sketched a hand kiss toward Lem and Martha. It ought to have been the gayest, most graceful little gesture; it was in fact diffident to the point of awkwardness. She dropped a sable stole over a chair and sank down near Mrs. Bascom. "The usual, Lem."

Martha knew something of Dilly, as she knew something of Lem's brothers and their wives, for Dilly as a child had been almost one of them. She was the daughter of an old school friend of Mrs. Bascom's, taken in by Mrs. Bascom when she was left with no parents and no money; she had married, however, when still in her teens, and married Zeke Downes, a man who was a legend in politics.

Some called him the kingmaker; others, Old Zeke; whatever they called him, he was powerful. Much older than Dilly, he had died leaving her a substantial fortune and

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priceless knowledge of the entire political framework. She had contributed largely to Lem's campaign; through her influence much more in the way of contributions had come in. But her main value was the same behind-the-scenes power which her husband had wielded — with, according to Lem, some natural gifts thrown in.

Nobody observing her casually could have surmised either the power or the money at the end of her small, limp-looking fingers. She had a round, pale face, wispy brown hair, and a dumpy little figure. She wore probably as costly a dress as could be found in New York; the sables she had tossed on the chair were fit for a queen; her pearls, the emerald on her hand, the emerald and diamond pin on her shoulder might almost amount to a king's ransom. With it all she looked meek, downtrodden, and utterly and completely dowdy. She slid her feet out of handsome alligator shoes and shoved her spectacles up on her nose as Lem brought her her drink.

"I needed that. I've had a day. Here's to the campaign, Lem. I made some notes, Ma Bascom. Have we time to work them up now with Martha?"

"Me!" Martha sat up.

Mrs. Bascom intervened hurriedly. "Only a few notes for you in the event some exuberant chairman—or, more likely, chairlady, announces unexpectedly, 'And now we'll have a few words from Mrs. Lemuel Bascom.'"

"Speeches!" Martha said, feeling a slight panic.

Lem sounded cross. "Don't let Ma and Dilly railroad you, Martha. Dilly packs a mighty wallop."

"Thank you, Lem," Dilly said mildly and dug into her vast alligator handbag. "Here it is—oh no,

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those are notes I made after meeting the finance committee. Here they are. I'd better type them up so you can read them — I don't mean read them to an audience. You'd better memorise them."

She started for the typewriter, and Mrs. Bascom, eyeing Martha rather thoughtfully, said, "A person can feel perfectly, utterly blank before an audience, you know. All words just seem to vanish. You don't want to have to stand there feeling like a fool. These notes are only something to—to lean on."

"She's not going to make any speeches," Lem said. "Thank you all the same, Dilly. We've got to go, Ma. I'll phone you late tomorrow night."

"I'll have read the papers by then. Goodbye, Martha. We'll all be at the house at Bascom Bay the first Tuesday in November." Her eyes sparkled. "In time for the returns."

Dilly said mildly that she would see them often during the campaign; Mrs. Bascom kissed Martha and went to the door with them. "Now be sure to take twice as many fresh shirts as you think you'll need," she told Lem. "Martha, if there's any problem at all ask Dilly what to do. She knows. Oh, I forgot about handshaking. Get in the first grip and then let go. Otherwise you'll have no hand left. Goodbye, my dear."

As they walked along the corridor Mrs. Bascom's clear voice floated to them. "Dilly, you look very tired. Let's just have dinner and call it a day."

They couldn't hear Dilly's reply but the rapid click of the typewriter was reply enough. Lem still looked a little cross, but he was laughing, too. "Ma sees the Bascom Bay house as another Hyde Park —everybody gathered on the porch from near and far, television set up, flash bulbs. You'd think this is a presidential campaign, the way those two women carry on."

He rang for the elevator. "I don't want Carter and I don't want Howard and I've made Ma promise to stay out of the campaign. She won't, but at least she'll keep behind the scenes. There are times," he said with an irritated undercurrent in his voice, "when I wish I wasn't born a Bascom."

KEEP the lid on, Mrs. Bascom had said. Martha grasped for a subject. "Why do you call her Dilly?"

Lem forgot his irritation and grinned. "Because her name, believe it or not, is Daffodil. Then she married Old Zeke Downes, met him at our house as a matter of fact. I think it was Carter began to call her Daffy Down Dilly. Makes no sense."

"Doesn't she mind?"

Lem looked surprised. "Dilly never minds anything. If she doesn't like it she simply ignores it. Here's the elevator."

They came out on a lighted street and walked to the corner where they stopped for a traffic light. It was a balmy evening, with the lights of the tall buildings glimmering through the gentle autumn mist. There was a fantastic, magic something in the air, coming up out of the sidewalks, shining from the brilliantly lighted windows all around. For a second, Martha felt as if, in that fairyland, anything in the world could happen. "Lem." She put her hand on his arm. "Are you going to be President?"

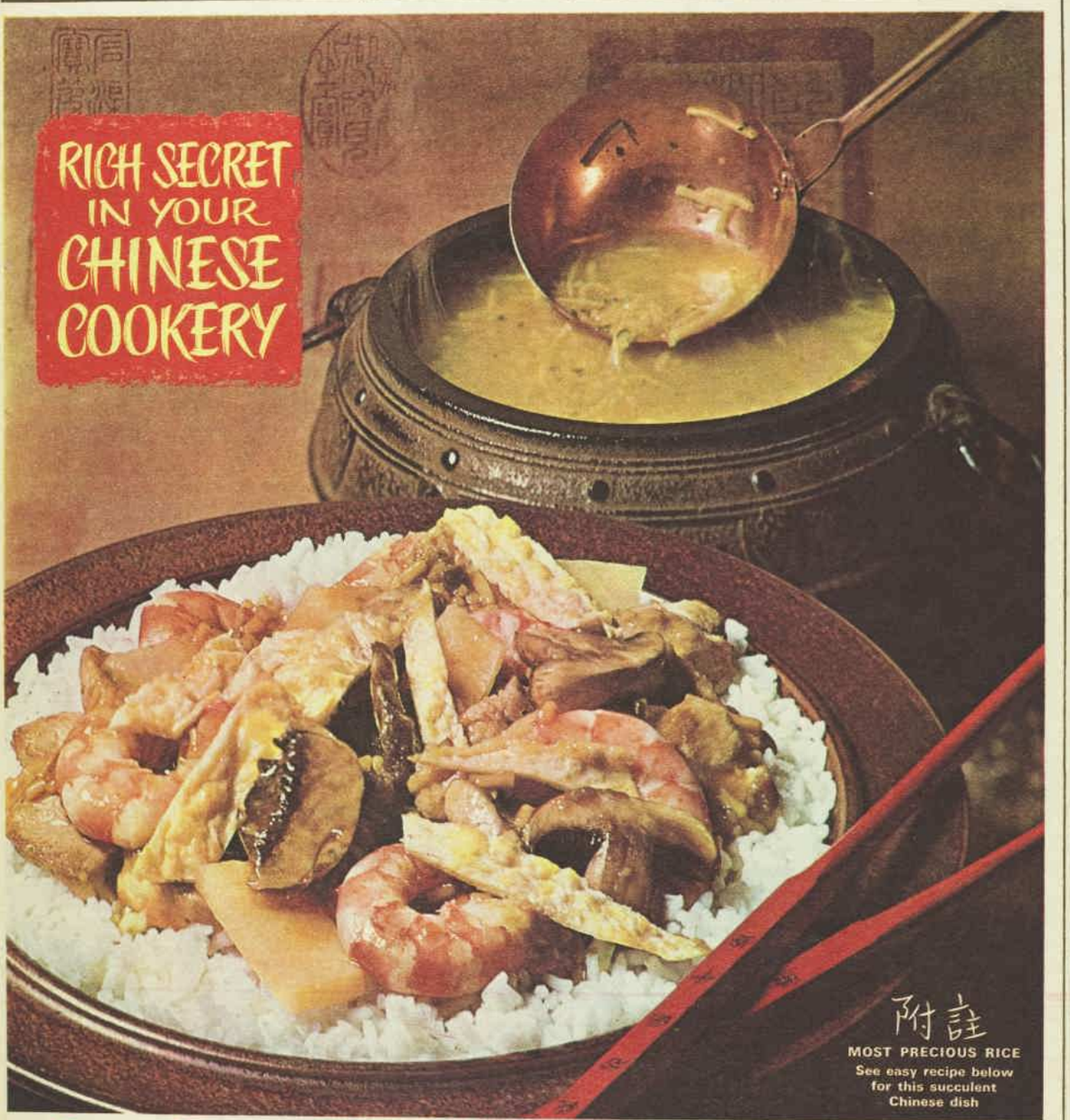
The lights of passing cars and taxis shone on his face. A doorman somewhere near whistled shrilly. A woman brushed against her in a cloud of perfume, saying, "We must hurry, we'll be late." After a long moment, Lem turned to look down at her.

His face was utterly, completely blank. She expected him to laugh and deny it; she expected him to say, I'm not even elected governor.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY
By RUD





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附註 **MOST PRECIOUS RICE**

Ingredients: *2 tablespoons oil; 8 oz. lean pork; 8 oz. beans; 4 oz. shelled prawns; 4 oz. mushrooms; 2 oz. bamboo shoots; 1 tablespoon chopped onion; 1 pkt. Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup; 12 oz. raw rice, cooked and allowed to become quite cold; 1 dessertspoon soy sauce; 3 eggs.*

Method: Heat oil in large pan. Cut pork, prawns, mushrooms and bamboo shoots into equal sized pieces. Add to pan, cook two minutes, shaking pan frequently. Add ½ pint boiling water. Stir in dry contents of Chicken Noodle Soup pack. Cook 5 minutes. Add rice, stirring until separated and hot. Mix soy sauce and 1 egg together. Pour over the whole mixture. Increase heat and cook quickly, stirring continuously, until egg is combined. Make a thin omelette from the other eggs, cut into strips, serve sprinkled over rice mixture. Serves 4-6 portions.

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She expected anything but what he said.

"I don't know."

It was a strange, almost a solemn moment. Destiny seemed to hover somewhere near, almost touching, yet not quite touching — actually cold and far away as the stars, but perhaps as sure.

The light changed. They walked soberly across the street to return to Lem's small apartment.

Martha, huddled now under the blanket on the sofa in the Bascom house on the lake, was aware of some nearby sound which pierced her haze of outward sleep and inner consciousness. She opened her eyes with a great effort and saw Dilly bent over, arranging a fire screen. She knew she had to speak to Dilly; it was urgent — and she couldn't do it then. Her eyes closed.

But that inner active core of awareness began to whirl again, so it seemed to surround her with the entire context of the past few weeks.

Only the day before, Thursday, Martha had concluded what Lem called her tour of duty.

THE last Thursday before Election Day the weather had turned bad. Their helicopter was late owing to a drizzling rain. The Reception Committee had long since prudently retired to dry and dress itself for a big dinner and rally, and only one patient reporter and Archie Henshaw waited for them.

Archie hustled them along to the car. "You're late. They're going ahead with the dinner. You'll be there by the time the governor introduces you. Not now, friend," he said to the reporter. "But if you'll come around afterward you can have all the time you want. I'll see to that."

The reporter looked so drenched and so disappointed that Martha gave him a friendly wave of her hand and he waved back, grinned, and disappeared.

She sat back in the car. She was tired, she was hungry, she ought to have been sleepy, but in fact she was buoyed up by a sense of excitement and participation.

She had not made the entire tour of the campaign with Lem, but most of it. There had also been days, but few, when there were no speeches or public appearance, not even visits to schools or supermarkets, scheduled. These days were jammed with policy-making conferences and decisions.

She had thus become acquainted with most of Lem's advisers, with the State chairman, the finance chairman, the committees, some of the ward and precinct leaders of the cities, those key figures who kept him supplied with local indications and problems; she knew the two or three young men who went over his speeches word for word and all but wrung their hands when Lem put his notes aside as he was likely to do. She knew some of the Press representatives, men and women.

She became acquainted, too, with Lem's running mate for lieutenant-governor, Chester Evans — fiftyish, rather stolid but sensible, who could be depended upon to pound away at basic issues.

She frequently saw Bob Newton. He appeared mainly behind the scenes, spruce, unperturbed no matter what the hurry, always poker-faced and quiet.

Miss Stanley, Lem's secretary, turned up constantly and proved to be not Miss Stanley at all but Mrs. Stanley, with a young husband on Lem's staff, two small children, and a memory for names and events like a filing cabinet.

These people, and it seemed to Martha a horde of others, all of whom had some specific chores or interest in the campaign, came and went. Archie Henshaw was with them always.

Archie was Press secretary, and sometimes Martha thought privately that he put the title in capitals in advance, since Lem was not yet an elected official. Whatever he called himself he was always there, everywhere, ready with words, ready with smiles, ready with automobiles and planes, alert as a terrier and stubborn as a terrier about getting what he wanted.

He called Lem the boss, which Lem didn't like. He adopted Lem's custom of calling Martha by any

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odd name that came to his mind, which Martha didn't really like, but took as good-naturedly as Archie meant it. He was worth his tubby weight in gold, Lem said, and Dilly also, although there was something very absent about Dilly when she said it. But she worked Archie hard.

"How are things with you, Cleopatra?" Archie asked Martha as the car moved along the rain-wet and shining street.

"She needs a rest," Lem said. "Are you all set to take her to Bascom Bay tomorrow?"

"Oh, sure, Boss. But I don't like to think that this is her last appearance before election. They do like to see her. She's got a nice way with her, Boss."

RUN SCARED

"She's earned a vacation. She's going to stay at the house with Ma until after election. Did you get her car here?"

"Right. It's at the hotel garage. I'll run her up to the lake in the afternoon and then meet you later. Here we are."

They arrived at the auditorium and there was no place and no time for Martha to change from her wrinkled dress and jacket; the chairman was already speaking, the microphones roared against a clatter of plates and silver being removed. Archie led them through a corridor backstage where Governor Welsh, a hot dog in his hand, waited for them. "The chairman is going to introduce the governor, then the governor's going to introduce you, Lem," Archie directed hurriedly.

"How are you, my dear?" Governor Welsh transferred the hot dog to his left hand and patted Martha's shoulder. "Sorry you ran into such filthy weather."

"I'm hungry," Lem said. "Martha is starving. We've had eight stops today and one sandwich."

"There's chicken a la king again," Archie said. "Rather have hot dogs?"

"Yes!" Martha shed her raincoat.

The governor chuckled. "I've stowed away so much chicken at these wing-dings that I'm afraid to pass a hen coop. They'd recognise me as their natural enemy and tear me apart."

Archie had scrambled out the door; he returned with a platter

To page 64



"We can take a short cut through here!"



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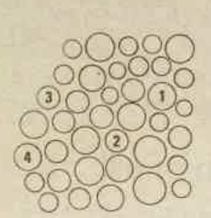
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3. **Liquid Lime.** ⅝". Basic square fish-eye buttons for simple shifts, blouses, cardigans 8 colours.
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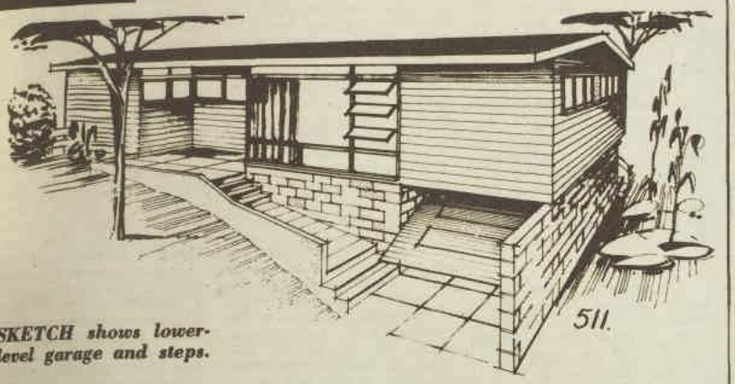


Beutron

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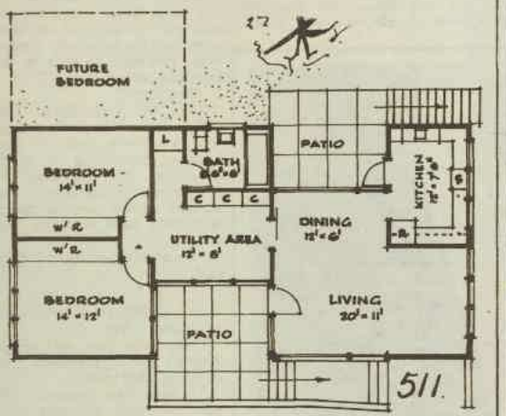
ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Home Plans Service



SKETCH shows lower-level garage and steps.

● This week's plan, No. 511, is a house designed for a minimum budget with provision for future addition of one room.



PLAN indicates position of future bedroom.

BECAUSE many young couples, of necessity, need to plan for a house on a minimum budget, this week's Home Plan, No. 511, has been provided as an answer to their requirements.

Most couples realise that if initially three bedrooms are included in the plan, then their house will always be a small house with small-sized rooms, because a three-bedroomed house of 10 to 10½ squares in area will inevitably mean small rooms.

To overcome this, if a two-bedroomed house is initially planned with provision for a future third bedroom, the permanent home can be designed with reasonably sized rooms right from the beginning.

Our plan this week shows a solution to this problem.

Apart from the generous size of the bedrooms and living areas, a feature of the plan is the multi-purpose utility area, situated centrally in the house and with an outlook to the patio.

This utility space, so often requested by home-owners, can be used by parents and children for such activities as homework, sewing, hobbies, or office work — all without interfering with the activities in the living-room.

A compact kitchen has a door to the sundeck for outdoor meals as well as for access to garage or carport and laundry under the house.

Provision for a future main bedroom is shown; it can be linked to the sundeck if required by extending the deck. Because most couples find they often can afford to spend an additional £400 to £500 on their homes in, say, five years' time, this would take care of this additional room. Allowing for even a 1½-square bedroom addition, it would still keep the overall area of the house to 11 squares.

The area of the plan in timber is 9.6 squares excluding patios, laundry, and carport; area in brick is 10.4 squares on the same basis. The main entry into the living-room is a further space-saving feature.

To reduce initial cost the built-in wardrobes shown could be omitted, resulting in a reduction of about £175. In this event, the builder should be asked to have the ceiling cornices fixed to allow the wardrobes to be built in later.

The simple gable roof could be covered in any material, but it would best be constructed from prefabricated timber roof trusses. Such construction can save up to 30 per cent. on roof-construction methods.

Our Home Plans Service

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs. Our centres in Victoria, Tasmania, Queensland, and South Australia are recognised by the Royal Australian Institute of Architects.

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All you need is a tap, a glass, and a bottle of Schweppes Duet.

came from.



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See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

SKIN ITCH & TINEA

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stacked with hot dogs and paper cups steaming with hot coffee. "Service," he said grinning. "I knew you'd say hot dogs" He looked anxiously at his watch. "Oh, here are some orchids." He handed over a florist's box to Martha. "The local ladies' committee sent them."

Martha hurriedly pinned on the orchids. She munched hot dogs, drank scalding coffee, and at Archie's direction found a washroom.

She tried to brush the wrinkles out of her primrose yellow skirt and jacket which had been fresh that morning. The orchids were a violent purple under the fluorescent light. Her face was so pale that her eyebrows and the heavy fringe of her eyelashes looked startlingly dark, but her eyes were bright with excitement. She combed her blond hair and was thankful because it was in an obedient mood and fell into shining curves. Because the lights on the platform would be strong she put on two layers of lipstick. When she returned,

Continued from page 61

Archie was standing in the wings, his watch in his hand like a timekeeper, and the governor and Lem were talking.

"— but I'm handing you some problems, my boy," the governor said. "All will not be beer and skittles when you're elected."

"If I'm elected," Lem said, and took an enormous bite.

"You'll be elected. Of course there are always problems. One nasty little thing, I'll tell you honestly, I'm glad will be on your shoulders and not on mine." The governor reached for another cup of coffee and poured sugar into it.

"What's that?"

"I thought I saw some cream around here. Well, never mind. The Mansour Case. His execution is coming up. There'll be pressure.

"But that case is settled, cut and dried. No question about it. He shot and killed his wife and was convicted."

"Yes, well—there's always some excuse. New evidence, some damned thing."

Martha was struck as she had been many times in the recent hurry-skurry weeks by Lem's ability to fasten upon some fact until he had extracted every kernel of truth from it, no matter what the pressure of time, people, and activity. His face took on its look of intense concentration. "You said pressure."

"There's always pressure about an execution. The lunatic fringe. Head-in-the-clouds reformers. And some honest citizens. They are the most difficult in a way because they are honest, yet they haven't taken the time and trouble to inform themselves exactly as to the due processes of law by which a man has been convicted. And let me tell you, Lem, it's hard for a governor when he knows that all he has to do is lift the telephone and give a man a reprieve, commute his sentence, pardon him. You have to stick to the law and sweat it out."

"Not easy."

"It's the very devil. This fellow Jack Mansour's attractive, handsome, virile — that kind of something or other about him that women go for. If there'd been even one woman on the jury my guess is there'd have been no conviction."

"I met Mansour once," Lem said.

THE governor looked surprised. "You did!"

"He came to my office. Wanted me to represent him in some civil suit."

"I hope you refused," the governor said seriously.

"I did. The suit was nothing, a scrap over a lease. Any lawyer could have handled it. But something about Mansour himself was fishy."

"Probably he'd got wind of the political setup and wanted to get in good with you. He didn't impress me as a very solid citizen." The governor chewed thoughtfully. "Nothing actually dishonest came out in the trial, though. He claimed to be a perfectly respectable juke-box salesman and proved it. But I did think maybe he had some contacts that weren't so respectable. Is the chairman running out of steam, Archie?"

"I give him two more minutes. Better get along to the washroom, Boss. You'll not have another chance. Now don't plaster down your hair. Leave it sort of tousled."

"You go to hell," Lem said, grinning, and disappeared.

The governor sighed. "I wish I had time for a cigar. You've done a good job, Martha. It's important, you know. People nowadays like to see the candidate's wife. I'm proud of you."

"You've done the good job. I don't know what we'd have done without you," Martha said, but her heart glowed at his praise.

Archie laughed. "Lem wouldn't have run for governor if the Honorable here hadn't said two years ago that this would be the time. Listen, Governor, you won't forget to make it clear that Cleopatra hasn't had time to change to something fancy. All those women out there are dressed to the teeth. And I can see every tooth, all set to flash when glamor boy makes his entrance."

The governor's face looked suddenly a little red and testy. "Call Lem glamor boy to his face and you'll find your own teeth at the back of your throat."

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

RUN SCARED

"Can I help it if they like our candidate? That's my job. Make them love him. Fasten your vest, Governor, the old boy's getting himself wound up in his own syntax, he's about to choke."

The governor grunted, rose, buttoned his vest and brushed off crumbs. "Well, Martha, here we go."

"Shouldn't we wait for Lem?"

"Oh, he'll be here right on the dot. Lem's got an instinct."

Sure enough, as the governor and Martha walked out on the stage, Lem joined them nonchalantly. His dark hair was neatly plastered down, which gave Martha a small sense of victory over Archie.

She was by then accustomed to the roar of applause; she was by then accustomed to what had at first seemed a bewildering sea of faces. The dining-tables were removed from the floor of the auditorium and the chairs put back in rows; there was a half-circle of folding chairs for the dignitaries on the platform; she remembered to nod to the people already seated there, smiling. She remembered to sit down easily, but with regard for her short skirt. She remembered to hold her head up and smile; contrived not to blink when some flashbulbs popped.

The lights were hot and glared from every angle; she knew that there was to be television coverage. She thought briefly of Mrs. Bascom and Dilly, who were certainly watching, set herself to listen very quietly, without nervous little movements, and knew, thankfully, that every scrap of weariness had for the moment disappeared. The wave of fresh energy was like intoxication and she knew it would last until Lem's speech and the subsequent reception were over. Archie called it showmanship, but Martha knew it went deeper than that.

She didn't want to miss the excitement of the last of the race, but Lem had firmly made plans for her to meet Mrs. Bascom at the Bascom house on the lake and stay there. "You're so tired you don't know it," Lem had said. "You've lost six pounds: I want a wife, not a pretty little skeleton."

The governor was a seasoned and well - liked speaker and didn't speak too long. Lem, as was his habit, put his notes down on the lectern and apparently forgot all about them. He was not the adroit speaker that the governor was, but he had something better, Martha believed, for he was simple, clear, direct, with a spontaneous, quiet sense of humor and a convincing and unteached sincerity. She was very proud of him.

There was an icy draught across the platform; her nose began to tickle and she held back a sneeze for she never knew when the all-seeing eye of the television camera might focus upon her. When roars and shouts of applause broke out she began to flex her right hand secretly. Lem's speeches seemed to charge his audiences with a kind of electric zeal and enthusiasm which made for painfully vigorous handshaking.

It was particularly strenuous that night, perhaps because the campaign was so near its end and his audience already felt a surge of victory in spite of the opposition Press which said they couldn't win. A receiving line efficiently arranged down on the floor of the auditorium, just before the platform. Once a committee woman whispered sympathetically to her, "There are thirty-seven hundred people here tonight and every one of them wants to shake hands with you. I don't see how you do it. You really look as though you enjoyed it."

To page 70



What do women talk about?

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OLD-WORLD CHARM AND MODERN COMFORT

● "Home is where the heart is" might be the slogan of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Woolman, whose home at Eaglemont, Vic., abounds in charming reminders that they are Canadians.

IN the house there is a pleasing mixture of English and American furnishing tastes. Mr. and Mrs. Woolman have combined happily their many handsome antiques and a practical modern approach to comfort.

In the sitting-room, modern prints complement an antique desk, a lovely ruby glass vase, copper kettle, and brass coal-scuttle. In the main bedroom, lamps with exquisite porcelain bases are set on a walnut dressing-table, part of a modern American bedroom suite.

The garden, by landscapist Charles Hodgson flares with autumn color and is gay with blossom in spring.

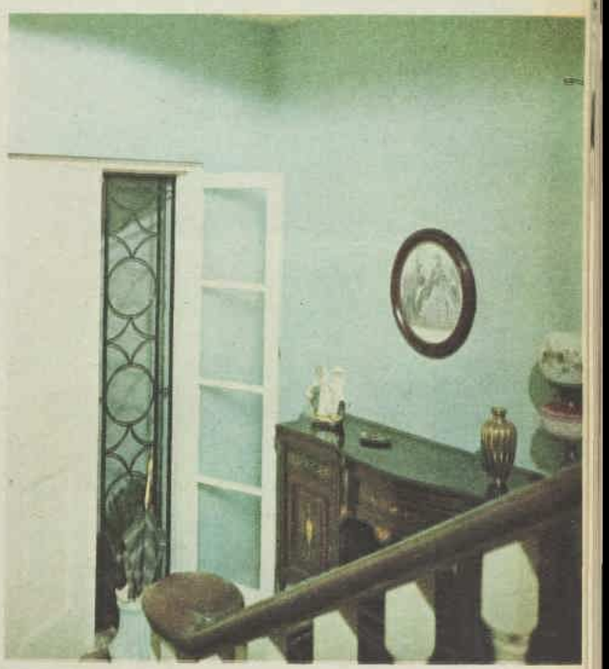
With a married daughter in Australia, and another in New Zealand, Mr. and Mrs. Woolman have strong ties in Australia, but their home among tall old pine trees has still a "different" air about it — perhaps a little of the atmosphere of their former home in Canada.



TWO-STOREY HOME of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Woolman, at Eaglemont, Vic., catches sunlight in its diagonal setting among towering trees and terraced gardens. Large french windows give maximum views of beautiful terraced gardens and century-old trees.



YEARS of searching at leisure in antique shops produced some of the grace of this corner. Beside the "grandmother" chair of lilac velvet is a tiny table with a silver creamer. All these collectors' pieces were found in Melbourne.



ENTRANCE HALL (above) features several exquisite pieces — side table with very fine satinwood inlay, dainty bisque figures, and an old fashion-plate from Chicago. Umbrella stand is an old bedroom jug.



DINING-ROOM (right) has American mahogany dining-suite, and on the sideboard a silver tea and coffee service from London. Note pedestal table at left and lamp with lovely decorated base of American porcelain.

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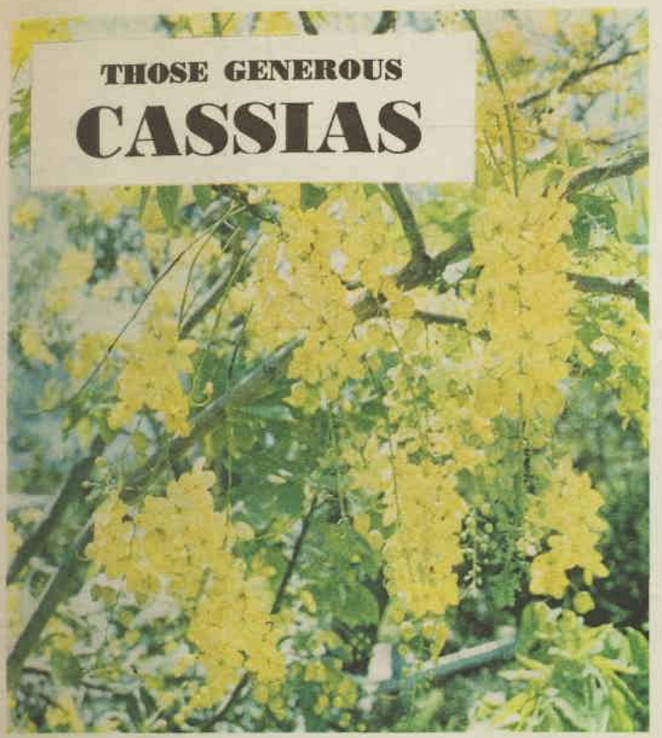
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THOSE GENEROUS CASSIAS

***COMMONLY CALLED** the golden-shower tree, Cassia fistula is one of the loveliest species. The flowering is dense and spectacular and occurs in spring. This small tree has a tropical origin and accordingly prefers the warmer parts of Australia.*

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 99

By R. H. ANDERSON

CASSIAS make an important contribution to the list of shrubs and small trees that can be grown in gardens, tolerating most soils and giving a colorful display of flowers.

Many have golden yellow buttercup-like flowers, but some of the tree species have pink blossoms. They need good drainage, and should be pruned after flowering to keep the shape compact.

Two species, grown mainly in India and Egypt, supply senna leaves, and from another are obtained the cassia pods of commerce.

Cassia bicapsularis (also listed as **Cassia candolleana**) is probably the most popular.

It is fast growing, bears a profusion of bright yellow flowers in autumn and winter, and is excellent for new gardens to give quick results.

Cassia didymobotyra, a native of tropical Africa, is also frequently grown, as it is not very particular about soils and is useful for quick screening. The erect, rather thick spikes of yellow flowers, seemingly topped with a black cap, appear mostly in autumn, but also at other seasons. Six to 10ft.

Cassia tomentosa has leaves densely covered on the under-surface with short grey or white hairs. It produces masses of yellow flowers from late autumn to spring, and is one of the best shrubs for bringing color to the winter garden. A native of tropical Asia, it grows up to 10ft.

Cassia fistula (golden shower or Indian laburnum) forms a lovely shrub or small tree with cascades of bright yellow fragrant flowers hanging in long racemes up to 12in. long in spring.



***CASSIA FISTULA** can take up a fair amount of room in the garden.*

They are followed by black cylindrical pods up to 2ft. long, giving rise to the name sometimes used of pudding-pipe tree. These are the cassia pods of commerce.

The tree is only suitable for warm areas free of frost, and does best on the north coast of New South Wales and in Queensland.

Cassia grandis (pink shower), an attractive tree from tropical America, has long, drooping racemes of rose-colored flowers in summer. It does well in Queensland and the N.S.W. north coast.

Other species requiring the same conditions are: **Cassia javanica,** a small tree or tall shrub with masses

Continued overleaf

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 100

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURE



Photo by courtesy of Qantas Airways

TAHITIAN RICE SALAD

Tahitian Rice Salad comes from a land where eating is the national pastime and lavish feasts are almost a daily ritual. Only a people who are friendly and relaxed with a love of life and fine foods could create such a wonderful summer salad.

INGREDIENTS: 2 cups boiled, salted, drained Sunwhite Rice; 4 tablespoons currants; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; 1 clove garlic; ½ cup cooked peas; 1 carrot, grated; 4 shallots, chopped; 2 tablespoons French dressing; 4 slices pineapple; parsley sprigs; tomato wedges.

METHOD: Soak the currants in the lemon juice for ½ hour to plump them up. Combine with the rice, crushed garlic, peas, carrot, shallots and dressing. Spread a mound of rice salad on to the individual serving platters and place a pineapple slice on top. Garnish with parsley sprigs and tomato wedges. **Serves 4.**



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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

CASSIAS — continued



CASSIA MULTIJUGA is another of the family which derives its name from Kasia, the old Greek name for a plant of the senna family. Multijuga is considered an outstanding small tree for the garden.



CASSIA BICAPSULARIS, in Australia the best known of these small trees, grows only to 10ft., but should be pruned well after flowering to keep it shapely. It is a native of the West Indies and tropical America.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 101

of rosy pink flowers in spring, followed by long pods; and **Cassia nodosa** (jointwood), a small tree with bright pink flowers in spring.

We have many native species of cassia in Australia, and some of these have made valuable contributions to our gardens.

Cassia artemisioides (silver cassia) comes from dry inland areas and is well able to stand frost and hard conditions. It forms a beautiful shrub with silvery leaves and masses of yellow blossom in spring. Needs well-drained soil, but does well in both coastal and inland districts.

Cassia eremophila (desert cassia) is another hardy inland native which has added color to gardens. It is a beautiful little shrub with compact growth profusely covered with bright yellow flowers in late winter and spring. The leaves are somewhat needle-like.

The variety **Zygophylla** is also most attractive, differing in the leaflets being flat. Well-drained soils and pruning after flowering are required.

Cassia schultesii (also known as **Cassia australis**) comes from coastal districts mainly in New South Wales and Queensland, and requires a moderately good rainfall with no severe frosts. It covers itself with large deep golden flowers in spring and has foliage somewhat like that of the pepper tree.

Cassia brewsteri, a very shapely small to medium tree, should be grown more often. A native of N.S.W. north coast and Queensland, it has an attractive leafy crown with somewhat pendulous branchlets and slender drooping sprays 6in. to 10in. long of yellow or reddish yellow flowers.

It does well in warm coastal areas free of frosts, but may be worth a trial in other districts.



CASSIA NODOSA bursts into flower in spring. Cassias are native to many parts of the world, but most of those which flower so profusely come from warm regions and dislike frosts. This one belongs to South - East Asia.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 102

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



Yes. There is an easier way to make starch — Zippy — the starch you just pour! Zippy liquid starch is easiest, quickest to make. You'll love what it does for your wash. Zippy gives body and crisp freshness to shirts, cottons — everything you starch. Zippy makes ironing easier and smoother too. You'll love Zippy, the starch you just pour.

There is an easier way to clean windows too! Zippy Spray On Window Cleaner

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"I do," Martha said, but by the time thirty-seven hundred enthusiastic people did eventually trickle away and Archie marshalled Lem, Martha, the governor, and some committeemen together and got them into a car and to the hotel where they were to stay, Martha was so tired she could hardly walk. Archie, too, had collected their baggage. The men retired for a nightcap and a talk in a bar which was obligingly kept open for them, and Martha fell into bed and into sleep.

She didn't know it when Lem came to their room; she didn't know it when he left the next morning.

It was nearly noon on the Thursday before election when she awoke and saw Lem's note on the table beside her.

She squinted at it sleepily. "I didn't have the heart to wake you. Archie will take you to the house. You don't have to start before four, so take it easy. Have a rest at the lake. I'll be there Sunday, I hope. Anyway I'll phone. Kisses."

The day was again drizzly and overcast. She snuggled back into the warmth of blankets and didn't thoroughly arouse until about three, when she sat up, abruptly awake. Four o'clock and Archie would be waiting.

After one or two experimental breaths she decided that she was going to live after all unless she starved to death first, called Room Service, and wondered if Mrs. Bascom had already arrived at the Bascom house on the lake.

"Glad to come," Mrs. Bascom had told Lem over the phone. "Tell

Continued from page 64

Martha I'll meet her there Thursday instead of Monday."

Martha had caught only quick glimpses of her mother-in-law during those hurried weeks; the talk had been entirely of the campaign, who was coming in on their side, what newspapers had or had not come out in support of Lem. There were a thousand elliptical references which still, far too often, baffled Martha, but she was learning.

"You've done a good job," the governor had said. "I'm proud of you."

She was dressed and ready to go, and in a glow of satisfaction, thinking of the governor's compliment, when the waiter came with her breakfast and a letter.

RUN SCARED

"Gentleman left it at the desk for you, ma'am. Will that be all?"

She tipped him and opened the letter. Car keys fell out. The note was from Archie. "Sorry, something has come up I've got to see to. Lem says you're a good driver. It's only fifty odd miles, straight along the throughway. I've made a map, but the best thing to do is stop at the house I've marked X, and they'll direct you. Archie."

He had added a quick postscript. "If you haven't got your driver's licence with you a man from the garage will drive you. I've arranged it. The garage is next door to the hotel."

She looked at the map while she ate. It was pencilled hurriedly on hotel stationery and looked simple. Forty miles at least straight along the throughway and turn off right at the Bascom Bay sign. The road then began to wander through the countryside toward the lake, but Archie had drawn a house at a corner where apparently several roads met and labelled it X, Stenson house; stop here.

She would naturally drive herself. Her driver's licence was in the wallet of her handbag.

She didn't debate at all. The drizzling rain showed no signs of letting up: the sooner she started the better. She called for a porter, pulled her raincoat over her suit, and found at the desk that the bill was to be sent to "Governor Bascom," the desk clerk said happily.

"At least he will be governor soon." He then looked a little odd and pink and shoved a newspaper he had been reading below the desk.

Martha caught a glimpse of it, however, and knew why he had turned pink, for it was a newspaper which was violently opposed to Lem, and as violently in favor of his opponent, John Huxton. "Your car is at the door," the clerk said, still a little flurried. "I'll show you."

MARTHA stopped at the newstand to supply herself with newspapers. The clerk helped her into the tiny foreign car, eyed it curiously, saw that her bags were put in the back, and stood bareheaded in the rain to direct her out of town and on to the throughway.

She drove carefully through the traffic, following the clerk's directions. Before she turned on to the throughway, she drove off on to a parking space and looked swiftly through the newspapers. The friendly Press was enthusiastic. The opposition Press was, it seemed to her, so particularly virulent that that alone should indicate a sense of defeat for John Huxton. Pay no attention to the Press, Lem had told her.

"But it *seems* such a — a bitter campaign," Martha had said.

Lem told her that all campaigns were bitter, especially toward the last. "It's then that it really is a knock-down drag-out fight, no holds barred. But afterward everything simmers down, you'll see."

She felt herself as usual furious, though, when she read of Lem's youth and his inexperience in politics. It was true that, while Lem had done active political chores all his adult life, he had formally gone straight from his law office into a campaign for the governorship. She knew that most candidates for any office start at the door-bell ringing, precinct level, work up through one office to another, from an appointed office perhaps to an elective office as the record justifies it, and as the voters express a stronger and stronger approval.

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But for a man to go straight from industry or his profession or even one of the armed services to an executive position in government was certainly not without precedent. And Lem was certainly not without a thorough grounding in politics. Yet he was attacked even on the score of his family name. "Trading on the Bascom name — this young man proposes reforms. Our present governor has been famed for so-called reforms — he is backing Lem Bascom, who wants still more and wide-sweeping change—"

She put the newspapers down and drove up on to the throughway.

It became a necessarily slow drive, for the rain came down harder, there was danger in slippery curves, there were many trucks and other cars. The afternoon grew so dark that very soon Martha began to meet the glare of lights of oncoming cars and turned on her own lights. It was at the same time a monotonous drive owing to the steady swish of passing tyres and the glare of lights. Her thoughts drifted back to the campaign.

THE opposition Press that morning, and practically every other morning and night, had hit one nail on the head, and it was an important nail. Dilly had explained it to Martha succinctly.

"You see," she had said, "Lem is running on a reform platform. Governor Welsh has pushed through every solid reform measure he could. He's got friends, but he's made enemies, too. John Huxton is known as a stand-patter. If he's elected he'll try to undo everything the governor has accomplished. They're calling Lem a firebrand, a danger. The fact is if Huxton is elected the State will take a long step backward. Lem has got to show the voters that he's going boldly forward from where the governor left off. That means he's got the governor's opposition to fight. It means he's got to make people think—and thinking," Dilly said in her mild voice, "is a painful exercise. Some people just don't want to think."

Martha saw the upcoming lights of a truck and moved to permit it to pass her.

She had seen Dilly often during the campaign. They respected her, all those men interested in the campaign, close to Lem—and to be realistic, men whose fortunes went up or down with Lem's. Martha had been impressed more than once by the way they accepted Dilly at their long conferences and the close attention they gave Dilly when, if ever, she chose to say something in that quiet, slow little voice. Even the powerful State party chairman listened when Dilly shoved her spectacles up on her nose and began to talk.

Several times she had adroitly rescued Martha. Once, as Mrs. Bascom had prophesied, Martha had been called upon unexpectedly for "a few words," and as she sat for a second in frozen dismay Dilly had clumsily dropped her stole at Martha's feet and somehow a slip of paper, typed in big letters, was in Martha's hand by the time Dilly had gathered up the stole. Martha glanced at it swiftly behind the shield of microphones. She improvised hurriedly, but she knew in her heart that she'd have had no words at all but for Dilly.

Times without number Dilly, almost lazily, had pronounced names so clearly that Martha could not fail to hear them; often Dilly had said flatly, "—the county chairman —the editor of—Mr. So-and-so has backed the campaign very generously—"

Dilly was not on hand all the time. She had a mysterious pro-

Continued from page 70

RUN SCARED

gramme of constant behind-the-scenes calls and conferences. Still she turned up on occasion. "They're going to ask you these questions," she'd say to Lem and haul one of her crumpled pieces of paper, covered with hen tracks, out of her big handbag.

As far as Martha knew, the only real error occurred when Dilly was not present and a reporter from the opposition Press — only Martha hadn't known that—wheedled a reply out of her to the effect that she really didn't know much about labor problems. There were headlines. Mrs. Lemuel Bascom speaks. Admits she knows nothing of important campaign issue. The report went on to say that Mrs. Bascom had spent most of her life abroad and was naturally uninformed about conditions in America and particularly conditions in the State.

Lem told her there was no reason for her to know about government; the governor's wife had nothing to do with government. He had not been in the least ruffled. But Martha wished that Dilly had been at her side. Even Archie would have been of help, but Archie was off at the other side of the room, busy as a bird dog, talking to a political writer.

When the speedometer showed that she had driven thirty-five miles she began to watch for the Bascom Bay sign. Archie had been accurate, for at exactly thirty-nine miles a turn-off loomed up and a sign showing several town names, at the bottom of which was Bascom Bay. She edged off the throughway and down upon a narrow, paved road.

Here she drew up at one side again to study Archie's map in the glow from the dashlight and then went on.

She passed the outskirts of a town, its lights gleaming through the darkening twilight; passed two intersections which he had marked and then followed a curving road which wound down through trees. It shortly became a country road, little used. She drove slowly, and presently, as Archie's map had indicated, saw a corner where three roads, mere lanes, met.

It was marked X on the map and the Stenson house showed up white with lights in the windows.

To be continued

HAZEL, by Ted Key



"They're plastic."

Notice to Contributors

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"I'll tell you something that won't go with that jacket—ME!"

Continued from page 33

CURTAIN CALL

of the head with a rope of pearls strung on a black velvet ribbon, the bangs pasted to the forehead in the two-way curve of the letter S, and the face dealt with, too, though not importantly.

Dealing with the face was now mostly a matter of applying a light beading of mascara to the eyelashes, nothing approaching concert pitch, simply a touch, only enough to give the milky-blue eyes a chance to be recognised as separate ornaments and not become one with the chalk-white face.

And one other thing—dark blue Vs extending upward toward the temples from the outer corners of the eyes. A face, almost any face, can profit immensely from having a dark-blue V imposed at such places before facing the public, even in a single number.

Finished, Vs applied, arms lowered, Federova took her stick, the teaching stick, from the corner of the bedroom where it rested at night, and went with it into the studio.

The big studio mirror was across from her, so that she could observe rather closely the manner of the entrance. First came the stick poking between the curtains; and then she could see her hand following to hold the curtains apart while she stepped between them, advanced three steps, and stood waiting. It was a well-timed wait, not too long, not too short, and at the proper moment she stopped waiting and bowed gravely to the image across from her. And the image, as if rehearsed for it, bowed back every bit as gravely, indeed almost reverently, as if to nobility discovered in a loge.

No one, at least no one now living, could have found fault with the manner of the entrance this morning. It was properly humble and properly exalted, and when it was over Madame walked lightly, almost giving the impression of running to her chair and sat down to begin to rest so that she could begin, after resting, to wait.

To wait to begin to teach and to organise some admonitions which must be given to Sophie Simonic this very day. Some advice about the shoulders which must be explained with emphasis, with repetitions.

The image across from her could now be observed to be leaning forward somewhat, resting chin on stick in an attitude of profound thought. And the profound thought was that the English language, for purposes of explanation to Sophie, must be improved all the time.

For a good reason: because teaching can be done in only two ways—first by showing and second by telling. And to look at the one resting the chin on the stick, could you imagine her as flinging down the stick, lacing on the shoes, bounding from the chair, and executing for the enlightenment of Sophie Simonic any single one of the leaps, the pirouettes, the arabesques of which her whole life was made up?

COULD Federova, by some chance, here and now rise on one toe and lift the other leg back and up until at the highest point of extension it floats balanced and fixed in an attitude of the greatest serenity for as long as the audience is judged capable of containing its pleasure?

The question was could she? And the answer, regrettably, was no. No, no longer, not now, a three-times negative answer. But the way it is now is not the way it once was, assure yourself of that.

The undeniable truth about the personage resting there in the chair was that she had, at the peak of her career, one limitation only, and this limitation came not from the ballerina herself but from the audience.

She, Federova, had been able to give them the full measure of what they were able to take in; and in the great days, in Monte Carlo for instance, and even more astonishingly in London, audiences possessed the capacity for taking in a great deal.

It is known that they could assimilate in one performance an unbelievable (though recorded and provable) number of fouettes before this same ballerina had the compassion to drop back into fifth position and allow them no more.

A dancer comes to know exactly at what point the strain on the audience comes to the edge of being too great. And at that point she stops.

But in the teaching, which is the career that comes after the career of performing — at what point in the teaching was she forced to make the decision to stop showing her students with her own legs, her own feet, her own hands and arms how it must be done?

This was one memory which refused to compete with the other memories and if she could not recall the day or the moment of the decision it must be because it came about gradually.

She must have first stopped showing them the leaps, and then the pirouettes, and later the arabesques, in some such descending order; but there must have been a day, a crucial one, when with the class assembled and waiting for her she entered between the curtains dressed not in practice shoes and a leotard, but, like today, in sandals and a dress.

To page 74

Speedy... smooth... simple!

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Sunshine's Dry-Mix short cut helps you beat all records for time, texture and taste in ice-cream! For this recipe, you need: 1 tsp. gelatine, ½ cup cold water, ½ cup boiling water, 3 ozs. (9 tbsp.) Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tbsp. butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 4 ozs. Nestlé's Reduced Cream. Here's all you do: Turn frig. to max. Soften gelatine in cold water, add boiling water and dissolve.



Whisk in Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk and lemon juice, beat well. Freeze until set. Sunshine's Dry-Mix short cut makes it so simple, that you'll be glad it's a family favourite! For sauce: melt butter and brown sugar over low heat until dissolved. Stir in cream. Chill. Beat ice cream until doubled in quantity, beat in sauce and return to refrigerator. When frozen, return refrigerator to normal.

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Family Affairs

Children should understand money

By ANN LYNTON

● **The appreciation of money is something that can be taught only by experience. Give children opportunities for handling money so that they will develop a certain respect for it.**



MONEY BANK. A child will find it easier to save for a definite object than just to save for its own sake.

"OH, Mummy! I would love to buy this whole shop," sighed David, gazing with enchanted eyes in the stationer's window; then wistfully he looked at the 1/3 in his hand.

This problem of matching our wants with our means is apt to recur throughout everyone's lifetime. It is how well we achieve this and our general attitude toward money that will help or hinder our children in gaining a balanced outlook.

Since wisdom in dealing with money is achieved only by a long process of trial and error, it is reasonable to let children gain experience from a fairly early age.

The first idea of money transactions will probably be gained from being taken shopping with Mother, and the buying of sweets or ice-cream.

The pocket-money given will depend on the family income and on what the money is intended to cover.

If the child is to buy his own reading matter, and is also expected to save toward presents, more will be needed than if he has to buy only sweets.

Even a small child can be encouraged to make a simple estimate of his needs.

If he is consulted about his pocket-money from time to time and adjustments made when needed, this will help him to use his own judgment.

Freedom of choice in spending or saving is essential if the child is to develop confidence and sound judgment.

Naturally mistakes will be made, but, after all, an orgy of sweets on one day and nothing until the end of the week will do little harm to the child and may lead to better planning.

Values change

Remember, times have changed, and so has the value of money; vivid memories of small pocket-money sums are no yardstick when judging what to give today's children in an era of rising prices.

Some parents feel that pocket-money should be regarded as payment for washing up, chores, or running errands.

But children have a natural delight in helping Mother, and take a great pride in work well done, and to reduce this to a matter of so much pay for a measured amount of work can often damage a spontaneous and happy relationship.

A dangerous trend nowadays is to measure all things by monetary values, and surely the last thing anyone would wish to do is to impose this measure on the young during impressionable years.

There is no reason, of course, why the older child should not take a part-time job in the school holidays if he or she feels the need for extra money.

As the child grows older his pocket-money will be increased in proportion to his added responsibilities. A ten-year-old is quite capable of budgeting for his hobbies and saving up for presents.

Girls on the whole tend to mature earlier than boys and the question of a dress allowance will loom large at adolescence.

Girls' clothes

Fathers often complain of discord at mealtimes, wrangles between mothers and daughters over questions of style and taste.

Opinions vary as to when girls should be trusted to choose their own clothes and have their own dress allowance, and the exact stage to give it can be judged only by parents.

One girl at 12 years may have very decided dress sense and be capable of budgeting her money well, while another still needs careful guidance in spending.

Many mothers feel that the allowance should be a fixed sum paid quarterly, and that on occasions, when some really expensive things are needed, it is kinder to advance the next quarter's money rather than expect the child to save for six months for a really worthwhile outfit.

Boys will, of course, incur expenses in their leisure-time activities and some sort of allowance will be needed for sports gear and club fees.

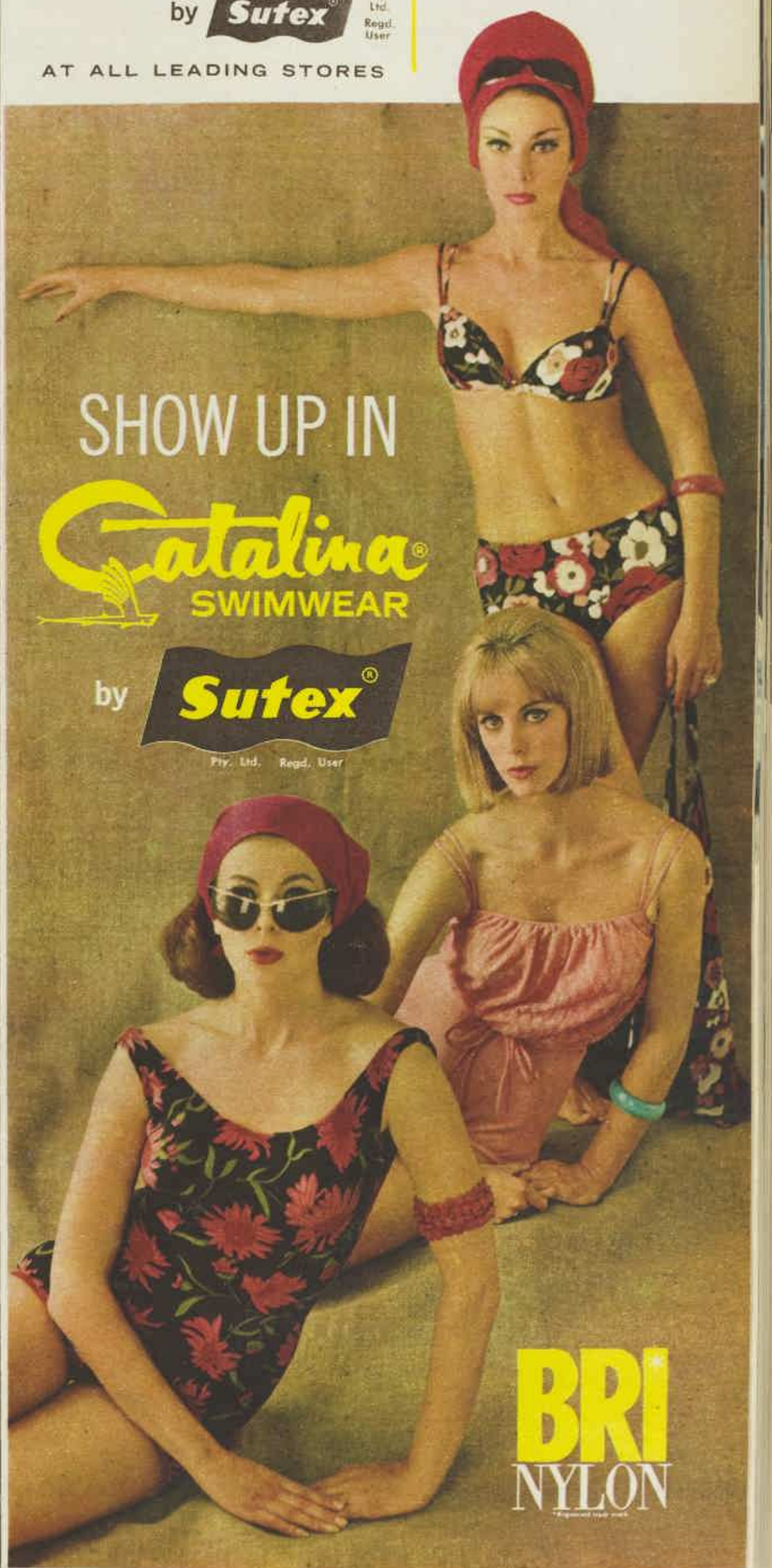
These essential allowances should not be confused with pocket-money, which is necessary for day-to-day expenses and therefore best paid weekly.

Getting children to manage their own money and personal expenses, from an early age, not only gives them practical experience of trimming the dream to the reality, but helps to foster a responsible attitude toward money.

There's a crumb of comfort for parents, too: Although they must still foot the bill, they at least do know the extent of their commitment.

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CURTAIN CALL

And there must equally have been a day, a separate, particular day, when for the first time she pulled the chair to this position and sat down in it and taught from it. But the day this was?

The year, the month, the name and number of the day, the memory did not choose to divulge, being, as it happened, a peculiarly temperamental sort of memory — very wilful, very proud.

At noon there were three hours left, no great amount of time, but ample to banish the memories of the body and consider organising the mind, and bringing it to bear on problems of teaching. A good mind, at least in some kinds of teaching, is even more highly respected than a good body, because a good mind should be able to understand what must be taught, and then articulate it — clearly, precisely, unmistakably.

In English, of course. Naturally, in English, though any Russian can tell you there is nothing natural about English — a language about which it must be said the longer one uses it the less comprehensible it becomes. Which is contrary to the rule that practice makes perfect, isn't it?

"Yes," Madame Federova said to her compatriot in the mirror, and they nodded to each other in full agreement. Not with English does practice do anything but cause a retrogression, a steady loss of ground.

For in the beginning, when she first came to America to teach, there was no such difficulty with language. None Federova spoke and the students comprehended. They listened with their eyes, and they knew what it was that she was saying.

And then in time, nothing was going quite so well. There were students who came to her without even knowing who she was, or rather who she had been. And these to whom the name Federova caused no excitement were also not listening so intently with their eyes.

On bad days there might be as many as six, maybe seven, from a class of twelve, simply standing about with their eyes dull, unable to understand the most precise commands . . . unable on the worst days to make the effort to understand the simple word foot, and for no reason except that Federova happened to pronounce it to rhyme with the simple word boot.

Now you might imagine that the students, even the dullest-eyed ones, could divine what is meant by the simple word foot in any style of pronouncing, because undeniably foot is one member without which no one is dancing, ever. But no; pronounce foot like boot and six or seven students would be standing about, eyebrows and shoulders lifted in an attitude of confusion.

And later it became worse, like a mutiny on a vessel — more and more students joining those who would not understand the most careful, clearly enunciated, slowly delivered instructions, until finally when it became necessary to rebuke such thick-headed students they would shrug their shoulders, leave the floor, put on their clothes, go home or wherever it is students go, and possibly not return for the next class.

NOR the next. Nor the next, until it became apparent that they would never again arrive at the studio to be taught ever again by Alexandra Federova.

They took themselves, most of them, or at least it was said, to a young man of growing reputation, a teacher whose name Madame had heard spoken, but a name which nevertheless always escaped her. A name like King or possibly Caesar. No, not King, not Caesar, but Rex. Rex somebody. Rex something. Rex, the present teacher of all the former students.

No, not all of them. Not Sophie Simonic. The best one of them would never in the world go to this Rex no matter how fast-growing his reputation. Moreover, one ought to think a few thoughts about this sort of reputation and allow oneself a large question: what does a reputation emerge from, if not from doing, or rather from having done and done to perfection, the things one teaches?

What had this Rex ever done? Something distinguished, something notable? No. Therefore, how could he be a teacher? What could he know to teach?

She looked her old compatriot straight in the eye across the length of the room and flung her a word from the universally understood language of sheep. "Bah," she said to her. "We know that doing is everything." And then more slowly she said, "I only meant to say that having done is something. To have been Alexandra Federova is still sufficient to make a teacher for Sophie out of what is left."

She emphasised this with a blow of the teaching stick on the floor and nodded across to herself in complete agreement with such a sentiment — such complete agreement that she nodded again and saw in the moment of nodding not just one person to nod to, but two.

Sophie Simonic was the other. She stood just inside the door at the far end of the long mirror and she had not been heard to enter.

Sophie had books in her arms and could bow with the head and back only, but she bowed, and she said, "Good afternoon, Madame."

"Can that be?" said Madame. But when she looked at the clock, it was. It was three o'clock, and the long wait for Sophie had been, for once, a matter of no waiting. She had sat here doing all this thinking about teachers and students and languages and reputations while the time flew away and brought back Sophie.

Sophie put down her books and went between the curtains

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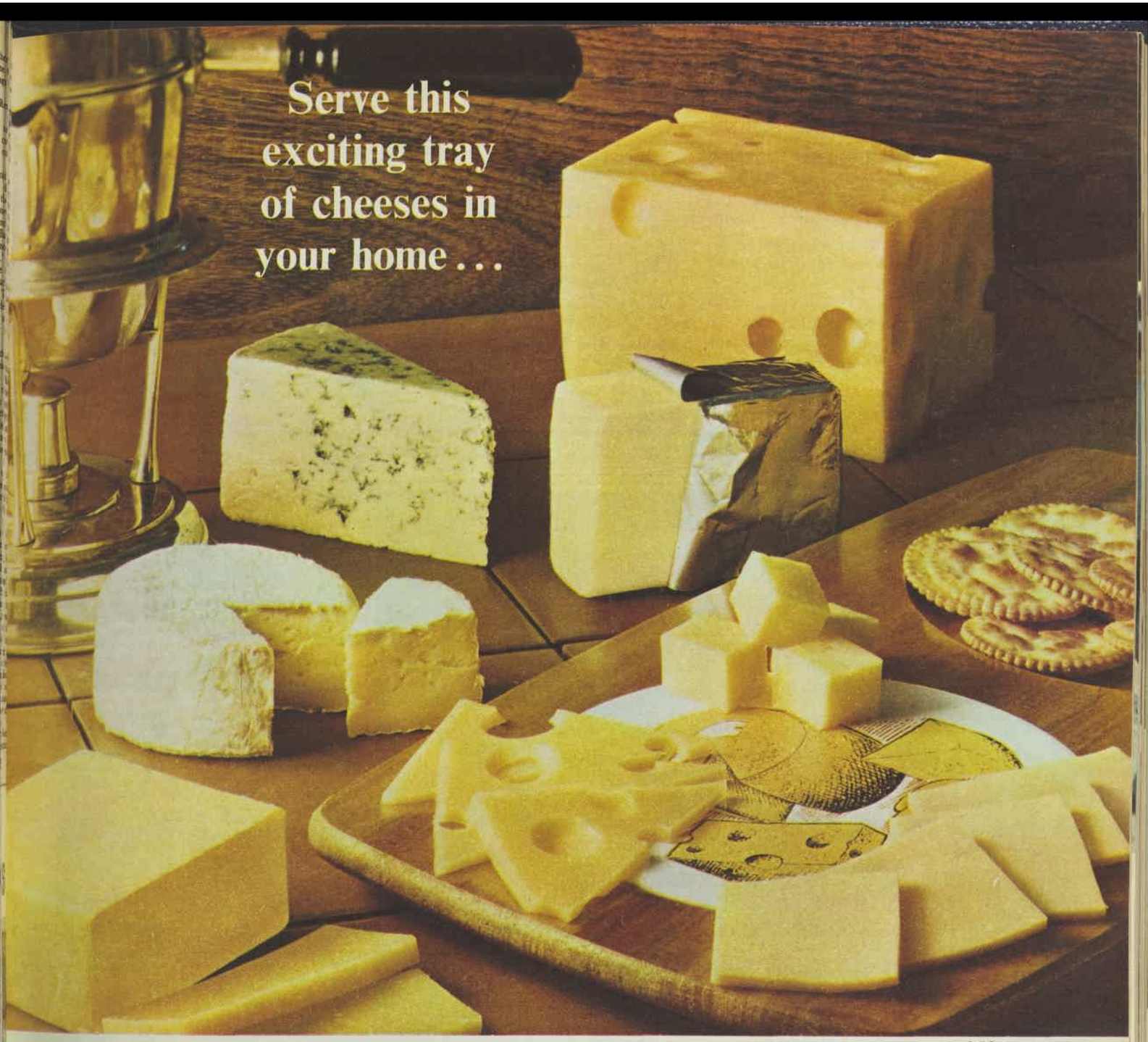
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Hair beauty consultant writes

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COOKERY FOR ROSS CAMPBELL...

● When our Cookery Department read Ross Campbell's column in the October 21 issue (cutting at right) they offered to help teach him to cook.



ROSS explained that he didn't need a full course — just some solutions to problems that cropped up when his wife was away and he was left holding the saucepans.

So he took a list of questions to our Test Kitchen. Here they are with our experts' answers.

Question: When breaking eggs to fry them, how do you avoid breaking the yolk?

Crack egg gently on the side of a small bowl, then slide it carefully into the pan. To make sure the egg breaks open easily, you can crack it gently right around the centre.



● *Ross Campbell in our Leila Howard Test Kitchen.*

How do you fry an egg so that it is just as well cooked on the top as underneath?

First of all, eggs should be cooked slowly — or the white will cook long before the yolk. Slide egg into hot fat or butter, cook it gently, and it should be perfectly cooked all through.

Or, you can tilt pan a little and spoon some of the hot fat over the yolk of the egg.

Or, to hurry cooking along, cover pan for about a half-minute toward end of cooking time.

How do you boil an egg without cracking the shell?

Don't put it straight from the refrigerator into hot water. Let it stand at room temperature for a while, then lift it on a spoon and gently slip it into the hot water.

An old belief is that an egg will never crack if, when you're putting it in, you allow the tip of the spoon to touch the bottom of the saucepan as you lower the egg.

However, a lot depends on the egg itself — its freshness, the thickness of the shell, its temperature.

You can safeguard it this way — add a spoonful of salt or vinegar to the cooking water; if the egg breaks, the salt or vinegar will help act as a seal.

Is there any way of timing an egg when boiling it without using a watch, clock, hourglass, or other device?

Well, a friend of ours has her own special gimmick — she puts on a three-minute recording. When it's finished, the egg is done. But we think it's simpler to be a clock-watcher.

What's the correct way to butter toast?

Butter it immediately it leaves the toaster, while it's still hot. Take the flat blade of a knife and press it down quickly over the crust of the bread; this softens the crust so that there are no hard pieces. Then butter immediately.

How do you fry sausages so that the meat won't bulge out of the ends?

Put sausages into cold water in a saucepan, bring them just to boiling point. Remove from heat, stand aside for 5 minutes. Then remove from water, grill or fry gently.

But a lot depends on the quality of the sausages. Cheap sausage casings tend to shrink when heated, leaving the meat in the pan.

Always buy good-quality sausages — they cook better and taste better, too.

Is there any way of making potato chips without practically a bathtub full of fat?

Oil is good for cooking chips — makes them nicely crisp and non-greasy. One 26 fluid oz. bottle of oil will cook 4 or 5 medium-sized potatoes at one time.

After cooking, the oil can be cooled, strained, and poured back into the bottle to use again for chips or other cooking.

How do you barbecue chops without getting them burnt by the fat, which falls into the fire?

Why, everybody loves the burnt chops best! But, if you want them unburnt, make sure the charcoal is at a nice, steady glow.

Brown chops on both sides, then lift with tongs and slip a piece of aluminium foil under them. They'll continue cooking, rather more slowly, but with not a trace of burning.

Curve the foil, if you like, so that no juices can escape, and pour a spoonful of barbecue sauce or red wine over the chops while they're cooking.

How on earth do you string beans quickly?

Sorry — if you do them by hand, then only practice makes perfect. Or buy a bean stringer.

How do you thicken a stew?

First of all, here is a good, basic recipe for stew.

You'll need 1 to 2lb. meat (can be lamb, beef, veal), salt, little fat, pepper, flour, 2 onions, water or stock. Then take your choice of any or all of the following to add to the stew — turnips, carrots, green peppers, potatoes, tomatoes.

Cut the meat up into large cubes, roll in flour so that it is well covered. Heat the fat in large saucepan, add meat and sliced onions; brown well. Add water or stock to cover. Bring to boil, then cover and cook gently 1 to 1½ hours.

Then add the vegetables and cook until these are tender. Season to taste with salt and pepper. The stew should have plenty of gravy, very slightly thickened.

This makes an easy casserole, too. Once the water or stock has been added and stirred into the meat, add the vegetables, spoon into casserole, cover, ser in oven, and cook 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is tender.

If a stew has too much liquid, there are two ways of thickening:

● Blend some flour with an

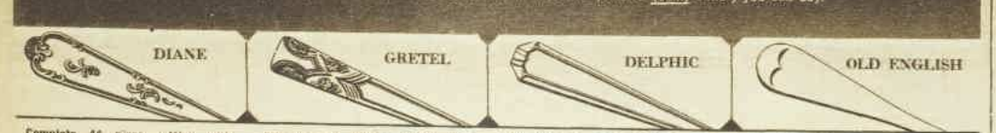
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. . . and other men on kitchen duty

Cunning tips for fathers getting meals

HERE is some more advice for father when he takes over in the kitchen.

EXPERIMENT: Be adventurous — try something new, perhaps something the children have never had before.

Make an Indian curry, a Chinese dish — even if you're making hamburgers, make them a new way. Just follow a good recipe and everything will turn out perfectly.

Food is fun, and preparing it can be a pleasure. Relax, enjoy it.

Have the children help — if you can. And, anyway, they won't be so critical if they've helped cook the meal!

USE CONVENIENT FOODS: Don't think you're cheating or taking an easy way out if you use the convenient packaged foods on the market in such variety.

Housewives use them all the time as sensible, convenient shortcuts to main dinners and desserts.

- Canned or packaged soups added to a casserole or stew make a wonderful difference in flavor.
- Pastry comes all ready to be rolled out — you can buy puff-pastry if you want to make a meat or other savory pie, shortcrust pastry if you want to make a pie for dessert.

And there are pastry mixes, too — simply add water (the package tells you exactly how much water to add), mix, and roll out.

- Bouillon cubes — you can buy beef or chicken — make good stock or soups, stews, or casseroles.
- Make a cake — you can't go wrong with cake mixes. And you'll turn out a professional-looking sponge or chocolate or fruit cake — there are dozens of cake mixes to choose from.

They make easy desserts, too — cut in squares and top with cream or ice-cream.

- Buy two large cans of meat with vegetables (or any other variety); empty into a saucepan and heat, pour into a casserole and top with mashed potato. You've got a home-style Shepherd's Pie in minutes.

And, if you really want to save time, use instant mashed potatoes for the topping.

You can make it look professional by beating up an egg-yolk, brushing it across the top of the mashed potato, and putting it into a hot oven for 10 minutes or until the top is golden-tipped.

- Frozen fish fillets are generally rather thin and grill well; allow them to thaw (in the refrigerator is best); place them on the griller, brush with melted butter, and cook until they can be flaked with a fork. They won't need turning over. Serve with a wedge of lemon to squeeze over.
- Don't forget to look at the directions on packets — follow them carefully and you can't go wrong. (Yes, we know about the junket!)
- And fish — look at all the fish that is available! Smoked fish is easy; it is already cooked; you simply have to put it in cold water, bring it gently to the boil. Do this two or three times, carefully pouring off the water each time and replacing it with fresh cold water. This will get rid of any excess saltiness. Serve topped with a knob of butter.

OR KEEP IT SIMPLE: Most children like hot baked beans on toast; top with a poached or fried egg or grilled bacon.

Follow with a fancy dessert spooned out in minutes — layers of scooped ice-cream and canned peach slices.

Instant and packaged desserts are good time-savers, too.

equal amount of cold stock or water to make a smooth paste. Use 1 to 1½ dessertspoons flour for each cup of liquid you need to thicken. Pour into simmering stew, stirring constantly until thickened. Cook slowly an additional 5 to 10 minutes.

- Blend together to a smooth paste equal quantities of butter and flour — say, 1 tablespoon butter and one tablespoon flour. Drop little pieces of this into the stew and swirl around until the mixture melts and the stew thickens as desired.

Why do frankfurts sometimes have a fatty taste? And how do you cook them properly so that they don't burst? And what do you serve with them?

Cooking, especially quick cooking, bursts them. Just put them in cold water, bring them to the boil, and set aside for 10 minutes. They're then nicely plump, ready for eating.

Serve them with any vegetables — just as for a main dish — or hot potato salad is good.

Simply peel and boil potatoes, cut them into large dice, and put them into a bowl; add some mayonnaise, some chopped celery, parsley, and shallots.

With frankfurts, as with sausages — or, indeed, with any prepared meats — it's wise to buy best quality.

Lower-quality frankfurts have a higher percentage of fat. Continental-type frankfurts have a very low fat content.

How do you make an easy apple pie?

Make use of the pastries, which can be bought already prepared and packaged. Here are some ideas:

- Roll out shortcrust pastry and fit into a deep pie-plate. There'll be some pastry left over; cut it into strips to make a lattice for the top, over the apple filling.

Fill pie with apple, place lattice strips across, brush with milk. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat and cook further 30 minutes or until pastry is nicely golden.

- Canned pie apple makes an easy filling—simply open can, turn contents into a bowl and add the seasoning you like — a little grated lemon rind or some cinnamon is good; sweeten the pulp to taste.
- Or peel apples, quarter them, slice them thinly; drop slices into cold water to which a squeeze of lemon juice has been added. Drain. Then arrange them in pie-shell, sprinkle with sugar, dot with a little butter (and add a little cinnamon or grated lemon, too, if you wish); bake as above. Brush with apricot jam when the pie comes from the oven — and you've made a French Apple Pie.
- And here's an apple pie that needs no cooking — although you can heat it in the oven for 15 minutes, if you like to serve apple pie warm—and most people do. Buy a ready-prepared and baked pie-case (they cost around 2/- each); fill it with the sweetened, flavored canned pie apple. Cut into wedges and serve with cream poured over.

How DO you make chocolate junket set?

Follow directions on packet; "blood heat" mentioned is 98.4 degrees—just mildly lukewarm (about the temperature of a baby's bottle).

Some folk use two tablets instead of one to avoid any temperament on the part of the junket.

But sometimes, so we understand from the junket manufacturers, it is the milk that is to blame, particularly in early summer; a certain grass eaten then by the cows affects the milk and prevents the necessary reaction when added to the crushed tablet.



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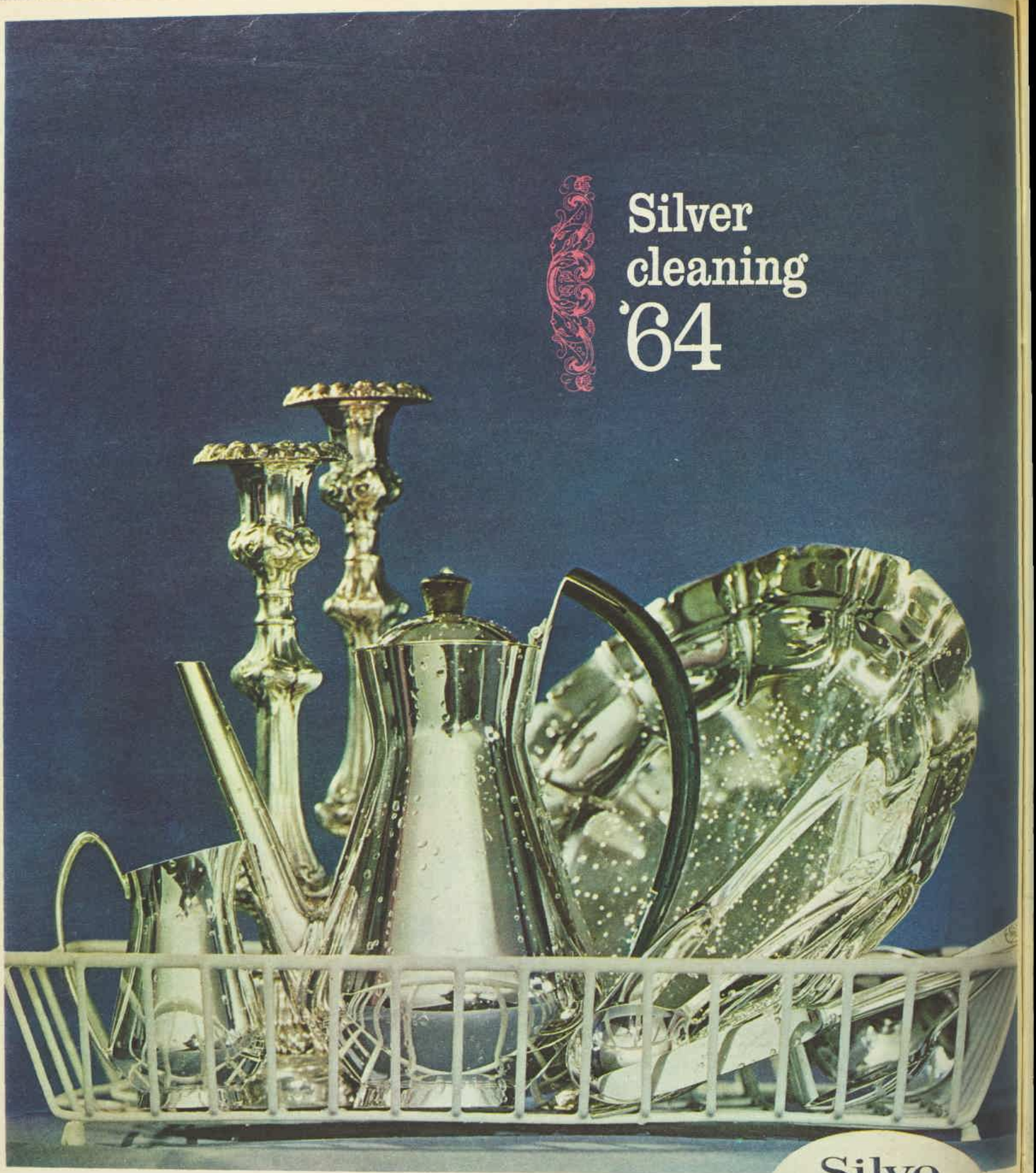
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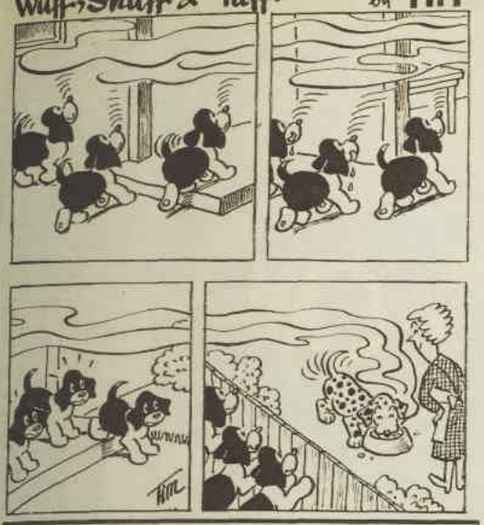


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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff-Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Continued from page 74

to change into her practice clothes. And while she was changing, Madame found that she could not recall what it was she wished to impart to Sophie in this lesson which was about to begin.

She could only think of Sophie herself — that child in there getting ready, always so punctual, so faithful, so able to learn. How fortunate for her to have been taught by someone able to teach.

And when Sophie came in and went to the "barre" to start limbering up, she thought it again: how fortunate that such a one should have found her way here instead of elsewhere. And then to have stayed with her, when all the others left.

She watched her stretching one leg out and out along the smooth pole of the "barre," and then stretching the other one equally, and she knew her for what she was — a human being already inhumanly dedicated to a life of making the impossibly difficult seem incredibly airy. Stretch, stretch, stretch, and the leg grew as she watched it.

Something like this was devised during the Inquisition in Spain—The Rack, it was called—and those who came to it showed no such eagerness for it as this Sophie Simonic. To watch her was to know that she was made for the rack, so small and light, and so unbreakable.

"Come in here," Madame said to her, and poked with her stick to a spot directly in front of her chair, and Sophie left the "barre" and ran to the spot and stood there, feet apart, toes turned out, back straight, and shoulders fluid like water.

"Tell me, my child," said Federova, "do you cumprehand all that I tell you?"

"Do I what, Madame?"

"Cum-pree-hand. Yes or no. Always do you understand what I am saying?"

"Yes, Madame."

Federova looked up at her and smiled the full smile, the big happy one.

"I never doubted that you did. But—"

She let the smile fade, and said this but again, and again let it hang.

"Yes, Madame?" said Sophie.

"But this," Federova said. "I begin to notice that more and more I go back to Russian, or to French, or to whatever else but this English."

She looked up at Sophie, and Sophie didn't look at her.

"Please to sit down," she said and Sophie crossed her feet and sank slowly to the floor and sat there, Indian-style. Much better to look down at Sophie sitting on the floor than to look up at Sophie standing in front of the chair. Much less of a strain on the neck.

"Now tell me this. Did the other students, when there were the big classes, always understand?"

Sophie's eyes clouded a moment, and then she said, "Some, I think."

CURTAIN CALL

"Some," said Federova, with immense scorn for some. And then with less scorn: "Do you know why all left me? All but you?"

Sophie knitted her brows and said: "It was harder after the pianist left."

"After the pianist left," Federova said, "we had full orchestra on the phonograph. What other reason to leave me? Think. Say."

Sophie made an effort. "I think," she said, "they wanted to be told what to do. All the time. Which foot to land on, how many turns to make, things like that."

"And were they able to find a studio where someone knew how to tell them all these things I always told them?"

Sophie looked up, then down, and then up. And it was noticed that her shoulders were not relaxing, not fluid like water.

"I don't know."

"But of course you know. Tell me where they went."

She paused after the question and looked at the top of Sophie's head. Such a splendid head to go on top of such a splendid body.

"Then tell me this. Is there a ballet boy, a teacher I hear of sometimes. With a name of Rex? Something Rex?"

Sophie raised her head and opened her mouth. "There's Rex Jarvis. He has classes."

"Where?"

"He has a studio on Eleventh Street."

"Is he — does he — possess qualities?"

Sophie looked puzzled and it was necessary to ask this question more simply. "Is he able to teach well? Is he, in other words, good?"

Federova watched Sophie's face make the decision to answer.

"Yes, he's very good."

"And how, Mademoiselle, do you happen to know such information?"

Again the decision. "I've

To page 82



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HE-46

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Nov 4.

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.
★ Friends and close associates could play a dominant role in your life. You could make a new exciting contact — but also suffer loss through friends. 7th and 9th adverse.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, yellow, red. Lucky days, Friday, Sat.
★ The career woman could find this an eventful week. There could be surprises all along the line. The 7th could see a setback to some venture. Stick to routine — and be circumspect.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, navy. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ A week with an aura of glamor — and patches of muddle. Not a good time for legal matters and wedded Geminians, although romance should blossom for the fancy-free. 7th and 10th bad.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
★ There are elements of genuine glamor, false glitter, disappointment, and strife in matters romantic — a spectrum of the emotions. Married folk could come off best in the long run.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
★ Marriage matters and partnership are in the spotlight. There is a weirdly illusive atmosphere that grows stronger and needs caution, especially 7th-10th, when you could be deceived.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ Many Virgoans could be in for big and drastic changes. This week could prove a turning point for many. Plan is to go quietly, avoiding muddle and strife that could lead to accident.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ If romantic Librans are seeking glamor, the stars could supply it this week. It will be their job to separate the false from the genuine, because there could be loss, deception.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ The will-o'-the-wisp quality that dominates this week particularly affects Scorpios, and they'll need their ability to avoid deception and loss. Those born November 9-11 are singled out.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ You could find yourself with a host of problems, all clamoring for solution — and you could exhaust yourself, unless you resolve to relax and go calmly. Accident risk at weekend and on 10th.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
★ Home and family are under heavy adverse pressure. The planet of illusion dominates the week, so you'll need your practical common sense to handle problems, especially 10th.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, navy, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed.
★ Not a good time for the inventive Aquarian to put the gimmick across or start anything new. You could strike unreliable and treacherous conditions. The 7th-10th could need care.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, brown, blue. Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
★ This week could prove trying. You might find it hard to focus correctly. Some could be deceived by false glamor, and the marriage tie is under unhappy influences. Don't be too trusting.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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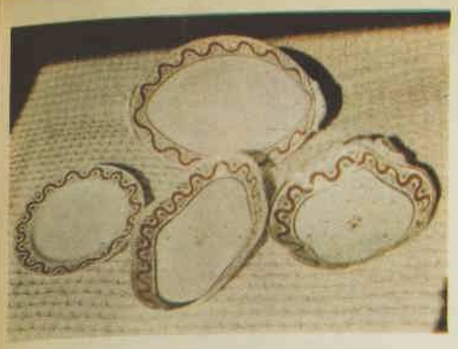
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Collectors' corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antique earthenware, glass, porcelain.



● *English porcelain dessert set.*

Could you please tell me about a mug which is 4in. high and is like marbled glass in shades of purple? I would also like to know about a breakfast set which has been handed down through several generations of my mother's family. — Mrs. Betty Peters, Te Aroha, North Island, N.Z.

Your Victorian glass mug (right) was made about 1860 to 1890. The breakfast set or dessert set (left) is English Bloor Derby porcelain, about 1815 to 1825. Robert Bloor conducted the celebrated Derby porcelain works from 1811 to 1848.



● *Victorian glass mug.*

Could you tell me about my teapot? I have looked up particulars at the Public Library and I was interested to note that the Castleford and Leeds potteries seem to have similar qualities. The number 22 impressed is a factory mark of the Leeds Pottery, so I think my teapot must be a product of the firm because it has this mark.—Mrs. Etheldreda Jefferies, Brisbane.

Your lovely teapot (below) is interesting. It is of vitrified earthenware, decorated with raised motifs in the neo-classical manner (note the hinged cover).

I note in particular that you regard this example as Leeds ware, because it bears 22 impressed. Although this mark is recorded, I would have favored a Castleford (Yorkshire) attribution.

David Dunderdale, who operated the Castleford Pottery until 1821, produced a moderately fine cream-colored earthenware in the style of Leeds, but less highly glazed (similar to the texture of your teapot) and often treated with enamelled decoration and with relief patterns in the Wedgwood style.

Leeds' celebrated cream-colored earthenware was of a fine light clay, yellowish in tone, covered with a rich glossy glaze that had a tendency to run into a faint green tinge when full. According to authorities the best glaze has the appearance of having been floated on and spread without bubbling or crazing. Your Yorkshire teapot is a splendid collector's piece.



● *Earthenware teapot.*

HOME HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- prize for each of these home hints.

FOR a new dessert, flavor a bread-and-butter custard or a plain steam pudding with a junket tablet — use 1 tablet to ½ pint liquid. Dissolve tablet in a little water before using. — Mrs. N. Naughton, State School, Gormondale, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Keep a thin layer of steel wool in the plug-holes in bath and hand-basins. It will catch all lint and fluff, which eventually will block a pipe and is easily removed and replaced. — Mrs. V. M. Jones, 7 Dell St., Blacktown, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

If you raise your garbage-can on a few bricks, letting air circulate under and around it, you will prevent it from rusting.—Mrs. Thelma Potter, 1 Kensale Crescent, Kingston Park, S.A.

★ ★ ★

If your spectacle case is shabby, strip off the outer covering and cut a piece of adhesive plastic exactly to shape. Press on carefully and you have a smart new case. — Mrs. B. Sinclair, "Rimmon," 56 Fourth Ave., Berala, N.S.W.



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Continued from page 79

CURTAIN CALL

been to his studio," Sophie said.

"You?" Federova howled. "But why?"

"Some of my friends go to him and I've watched the classes."

"Oh," said Federova. "You have watched the classes sufficiently to believe he teaches well. Nothing imprecise?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Nothing imprecise," said Federova. "Now I must inquire if this Rex Jarvis ever seems displeased with his dancers. Does he rebuke them? Does he hurl objects at them? Does he become furious when they are sloppy?"

Sophie's eyes became alive under the questions and she smiled up at the questioner. "He can be a terror," she said. "I've seen it."

"Good. And does he let them sit down when they are tired?" Federova asked.

"No one asked to sit down."

Madame caught the eye of the one across the room, the one with the stick in her hand and the pearls in her hair, and she let herself ask about the English.

"Is the English of this Rex good? For the students to understand it well?"

"He is English," Sophie said, "from London."

"So they can always be certain of what he is telling them?"

Sophie nodded. "And he shows them, too. But, of course —"

Federova looked at Sophie with apprehension, or possibly with hope, and said, "But what of course? Something is wrong with the way he demonstrates?"

"Oh no," Sophie said. "He can show them. But he's a man. He can't show them the way you used to, because he never was a great ballerina."

"Ah, thank you. And this is why you did not go to him with the rest? Surely he must have invited you?"

"No, why should he? I'm with you."

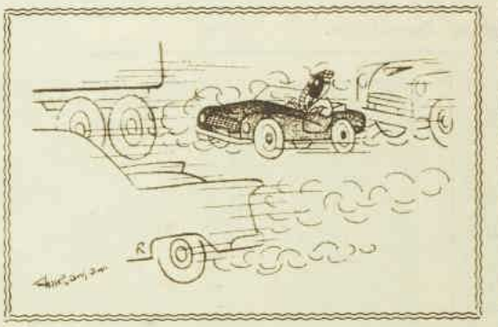
"But has he no idea who you are? Has he never seen you dance?"

Sophie shook her head. "I only go to watch. I like to see a big class working."

"Yes, yes, this I can understand. And do you not wish, sometimes, to be in a big class the way you should be?"

No word of answer from Sophie Simonic. No word whatever. And so it was necessary to provoke one.

"Are you afraid to be with a big class, that you only want to watch? Do you dance so badly?"



"Why should I want a big class? We don't have one."

Federova shook her head. "True," she said, "we do not. We have only you and me. The true truth is we have only you."

She sat there, and Sophie sat before her. And both their heads were bowed.

Then suddenly Federova lifted herself out of the chair. "Up," she said, and when Sophie was up she said, "This master we have been doing the honor of discussing has a great fault — a fault which surpasses my understanding."

She walked to the other side of the studio. And when she was as far away from Sophie as the room would allow, she turned about, whacked the stick on the floor, and said: "How is it possible that he can have seen you in his studio, seen you sit, seen you stand, seen you walk — walking in and out to watch his classes — and never have seen you?

"A true teacher, one with eyes to see out of, would have seen in you what there is to see, and having seen he would have begged you to come to him. Bah! The English from England. They have a terrible national fault of great reserve."

Sophie, across the room, opened her mouth to speak, but Federova held the floor and proposed a plan, an unreserved Russian plan.

"Listen to what we will do. We shall invite him here to see you dance and to talk to me. We shall give him tea and let him see. And then he will know what it is like to teach someone who can learn."

"No," Sophie said. "I want to stay with you." She said it firmly, to be heard in all corners of the room.

But never so firmly as the answer that came back. "Was anything said about your ceasing to be with me? Of course you will be with me. You will always be with me. You will come to me from time to time, to make me know it goes well. For how else will I be certain that no faults are creeping in?"

She stopped suddenly, nothing more to say. And she stopped looking at Sophie, too, and threw a rather desperate glance at her friend with the stick and felt reassured. The time would never come, she knew, when that one would be unable to recognise a fault. And banish it.

The studio was in shadow two hours later when the finished working with Sophie. It was coming on toward six o'clock, and there was time left only for the bows that concluded the lesson.

She looked at the clock, tapped the stick on the floor, and said, "Come, Mademoiselle, the bows." But for some reason Sophie had to be told again, and even when she had complied her bow was not all it should be.

It was a sad, tight little bow, full of constraint, and when it was over Madame did not immediately return it. She went, instead, to Sophie and took her by the shoulder and led her very gently to the mirror.

They stood side by side together and Federova looked at Sophie in the mirror while she told her, very precisely and in the most understandable English, what a bow should mean. It should be a ceremony of farewell, the most gracious of adieux; and it should bring with it the performer's sincere gratitude to the many kind and discriminating people in the audience. Above all, it should be both humble and exalted.

When she finished speaking she waited a minute. Then she turned and handed Sophie the stick.

"Observe now," she said. "Like this it should be."

And Federova gave Simonic the bow. She drew it from the past, where the memories came from, and she gave it generously. It was her own — the deep, flowing, classical obeisance, the one she had used for the greatest occasions. And when it was completed she took the stick from Sophie and said to her: "Now Sophie you may go."

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How to have big ideas. On a small budget.
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Because you'll know that Westminster costs far less than any other carpet of comparable quality. That it's a whole 40" wide (which makes it cheaper to lay). And that it lasts. And lasts.

You'll know that you can save enough to have some really big ideas about decorating. On a small budget.

So you'll start by choosing from over 26 exciting colours that architects and decorators have selected for Westminster (nine of them are new) and using the colours you choose as the basis of your decorating scheme.

Here, interior decorator Mr. David Tilley chooses "Kelp" as the Westminster colour for his interpretation of the modern look.

Covering long, high windows can be a problem. But Mr. Tilley uses exciting new floral blinds to give a sun-lit freshness to the room. (The bamboo grip-handles are the first hints of a new fashion trend in blinds.) He repeats the floral theme in the Fler-line chairs; picks out the gold in the settee; the red in the lampshades and the large abstract painting.

And the "Kelp" Westminster carpet blends with it all perfectly.

But plain, elegant Westminster is just as much at home with Antique. Or Colonial. Or Queen Anne.

Because it is plain.

And, very simply, because it is Westminster.

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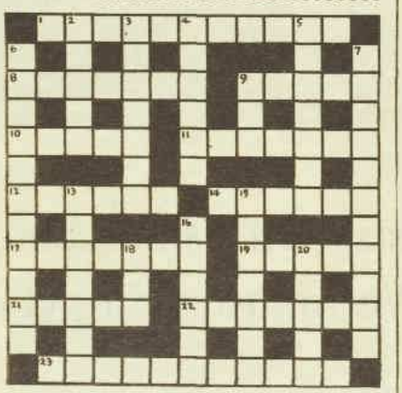
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MAGNON will plead Qork's case with the giant's ruler. By means unknown to Earth, Magnon's image is projected to a throne room in a galaxy a million light years away. NOW READ ON . . .





THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



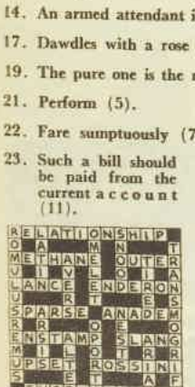
Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. English day of recreation (4, 7).
8. Fashionable milliner (7).
9. Signal of danger (5).
10. Aquatic, fish-eating carnivore (5).
11. Cut a foe, so confront boldly (7).
12. Drags along when hiding a backwards liar (6).
14. An armed attendant in Turkey (6).
17. Dawdles with a rose lit (7).
19. The pure one is the real thing (5).
21. Perform (5).
22. Fare sumptuously (7).
23. Such a bill should be paid from the current account (11).

DOWN

2. Examination of an account (5).
3. This hawk's inner rest is broken (7).
4. Small animal of tropical America allied to leopard (6).
5. The Cotton State (7).
6. Sim, tell more about these everlasting flowers (11).
7. Assume the character of a mate in ropes (11).
9. Insect in a lantana shrub (3).
13. Lady's maid of "Scornful Lady" (7).
15. Poison theatrically connected with old handiwork (7).
16. This line runs through places of equal pressure (6).
18. Consume in a large atelier (3).
20. Climb a hill (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

She's taster-in-chief for the tinned-haggis makers





AT HOME in Fochabers, Scotland, Mrs. Baxter works in her experimental kitchen testing traditional recipes.

● There's no finer dinner, a Scotsman will tell you, than the haggis, steaming awa' in the stomach of a sheep, served wi' bashed neeps and tatties, followed by Tipsy Laird wi' whippit cream and a guid brew o' coffee.

WHICH means haggis served with mashed turnips and mashed potatoes, followed by a kind of rich trifle with whipped cream and coffee.

Our interpreter was Mrs. Gordon Baxter, in Sydney with her husband recently on a round-the-world trip to promote their family wares, tinned and bottled foods.

The Baxters come from Fochabers, a small town in the north of Scotland.

"The family business began nearly 100 years ago," said Mrs. Baxter, the gentle lilt of the Highlands in her voice. "My husband's grandfather, George Baxter, was gardener for the Duke of Gordon, whose family had lived in the massive castle at Fochabers since the 15th century.

"After some years Grandfather left the castle to open a small grocer's shop in the town. His wife, Margaret, made the most delicious jam in the whole district, and it was this jam, soon selling tremendously, which was the foundation of Baxters.

"George's son William, my husband's father, was given a bicycle, and soon he was pedalling all over Morayshire selling the jams.

"The business grew and grew. William got married, and to give them a start the Duke gave them an acre of land.

"Mrs. William Baxter extended the range of goods, and from that day things never looked back. Now we have 1200 acres of land, and 900 people — most of them from the town — work for us."

Mrs. Baxter is chief cook and recipe tester for the organisation.

"It began accidentally in 1953," she said.

"We were given a rather luxurious cookbook from an American gourmet friend. I tried out one of the soups — a chicken-and-green-bean combination—on Gordon. 'Delicious,' he said. 'Let's can it.'

"Which was easier said than done. Making soup in your own kitchen is a vastly different matter from making soup which has to be processed and canned in huge quantities.

"I must have made that recipe up dozens of times before it was right. The seasonings and spices, all-important in food processing, had to be adjusted over and over again until the final taste after it was processed was correct."

Now Mrs. Baxter has her own experimental kitchen in the factory and spends hours perfecting her own recipes, most of them traditionally Scottish.

Being "ideas woman" for the company is a full-time job, so she has a nanny and a housekeeper to look after the three children, Andrew nearly six, Audrey, three, and Michael, two.

"Andrew is fascinated by the factory," she said. "He goes on tours of inspection and reports to me if there's anything wrong."

Mrs. Baxter believes that Scottish cooking is among the finest in the world.

"In fact, there's a strong link between the French and Scottish cuisines. The link began in the 16th century," she explained.

"The mother of Mary Queen of Scots was a French princess, Mary of Lorraine, and the young Queen herself was brought up in the French Court. When she returned to Scotland the French influence in the Scottish Court was very strong.

"Even our dear haggis is derived from a French dish. The original, I believe, was a kind of *pate*, and this is essence is what haggis is.

"It's made from minced sheep's heart and liver mixed with fine oatmeal, roast fat, onions, and seasonings, sewn up inside a sheep's stomach and boiled for two hours.

"It's a very difficult dish to make properly. We make it, of course, and it's exported all over the world.

"But we make a concession to the 20th century and use polythene bags instead of the sheep's stomach."

By **PATRICIA KENT**

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Our canned fruit recipe contest

● Hundreds of interesting recipes based on canned peaches, canned apricots, and canned pears have already been received in our exciting new "Name the Occasion" Canned Fruit Recipe Contest for readers.

A RECIPE for delicious biscuits for a children's party wins this week's £5 progress prize. The recipe is in the panel below.

You can enter the contest by sending in a recipe or recipes for a main dish or dessert in any or all the five Name the Occasion sections and also the Special Section for a classic recipe for canned pears.

The six sections of the contest are:

NAME THE OCCASION SECTIONS

1. Children's Party.
2. Teenagers' Party.
3. Sunday Night Family Meal.
4. Women's Lunch Party.
5. Family Dinner.

SPECIAL SECTION

Canned Pears Classic Recipe.

Select an occasion from the five listed above and send in a recipe for a main dish or a dessert you consider suitable to that occasion.

Each recipe in the five Name the Occasion sections should feature canned peaches, canned pears or canned apricots, plus one or more of the following ingredients in everyday use:—

Breakfast flakes, cake mix, evaporated milk, gelatine, custard powder, pastry mix.

In the special section for a canned pears classic recipe we are looking for a recipe that could be very simple, but so delicious it could become famous.

When the celebrated recipe for Peach Melba was created its simple ingredients and delicious combination of flavors made it world famous.

Can you devise a similar recipe using canned pears?

The other ingredients could be anything you choose — canned pears is the only essential. It is not necessary to use any of the other six ingredients which are part of the five Name the Occasion sections.

Big cash prizes will be awarded, including the Grand Champion Prize of £500 for the best recipe entered in the contest in any section. See panel above.

Readers can send in as many recipes as they like, for main dishes or desserts, in any or all of the six sections.

Write each recipe on a separate page, headed with the occasion for which the recipe is submitted (or the Canned Pears Classic Recipe), the competitor's name and address, including State, and the name of the recipe.

Use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard-cup measure.

Send entries to:—
Canned Fruits Recipe Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Recipes will be judged by the staff of cookery experts at our Leila Howard Test Kitchen.

The closing date for entries is November 23.

Cash prizes to be won

● Below is the list of the big prizes to be won in our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest.

Grand Champion (best recipe in contest over all sections including Pear Classic recipe) £500

1st Prize in each of five "Occasion" sections . . . £50

2nd Prize in each "Occasion" section £20

1st Prize in Pear Classic Recipe section £100

2nd Prize in Pear Classic Recipe section £20

5 Consolation Prizes covering all six sections . . £5

6 Weekly Progress Prizes covering all six sections £5

This week's progress prize

Section 1. Children's Party

PROGRESS prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Hinchcliffe, 53 Fern Valley Rd., Cardiff, N.S.W., for the following recipe.

PEACH CRUNCHIES

Six ounces butter or substitute, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ cup evaporated milk, 3 cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ can sliced peaches (drained and finely chopped), ½ cup chopped nuts, breakfast flakes, cherries or nuts to decorate.

Cream butter with sugar, add egg, and beat well. Mix in vanilla and evaporated milk. Add half the sifted flour and salt, then chopped peaches and nuts. Blend in remainder of flour. Chill dough slightly. Roll teaspoons of the mixture in slightly crushed breakfast flakes and top each with a piece of cherry or nut. Bake on greased oven-trays about 15 minutes in moderately hot oven. Makes about 5 dozen.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 180.—FROCK

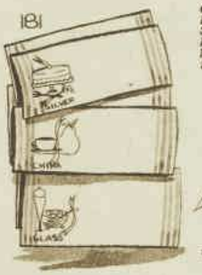
This pretty frock is available cut out to make in pink/white aqua/white, and blue/white fancy woven cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/1/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/3/6. Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.

No. 181.—SET OF THREE TEA-TOWELS

These novel tea-towels are cut out to embroider on multi-colored tea-towelling. Price 6/11 each, plus 8d. postage, OR set of three 19/11, plus 2/- postage.

No. 182.—FANCY APRON

This pretty apron is cut out to embroider with a Victorian-lady design on good-quality white, beige, and pale blue handkerchief linen. Price is 17/6, plus 1/6 postage.





● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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TRY THIS TODAY! PEACH TOBY Spoon peaches straight from the can and top each serve with Uncle Toby's Custard. Try Uncle Toby's with canned pears or canned apricots, too.





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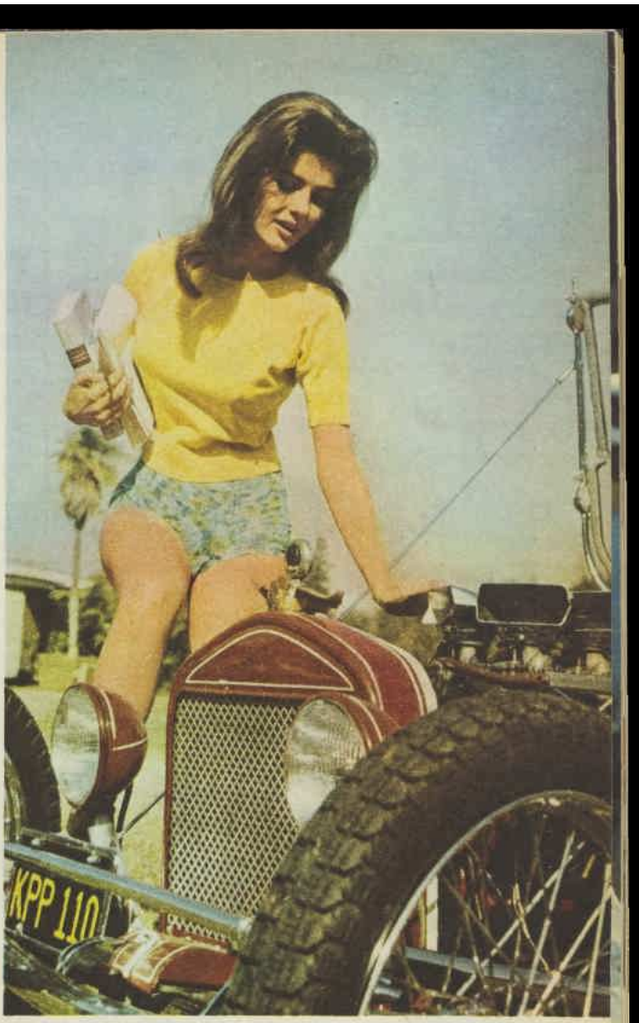
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It's a "Lively Set" of stars and cars

● *"The Lively Set," a Universal Studio film coming to Australia soon, is a romantic drama with a car-racing background. It stars popular singer James Darren, Doug McClure, and Pamela Tiffin. James Darren plays a young man with a genius for building and driving racing cars. As well as exciting race scenes, audiences will see a real-life "car of tomorrow," a gas-turbine-powered vehicle.*

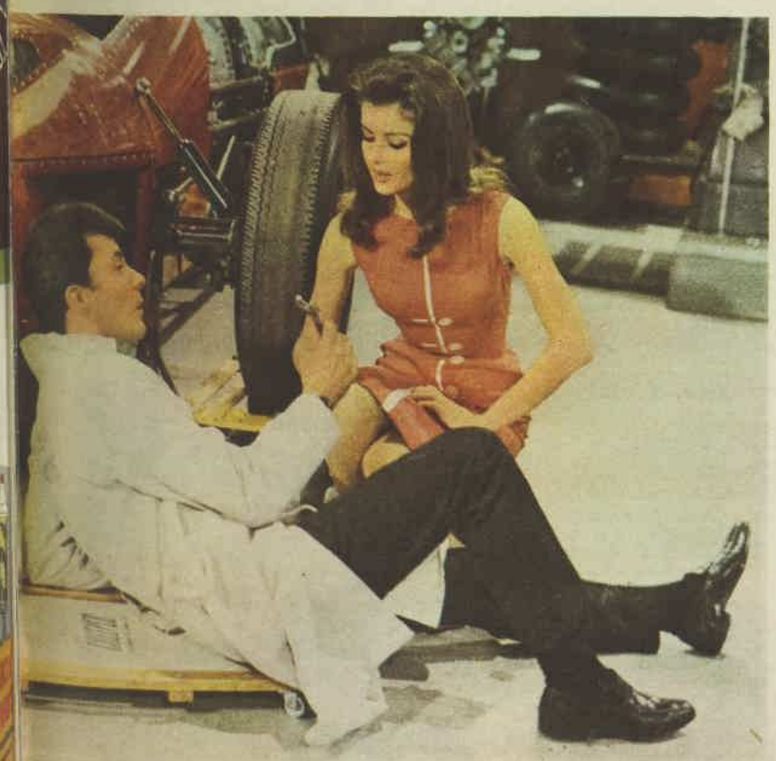
Teenagers' WEEKLY





PAMELA TIFFIN plays James Darren's girlfriend. There are five songs in the film. Actor-singer Bobby Darin wrote them.

HOTRODS used in the film, with James Darren in the one at left, Pamela Tiffin and Doug McClure in the other.



JAMES DARREN can't keep his mind on his racing car when Pamela Tiffin is around. Some race sequences were filmed at the Pomona (California) track, scene of the annual "Olympics" of drag racing.



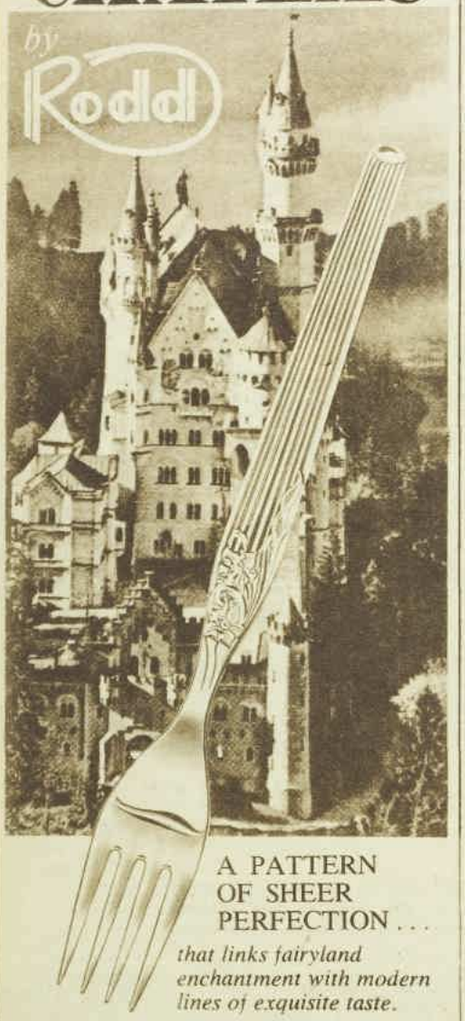
DOUG McCLURE (left), playing an engineering student, warns James Darren in this film scene that he will blow himself up if he tries to race a car powered by the engine shown in front of them.

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The table silver you've dreamed about . . . NOW IT'S TRUE!

CHATEAU

by Rodd



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For full details of our HOME PLANNING SERVICE *see Home Plan page.*

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Youth time to travel overseas

SAVING hard for a trip overseas, I find it rather aggravating to be constantly told that it is silly to go abroad before I have seen Australia.

I think that now is the very time for me to go — while I am young, in good health, and with no one depending on me.

Many older people, for a variety of reasons, cannot undertake such a big venture as a holiday in another country.

But they are able to spend each annual leave in other States, seeing Australia.

This seems to me to be the sensible plan.

If I do not see Australia until I am middle-aged or even old, it will still be waiting for me, and within easier reach than the Far East or the United Kingdom.—*John Martin, Glenelg North, S.A.*

Hey, press-to!

ONE girl in our form at school always seems to have her tunic pleats neatly pressed. On being asked how she managed this, she told us that she put her tunic under her mattress every night.

I was the first to laugh at this, but when exam time came, and I didn't have time to waste pressing my tunic, I tried out this method of pleat pressing.

I found that it was the ideal solution to keeping my tunic looking attractive and neat.

Maybe other tunic-wearers would like to try this method, too. — *"Pressing Problems," Kancoona, Vic.*

Daffy-nitions

HAVE you heard of the man who ran around the breakfast-food box because it said "tear round here," and who ran round the house and turned into a garage because he thought he was a magician?

Others are about the man who: Took a tape-measure to bed to see how long he slept; was locked out of the house, so ran around until he was all in; sent his son in the Army three socks, because he had grown another foot. — *"Val," East Barron, Qld.*

Tired tales

I DON'T have much to complain about concerning the school syllabus in which I am taking part. But the selection of novels in English is something which annoys me very much.

Novels such as "Jane Eyre," "Silas Marner," and "Wuthering Heights" hold no interest whatever for me and my classmates, and are extremely hard to understand fully.

Our well-meaning teachers argue that this type of novel helps one to understand life and people much better.

But surely there are many modern novels, written in language which we can understand, that have the same benefits?

After all, times have changed the situation of women such as Jane Eyre.

I would very much like to know what other readers think.—*Janet Harvey, Armidale, N.S.W.*

NEXT WEEK:

- **A page of color pictures of the latest in men's fashions—everything from casual to formal wear.**

Girls will be interested because these togs are what their dates will be escorting them in.

- **The last instalment of Teena, our popular comic strip, appears. But we introduce you to her successor, Ponytail, a girl after Teena's heart, who will capture yours.**

Hard school

RECENTLY I heard some people, who live in town, complaining that their children had to walk a mile to school.

I think they are lucky, because I am up at half-past six every morning and feed ten pet lambs, pack two lunches, get breakfast for five, feed the fowls, and dress my little sister before I get ready myself.

We have two miles of bush walking before we get to school, and we are always there at nine o'clock.

Going, it is downhill, but coming home in the evening it takes us an hour, as it is steep climbing.

But last year my six-year-old sister never missed a day of school.

I think most wealthy people are too easy on their children. — *Yvonne Hoy, Tia, N.S.W.*

Yea, Elvis!

YEARS ago Elvis was known to be a rock-'n-roll singer. He had long sideburns and acted very wild, but he had talent.

Adults were disgusted by his singing and acting.

About three years later he joined the Army. He made no records, but the ones he had already made were becoming popular and he was getting golden records.

Today he is minus his sideburns, and he is adored not only by teenagers but, since his change of style in singing, he also is liked by older people.

Do you think he is fading? Certainly not.

He is kept alive by his roles in new films, and nearly every song that is in a film is in the charts.

The Beatles are very popular, but who can beat Elvis, the king! — *Margaret Palmer, Carlisle, W.A.*

Teens O.K.

MANY adults condemn teenage fads without attempting to understand or at least sympathise with their teenage children.

Personally, I believe modern teenagers are no madder than earlier generations.

Adults tend to forget their youth and brand nonconformity, which they don't attempt to understand, as bad.

Probably this is because many of today's adults have experienced a Depression, a world war, and heightening world tension since then, and thus tend to have a more sober, contemplative outlook on life. — *Andrew Coward, East Tamar, Tas.*

Not as black as painted

I WOULD like to protest about the bad opinion of art students that people seem to have.

Why is this?

We are the ones who will be making up much of the country's future culture, and, as a student, I think the people who criticise us are the ones who know least about us.

Admittedly, we do dress a little unusually, but I would say that those who condemn us most themselves wish they had the courage to be a little bit individualistic.

Most of us are self-respecting, normal people who come from normal homes, and are not the drug-addict, beatnik types you may hear about. — *J. Ayscough, Kogarah, N.S.W.*

Dance step

AS host at a recent formal function, I was naturally required to dance with many of my guests' partners, and I was quite surprised to notice that most of the girls, although very good dancers, had little idea on how to accept a formal invitation to dance.

More often than not my request was met with "Yes" or "Very well."

Surely an acceptance such as, "Why, thank you, I would be delighted," would sound much more gratifying and reassuring to a young male, who is often shy asking a strange girl, and would leave him more at his ease when dancing. — *"Taken Aback," Kingswood, S.A.*

Money buys a lot

HOW often I have heard the words "money can't buy everything." But what can't it buy? In the right hands it can be used wisely, to earn real love and respect. It is often used for unnecessary things, but who would not use it for a little luxury and comfort?

Money can find you true friends of all classes. Of course, money can't buy health — but neither can poverty. — *Leonie Bowring, New Norfolk, Tas.*

Waste not . . .

WHY is so much money spent on useless, wasteful objects? If all the money spent on make-up in one year was given to the Freedom From Hunger Campaign, I think this organisation could almost be closed.

Recently I saw a short film on TV showing the suffering of the people in the countries where food is scarce. What I saw shocked and horrified me!

It is time we so-called civilised beings began behaving in a civilised manner, and see to it that this terrible state of affairs is rectified. —*"Guilty," Braybrook, Vic.*

BEATNIK



"I see it, but I don't believe it."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4884978

They like skinny girls —and snails in garlic

● It wasn't the constant mobbing of fans and autograph hunters that exasperated 19-year-old English pop star Gordon Waller during his stay in Sydney, but the city's water supply. "It's making my hair curl," he said.

GORDON and his singing "twin," 20-year-old studious-looking Peter Asher, were "discovered" almost a year ago when they were a popular folk-singing act at Harry Secombe's Pickwick Club in London's West End.

Since then their records, "World Without Love," "Nobody I Know," and "I Don't Want To See You Again," have been hits with teenagers all over the world.

"After signing up with E.M.I. we were looking for our first song to record," said Gordon. "We found it quite by chance. I had gone to Paul McCartney's place to pick up a guitar I'd lent him, and while I was there I listened to him playing around with a new song that he and John Lennon were writing.

"I asked him if we could use it when it was finished. Eventually, after quite a bit of pinning down, it was finished, and The Beatles gave us our first million-seller, 'World Without Love.'"

For all their successes Peter and Gordon remain very natural — and they are real characters.

Both are keenly interested in their hobbies, Gordon in photography, and Peter in writing short stories and plays. Both also have their own ideas on their kind of girl.

"I don't go for the way-out Mod girl," said Gordon. "I think a girl should dress with the good taste of a model, like Jean Shrimpton (London's top 'pretty-look' model), my favorite.

"I also prefer skinny girls with long hair. I dislike heavy eye make-up, high-heeled shoes, and girls who throw themselves at you," he added.

Peter readily agreed with Gordon's last point — "The worst thing that has ever happened to me was to walk past a girls' school one afternoon, recently, as they were all coming out.

"I suppose I like a girl with a thin build," said Peter, "one who would be interested in the theatre and — I've yet to find one — modern jazz."

Both Peter and Gordon are against dating the one girl all the time. "Three weeks was the steadiest I've ever been," said Gordon. "Besides," he added, "if you have a quarrel with her, you have trouble getting a replacement."

GORDON WALLER (left) and Peter Asher, the two young English entertainers who visited Sydney recently. Peter is the brother of Jane Asher, Beatle Paul McCartney's steady girlfriend. Neither Gordon nor Peter believes in "going steady."

However, there isn't much time for dating in their busy world of overseas tours, local appearances, and cutting records. But when Peter and Gordon do take time off, they head for a central London restaurant to enjoy their favorite dish—snails fried in butter and garlic.

"I've only just educated Peter's taste," said Gordon. "Now he enjoys snails as much as I do. To me a good meal is a dozen or so snails, a minute steak, followed by a few more snails."

Peter, who in addition to snails likes Chinese food and roast beef, has quite a flair for cooking and often experiments at his London home.

Clothes are also a big interest in the lives of the young entertainers. Peter's wardrobe consists of about six suits and 50 shirts. But Gordon boasts of nine suits and 103 shirts.

"I wear only 70 of them," he said. In addition each has numerous pairs of shoes, including a pair of 18th-century court shoes made of black suede with cuban heels.

Peter and Gordon's next release will be a change from the slow and dreamy sound of their first records. "It may be an American blues number," said Peter. "We will decide when we get back to England."

Even though there is no sign of it yet, the boys are cheerfully prepared for their "retirement" from the pop world. "We can't go on for ever," said Peter. "When it happens I'll probably resume my Philosophy course at London University."

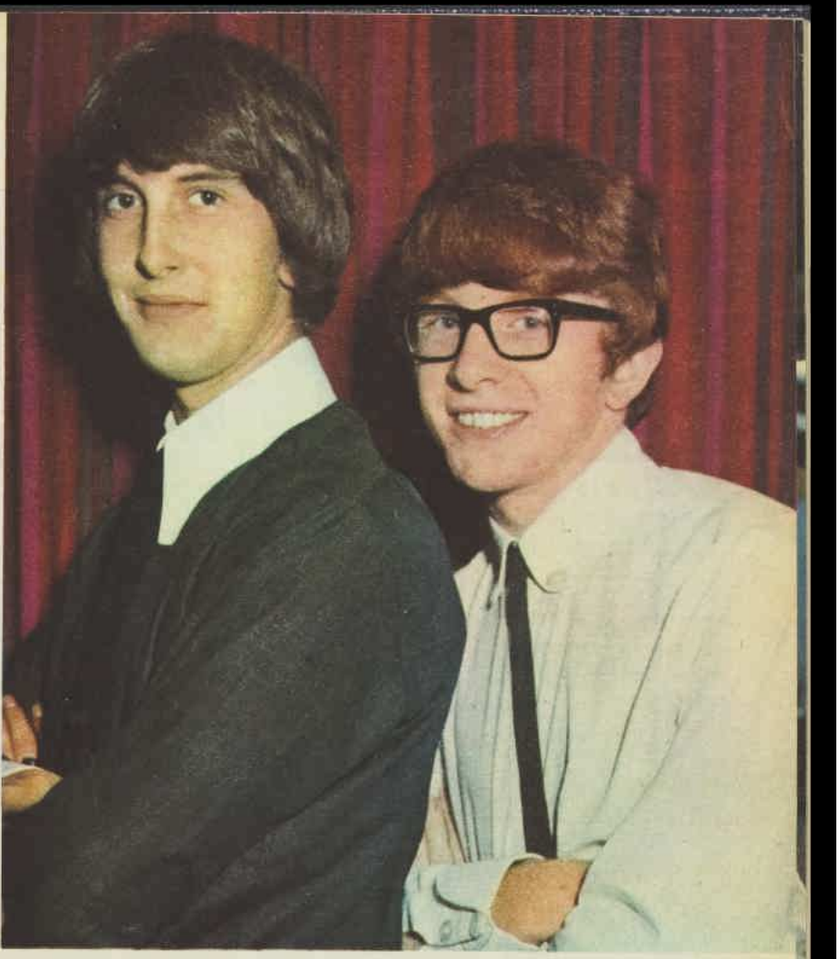
Gordon hopes his present life will continue for another five years—"I'd like to retire comfortably," he said.

"But along with other singing groups, including The Beatles, we are finding it hard to hold on to our positions, as there are now at least 40 new groups in London alone, all making good records."

—Jayne O'Flahertie



PETER ASHER'S sister, Jane, with Beatle Paul.





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● "With a total attendance of 70,000, Newport's Folk Festival this year had easily the largest attendance in its four-year history — showing the overwhelming interest in folk music. Phil Ochs, a great exponent of the beating folksong, even said he would not be surprised to see Elvis Presley with an album of Spanish Civil War songs or The Beatles singing the best of the China-India border dispute chants!" comments PETER CLIFTON, a young Australian who attended the recent U.S. Festival and wrote this story . . .



FOLK EVENT OF THE YEAR

● The ferry was late that morning. As we sat in the long line of cars I looked across the lifting milky haze to Newport, Rhode Island.

TWO British contenders for this year's America's Cup came gliding down the glassy water and seemed to stop to watch the cumbersome ferry as it ground to a halt against the wharf.

The island was coming alive with the day; teenagers and college students bearing guitars and sleeping-bags walked alongside my car as I drove along the narrow streets to Freebody Park.

This was the centre of town and as I arrived bodies stretched into life and already had formed chanting groups, their dull harmony beating out the new day and the opening of the 1964 Newport Folk Festival.

After finding my hotel and registering at the Press office, I discovered New England cooking, then wandered across to the Folk Workshop where it all began.

Thousands of people were sitting cross-legged on the long grass enjoying unpremeditated music in an air of complete informality.

Came Saturday night at Freebody Park and 20,000 thronged into the open-air showground to wait with expectancy, staring at the empty blue stage, a mass of spotlights and microphones.

To a tumultuous welcome Pete Seegar, just returned from a ten-month 23-nation world tour, ambled on to the stage. He wore a pair of jeans, a sloppy jumper, and a shy smile, and with his rambling country accent announced the beginning of an unforgettable evening.

Other performers included Theo Bikel; the ever-sweet Judy Collins; the Swan Silvertones beating gospel songs from Memphis that left the crowd screaming for more; Johnny Cash, the Nashville star, closing the gap between the commercial country and folk music in a masterly set of stories to song; The Clancy Brothers straight from Ireland with hilarious satire of the music we were enjoying; the brilliant improvisations in blue grass, jug music, and blues; then, of course, the best known of them all, shimmering in the flash of cameras, Peter, Paul, and Mary.

The concert finished at 12.30 a.m., but then the audience turned on their own show and the whole island vibrated throughout the night with their music.

People singing together is folk music, and as long as there is news and people can carry a tune, there will be folk music.

The next morning there were many tired eyes staring into the restful blue of the hotel swimming-pool, and after the sun and water had worked a cure I walked among these entertainers talking of Australia and the future of folk music.

Joan Baez ("I never read stories about me—if I cannot understand myself, how can reporters?"), the present queen of the folk, told me she works only four months of the year.

Dark, with deep brown eyes and the speaking voice of a child, she emphasised the importance in the message of music and gazed wistfully at her close friend Bob Dylan; "I feel so jealous when I think of Bob; he has written over 20 songs since we have been at Newport."

Australian tour

She was most interested in Australia and with Pete Seegar, his wife, and Mary Travers of Peter, Paul, and Mary, we talked away the morning on Australian culture and people.

Mary enjoyed Australia very much, and the group plans to return early next year for a more extensive tour.

"This time I want to see the country," she said, "the people, and the outback, and swim at those beautiful beaches. Perhaps even see some kangaroos."

Joan Baez, who performed for President Johnson at Madison Square Garden, but has never travelled with her music outside the U.S., said she was very keen to come to Australia.

"I have always pictured the Australians as soft and friendly and should like to find out something of your music," she said.

We discussed the possibilities of a folk festival in Sydney and Melbourne.

Pete Seegar said that he had already given the matter serious thought.

The morning turned to afternoon, one of those pleasant New England summer days with a light breeze wafting down the streets, and we walked in shorts to the park for the afternoon concert.

Peter Yarrow was the MC, and as I sat down on the warm grass at the foot of the stage, he led a small blind Puerto Rican boy to a seat in front of the barrage of electrical equipment. There was a hush as the name of Jose Feliciano was announced and the 18-year-old boy broke into one of the highlights of the festival.

He played and sang with a brilliance unsurpassed by most of his seniors. The audience refused to let him leave.

The evening came and as we finally filtered out of the arena to miss the subsequent traffic snarl, the world renowned Odetta sang a farewell.



MARY TRAVERS, of Peter, Paul, and Mary, talks with Australian Peter Clifton about the group's next Australian tour planned for early next year.

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STEP OUT LIKE A MODEL

THE old idea of a model balancing a book on her head while walking to achieve smooth, graceful carriage has gone by the board. It seems books are too flat and most girls heads are round!

Granted, in certain countries the head is a form of transportation for everything from baskets to furniture — but that's not exactly our way.

Some beauty people claim that the simplest practice for easy balance and a natural walk is to carry TWO equally weighted books (such as dictionaries), one in each hand, and start walking.

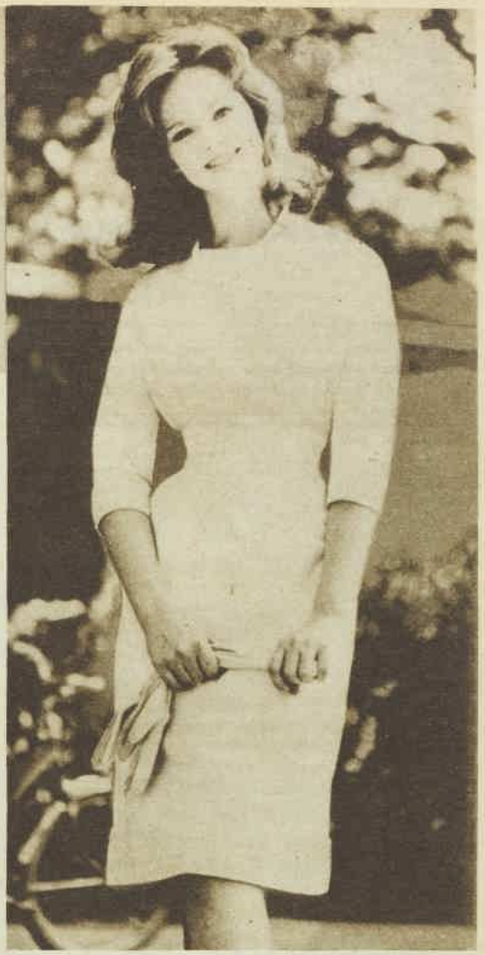
This will help to bring your shoulders down, allow your neck to rise and control excessive arm-swing.

As you walk, point your toes straight ahead, place your weight on the balls of your feet and step quickly and lightly on your heels. The length of your step should be about one-and-a-half times the length of your shoe.

Walking well is really not the long suit of Australian girlhood; there are far too many slumpers, shufflers, and slouchers around for that.

However, a smooth, upright walk is well worth cultivating, for it can be as valuable an asset as pretty hair and a good complexion.

— *Carolyn Earle*



Jenni, 14, has more than 900 ways to men's hearts

● The smile of a well-satisfied cook spread slowly across the face of dark-eyed Jenni Kirby as she drew from the hot oven a mouth-watering chocolate cake and prepared to mix a creamy icing.

THERE was nothing unusual about the homely kitchen scene — except for the cook. For Jenni is neither a housewife nor a professional cook, but a 14-year-old schoolgirl who has been supplementing the Kirby family diet with goodies since she was seven.

A shy, but self-possessed youngster, Jenni is the eldest of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Kirby, of South Blackburn, Victoria.

Her first experiments resulted in jugs of mint sauce served with the roast lamb at Sunday lunch.

"It wasn't always right," said Jenni with a laugh. The recipe was from a children's cookbook Jenni had been given on her seventh birthday.

It was to be the first recipe of a mammoth collection that has now grown to more than 900. Jenni has the recipes in books, cuttings, and pamphlets.

Jenni's normal week is a full one, following a regular routine of school, homework, gymnasium, choir practice, and teaching Sunday School. But her favorite hobby is to spend Saturday afternoon in the kitchen, muffled in an apron, baking cakes and biscuits or trying a new pudding.



● *Mouths watering, Jenni Kirby's brother and sister, John (12) and Jane (8), watch as she makes a pie.*

"There have been a few disastrous failures, though," she said.

Like the time she heaped cayenne pepper instead of spices into rock buns ("Even our dog wouldn't eat it"), and the mistake even the most expert cook is apt to make in a rushed moment— ordinary flour in cake instead of self-raising.

Equally capable, whether it is roast beef with horseradish sauce, lobster mornay, spaghetti with meat sauce or Chinese cooking, Jenni is happiest when cooking puddings and cakes.

"I have a chocolate cake that never fails," she said with all the aplomb of a veteran cake-baker. (The recipe is at the end of the story.)

Jenni's most discerning judges in the cake and biscuit line are her brother and sister, John (12) and Jane (8), but she has already won their stomachs.

Jenni's favorite puddings are mostly apple recipes . . . Apple Brown Betty, Apple Strudel ("Marvellous," sighed John), and Apple or Apricot Fruit Sponge.

"Jenni has always been a very practical little girl," said her mother. "When we had our own business in Ferntree Gully, I'd often be kept late in the shops, and Jenni would always get the dinner started when she came home from school."

These days it is nothing for Jenni to take charge in the kitchen at weekends and prepare a full meal.

Her special Mother's Day present this year was a beautifully cooked and served lunch with all the trimmings.

Lunch was roast chicken with seasoning, stuffed tomatoes, green peas, roast potatoes, and celery in white sauce (vegetables optional), followed by Jenni's Pudding (recipe below) with cream or ice-cream, and a variety of drinks.

At Camberwell Grammar School, where Jenni is in Form Three, she is an industrious student whose exam marks in maths, science, French, art, and other subjects are seldom below the 80s.

When schooldays are over, Jenni hopes to study architecture at university.

Recipes

Here are some of Jenni's "specials" . . .

CHOCOLATE RING CAKE

One cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 3oz. butter, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and milk. Then sift flour, sugar, and salt, and fold into first mixture. Pour into a greased, 7in. ring-tin dusted with cornflour. Put into moderate oven and bake 40 to 50 minutes.

Jenni always makes an icing for the cake . . . chocolate butter, vanilla butter, orange butter, whatever she feels like, but has no set recipe for it.

"I just mix butter, icing sugar, milk, and add flavoring," she said.

JENNI'S PUDDING

Three bananas, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam (or any other jam), 2 tablespoons butter (or substitute), ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, ½ cup sultanas.

Mash the bananas, add the jam, and mix to a cream before placing in a greased oven dish. Cream butter and sugar together, add egg, and sift flour into a batter; add sultanas. Pour the batter into the dish and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with cream or ice-cream. Serves six.

Jenni "invented" this recipe when she was ten.

— *Scarth Flett*

THE CLASSICS

SCHUBERT: Two symphonies

SCHUBERT at the age of 19 was already composing his Fourth Symphony, and was serious enough in his attitude to music to give it the title "Tragic."

The title, however, is not to be taken too seriously: young Schubert at this time was falling strongly under the influence of Beethoven and was fired with the idea of writing a stormy, stressful work in Beethoven's manner. At times — especially in the slow introduction — he achieves grandeur and pathos, but just as often his youthful, tune-spinning high spirits run away with him.

It is, all the same, a remarkably mature and enjoyable symphony, and it is given a crisp and lively performance by conductor Carl Munchinger and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra on a new Decca release.

It is paired in this recording with Schubert's better-known Symphony No. 5 in B Flat, which he wrote in the same year. (Both these, like all his earlier symphonies, were written for a little amateur orchestra which he conducted himself.)

The B Flat Symphony makes no pretence to be tragic, and follows Mozart rather than Beethoven. It is a beautifully neat and cheerful well-finished little work, one of the most charming Schubert ever wrote.

— MARTIN LONG

ROUND ROBIN

MEN ARE OF NO ACCOUNT

● I see that a "ladies only" bank recently opened in Dacca, Pakistan.

THE bank was opened, according to officials, to offer women a place in which they can bank "in calm and tranquillity."

This is probably known as the purse-uit of happiness.

I wonder how the bank keeps out men?

Perhaps it has a sign outside saying, "Depositively No Men."

Or one that says, sheepishly, "Business as Ewes-ual."

If a man rang the bank, I suppose a telephone girl would say "Sari, wrong gender"!

The Pakistan bank has a lady manager.

I'd imagine it also has an all-female staff.

With lady tellers there would certainly be no kissing-and-telling.

There is really nothing new about female bank workers.

Women are often at vault!

I must confess, of course, that I'd always thought there was no accounting for women!

Most Pakistan customers at the belles' bank would be dark-haired.

There might be a few (c)ash blondes, however.

In the safe-deposit section I suppose you would find stocks and blondes, too.

There would be some strange sights in the bank.

To get an overdraft a cute customer might turn up on a cold day in a strapless, plunging neckline! This is known as coining a freeze!

Bank guards could wear strapless uniforms, too.

That way, no hold-ups!

Girls with the longest lists of boyfriends would be the bank's biggest customers.

Theirs would be the fattest "pass" books!

— *Robin Adair*

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Babyish boyfriend

"I AM a 14-year-old girl and I'm friendly with a boy of 17. The only trouble is that he persists in wearing a red tie with 'Goofy' on it wherever he goes. I hate to tell this boy he looks babyish and that if he didn't wear it he would be very popular with the girls. Some of the boys he gets around with said he wears it to scare off girls. Do you think he does?"

"Goofy," N.S.W.

Yes. And I think he would succeed fairly well, too.

Next time you meet him, why don't you go along in a pair of Mickey Mouse ears? Perhaps then he might see how foolish he is making himself look.

Sneering remarks

"I AM 16 and have the most wonderful parents in the world. On weekends I help them with the work and often help my father wash the front windows. On a Saturday night my sister and I usually go to the local stomp, but the last couple of Saturday nights there has been a girl who comes up to me, in front of my friends, and says: 'When are you turning chimney sweep?'

"I pretend I don't know what she's talking about, but I feel very embarrassed because my friends are fairly rich and I would feel awful if they knew. How can I stop these remarks?"

"Window Washer," N.S.W.

It sounds as though this girl is jealous and your embarrassed silence when she makes these comments is precisely what she wants.

Next time she makes sneering remarks come straight out and say something like: "Oh, you must be talking about the time you saw me helping my father. Could you tell me what's so peculiar about that?"

Clothes-conscious

"MY girlfriend has a wardrobe full of beautiful clothes, but I haven't and always seem to have to wear the same thing. We are both 15 and will be starting business college together soon and I hate the thought that she will be so much better-dressed than I could be. I make my own clothes, but I don't have much money to spend on patterns and materials. Have you any suggestions as to how I can stop being self-conscious about this and how I can make my clothes look nice?"

"Self-conscious," N.S.W.

Good grooming and imagination in dressing can often make a girl without many clothes seem well dressed.

Try to make your dresses different — look for interesting materials, leaf through fashion magazines in your local library for unusual designs, and always make sure that your clothes are well looked after.

Remember, people are going to like or dislike you for yourself.

Marriage problem

"MY boyfriend and I are very much in love and want to marry at the end of this year. The problem is that his parents are Italian and might not agree to the marriage. I don't think his father would care, but his mother would, and as she has just had a very big operation we would not like to worry her at this time."

"Worried," Vic.

You and your boyfriend should tell his father of your plans.

Leave it to him to tell your boyfriend's mother when she has recovered from her operation.

What to call parents?

"MY boyfriend and I have been going together for nearly three years, but will not be getting engaged for at least another year. During this time he and my parents have become very good friends. He now calls them Mr. and Mrs. but would like to call them by a different name. My parents would like him to, too. What can he call them?"

"Confused," Vic.

The only alternative for your boyfriend would be to call your parents by their Christian names.

It is up to your parents to give him permission to do so.

However, what is wrong with Mr. and Mrs. — at least until you are married?

She changed her mind

"EARLY this year I met a wonderful girl at a dance. Even though she let me take her home she told me that she was going steady and couldn't go out with me. Then she broke up with her boyfriend and started to go steady with me. But she couldn't act at all like we were going steady and told me that she had changed her mind. I respect and admire this girl above all others and now I don't know what to do. Should I try to change her mind or what? I am 20 and she is 18."

"Quandary," S.A.

If this girl doesn't want to go steady with you any more, then there is nothing you can do about it.

But why don't you try being a little less accessible?

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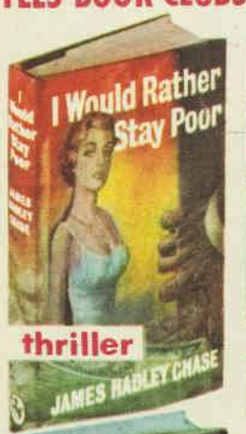
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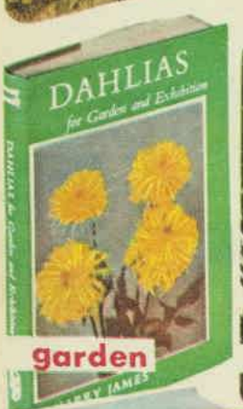
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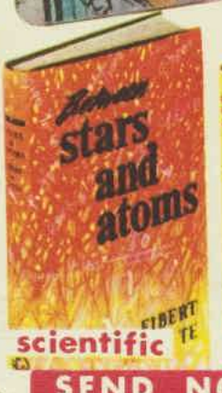


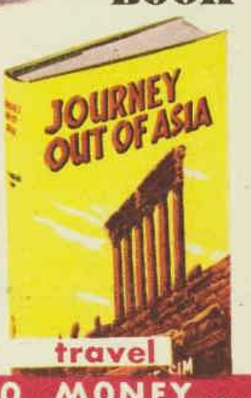
















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